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North Indian Notes and Queries:

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL

DEVOTED TO THE SYSTEMATIC COLLECTION OF AUTHENTIC NOTES AND SCRAPS OF INFORMATION REGARDING THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM CROOKE, *B. A.*

Member, Asiatic Society of Bengal, and Folklore Society, Bengal Civil Service.

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(The references are to the Notes.)

POPULAR RELIGION.

1. **The Ganer Ceremony in Kulu.**—The Kúlú Diáli or Diwáli takes place generally in Poh (not in Kartik) on the Amáwas or last day before the new moon. In Rupi it occurs from Mágh 7th—14th, and is called the *Sáthdiála*. The Ganer (from Gún, a knot ?) is performed on the *tij* or third day of the new moon, or three days after the Diáli.

In former times, it is said, huge grass ropes used to be made and great feasts held, the people jumping over the rope in sport. The Miáns of Kúlú used to have ropes stretched between two posts and jump their horses over them, the people holding the posts, shaking them as they did so, so that sometimes the rider was killed at the jump, his horse catching in the rope.

But at one festival the people of Baraganw village (where it is also customary to hold it) got drunk, and the rope they had left lying about turned into a snake and went into Nágar—across the river. As the snake went along, a dumb boy caught hold of its tail, and it coiled itself round him, but the Deotá Jiv Naráyan was on his way to Nágar, and one of his disciples seized the snake by the head, and it straightway became a rope again by the Deotá's power. Then the Nágar people insisted that the ceremony should be held henceforth at Nágar and not at the Rája's race-course, and so the practice of stretching it on posts and jumping horses over it was discontinued. It then became, or still continued customary to drag the rope down to the cliff overhanging the Beás, four men of Jána village and four of Nágar racing with it to the cliff. If the Jána men won, they had to pay the Nágar people a goat and two loads of rice; but if the Nágar people won, the Jána people had to pay them Rs. 500. It is said that this racing was discontinued many years ago. The people of Nágar and Jána now simply run three times with the rope a few hundred yards towards the Beás, bringing the rope back each time. It is then broken, the Jána people taking one part (the head of the snake) and the Nágar people the other (its tail).

At this ceremony a ram's horns are placed on the head of a Chamár (currier) of a particular family of Nágar. This man is called the Jatáli, and has a sort of headship over the other men of his caste, and is called their *sewak* or chief.

He gets an extra share of the clothing given to the Dágís from the body of a Hindú at his burning.

He is chosen every year, and the same man is often re-elected. When the horns are placed on his head, the *negi*, or headman, says—

He su mangal, kesu háth
He su mangal, Rája háth
He su mangal, ri' aiyat háth
He su mangal, sáwá háth
He su mangal, dhartri háth
He su mangal, Hirma háth
He su mangal, Kesu háth.

"Oh good (and) blessed one, aid the fruits of the earth, the Rája, the people, the princes, the land, the goddess Hirma, the fruits of the earth."

The *negi* then places a rupee in his mouth as is done to a dead man. (This is also a feature of a similar ceremony.)

After this every one sings and dances, and a feast is held. No offence is taken at anything said. The Dágans abuse the better caste officials of the village, blowing pieces of grass at them out of their hands, and getting some money as a present. This part of the festival is called *kalagi*, *lit*: "the tuft of *munál* (pheasant) feathers" worn in the head-dress. It is said that in former times the high caste men used to sit and eat with men of any caste at the Diwáli when Shakti (Bhagawati) was worshipped, but this is not the case now. There is a story about the ram whose horns are used. When the Pál Kings from Jagat Sukh attacked the Ránás of Nágar, a ram fought for the latter, who were conquered, and the Páls captured him; but as he had fought so bravely, they honoured him by taking him to the Jagatiput or sacred stone (brought to Nágar by Deotás in the form of bees), and putting a rupee in his mouth they killed him. His horns are now kept in a little temple close to Nágar. At this same fight certain Wazírs who fought for the Ránás were also captured. The Pál King pardoned them and made them dance before him as a sign of subjection to him. Their descendants still dance at the Ganer, and are presented with a rupee each. The family is called Andráo, *i.e.*, "inner counsellors."

It remains to note that at the kalagi ceremony an indecent song is still sung.

It is clear that the whole festival is older than the myth, which is equally clearly in part historical and in part an attempt to account for the rites.

Probably Professor Oppert would explain the intervention of the Deotá Jiv Naráyan as the distorted tradition of the victory of Nature worship over Snake worship.

I append a portion of one of the songs sung at the Kalagi:—

Jai Devi, Hirma Mai.
(Victory, Mother-goddess Hirma.)
Teri khel khelni lai.
(We begin to play thy game.)
Posha mah, Poh paráli.
(The month of Poh, Poh is the month of rice-straw ricks.)
Thori bhosi, bahu jali.
Magha mah, churni lomi.
(In Magh, the icicles are long.)
Derná yár, khari komi.
Phágun mah, ila pila.
(In Phagun, all is mud.)
Khanju láud, thoku kela.
Chetr mah, gáh garí ká.
(In Chetr the place is dug.)
Moslu jehá, leth patíká.
Besákhu máh, báthe kápu.
(In Baisákh the cuckoo calls.)
Pahle pahle máushe laurá chápu.
Jethá mah, gugri sidá.
Jihun kúchú, tihun pidá.
Shárá máh, bhar roní.
(In Har, the rice-beds are full.)
Bhale mánshá begai nahin leni

and so on. The lines not translated are hardly fit for translation.—*H. A. Rose, Kúlú.*

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2. **Tin Chhathi (In Sarwar, the country lying north-east of the Sarju).**—It is deemed an essential duty of every Hindú woman who has the good luck of having any son to fast and worship the goddess *Chhathi*, or the goddess of sons, on *Bhádon Badi Chhath*, to promote the welfare of her children. It is not required of persons destitute of a son, being only restricted to women who have sons.

On *Bhádon Badi Chhath*, the mothers of the sons fast with a great sense of obligatiou to the goddess. They consider it a duty to bathe at a tank on that day, if it be within their reach. They eat once during the day after they have completed the worship, and eat nothing at night. They use nothing, on that day, which has been produced by human art, and this gives to the fasting a

singular character of its own. They eat *tini* or *pasaí*, a kind of rice which grows wild, and is found particularly in tanks. They also eat *mahuá* and curds of buffalo's milk. The worship of the goddess commences at about 10 A. M. They dig a pit one foot in dimension in the courtyard, fill it with water, and fix branches of the *palás* tree with blades of *kúsá* at its eastern side. They make six knots in *kúsá* blades with their right hand without the help of the other, and worship them with water, turmeric (*haldi*), and red lead (*séndur*). They offer before these knots six pairs of cakes (*púri*) in the name of the goddess, placing them on six different leaves of the *mahuá* tree. They offer *tini* rice, *mahuá*, and curds of buffalo's milk in cups of leaves, six in number.

All the women of the household worship together at the same place and at the same pond made for the purpose. When all of them have finished worshipping in this manner, one, more advanced in age, relates the following story, and others hear it with great sense of veneration. The story runs thus—

There was a certain Rája in ancient times, who dug a large pond at great cost, but unhappily no water came forth from the ground to fill it. He thereupon called an assembly of saints and learned Bráhmans of the time and consulted them on the subject. They pondered over it deeply, and said that, if he desired that the pond be filled with water, he must sacrifice the life of the first-born son of some one. They further stated that he must rest assured that, unless and until he did this, all his efforts towards the accomplishment of the object would be as useless as ever, and he could not get a single drop of water from the ground no matter how much be spent.

He was much agitated at this suggestion of the saints, because he knew full well that no one would willingly part with his son for such a fatal purpose. He, dismissing the assembly, repaired to his palace much grieved at heart, and lost in meditation over the matter.

When he got home his daughter-in-law, judging by his countenance the restlessness of his mind, inquired the cause of his uneasiness; on hearing which he went on to say: "My good daughter, I have just received very sad news from your mother to the effect that she is dangerously ill, and that she desires your presence without delay to have a last look at you." "Alas!" replied she, "how is it possible for me to obey her orders so soon, because it is the first *chhathi* day to-day of my first-born son, and I have to fast and worship the goddess." "But it will be a blot on your character to neglect it at this time," rejoined the Rája. "As for the *chhathi* day," he said, "it matters little, because, your mother's house being not far off, I shall arrange for your going there and return before noon, and you can do everything you like when you come back." He further urged: "So lose no time, my dear daughter, leave your son to my care, and start at once." She accordingly yielded to his advice, and set out in a palanquin carried by numerous *kahárs*. No sooner had she turned her back then the Rája, catching hold of his grandson by the arm, brought him to the pond and sacrificed him. As soon as it was done the pond was immediately filled with water covered with lotuses, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every kind of bird.

His object being thus attained, he returned to the palace, and, entering his bed-room, he carefully barred the doors after him and, wrapping himself in his sheet, lay down on his bed as if never to leave it.

His daughter-in-law, on reaching her mother's house, was greatly startled to find her mother in perfect health, and as she was well aware of the suggestion of the saints, knowing the evil intentions of her father-in-law towards her son, she hastened to return.

While returning she passed by the tank and was surprised to find it filled with water and complete in every respect. She saw her son, to her extreme delight, floating on the surface of the water. She immediately got down from the palanquin, ran to him and took him up. She brought him home, kissing and embracing him over and over again. She went up to the Rája and requested him to open the door saying: "What you did you did, O, my lord; the goddess *Chhathi* has restored me my son, so do away with grief, and let us rejoice and worship the goddess *Chhathi* as best we can." No sooner had the Rája heard these encouraging words, then he got up, opened the door, rushed to the boy, embraced him, and was so happy that he could not contain himself. The worship of the goddess was celebrated with great pomp. When the tale is ended the women retire to their respective houses.—*Chandra Bali Sukul.*

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3. **Hoshiarpur: Worship of Tutelary Deities.**—A very common form of worship in the low hills of Hoshiárpur and Kángra is that of *siddhs* or devotees, more or less localised. Sir Monier Williams says: "The *siddhas* are semi-divine beings supposed to possess purity, called *sadhyás* in the earlier mythology" (*Manu* I, 22). The principal *siddh* in these hills is *Diwat Siddh* in Tatwal village near the south boundary of the Kángra district; but there are a great many others. There are ten or twelve *siddhs* or local shrines in the district of more or less sanctity. The *Siddh* worship is said to be a branch of Sivá worship. The *siddhs* are the local divinities of the outer Himalaya,

and, as in the case of the altars of Baal, their shrines are found on the tops of the green hills. Besides the *siddh* there are certain tutelary deities much worshipped in the hills, especially by women. They are *Kálá Bír*, *Nár Sinh* and *Pariyán* or fairies. They have no local or particular place of worship, but are strictly domestic deities. Their images are seldom made except when rudely stamped on silver plates worn as charms suspended by a thread round the neck, or as armlets. For the ceremonial worship of *Kálá Bír* and *Nár Sinh* a black and white goat respectively is kept in the house. These tutelary deities are believed to be constantly plaguing mortals with every kind of ill. There are certain priests or ministrants called *chélá* who are supposed to know the mind of these deities, to be able to explain it to the people, and to perform ceremonies to avert their wrath. The *chélás* are scattered over every few miles of country, and make a good thing out of the superstitions of the people. Among the lower class of Musalmáns, such as Gujars, and perhaps among the women of the villages generally, the worship or propitiation of *Miyan Bibi* is common. *Miyan Bibí*, the old man and his wives, is represented on silver charms worn on the person, as a nude male figure attended by two females, one waving a fan (*chauri*) over him, the other filling his tobacco pipe (*huqqá*). The worship of *Miyan Bibi* is a rude form of superstition very widely spread in the district.—*Mr. Coldstream in Settlement Report, p.* 34 *sq.*

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4. **Mirzapur: The Legend of Malik Farrukh.**—At the southern extremity of Belthará there is a tomb called *Málik ká Mazár*. The Hindús as well as the Muhammadans worship it with prayers and offerings. This Málik was a Moslim *faqír* of Gházipur. In his wanderings he came to Ahraurá when it was being ruled by a Kol Rája named Balanda. This Balanda was a tyrant and a sworn enemy of *faqírs*. But Málikji was a clever man and succeeded in ingratiating himself with the tyrant. Somehow or other he won the favour of Balanda, and one day invited him with his family to a dinner at his residence. He then, finding a favourable opportunity to carry out his long-felt wish of destroying the tyrant root and branch, mixed poison with the food. The Kol Rája with his family died on the spot. Málikji succeeded to his estates. But the treacherous *faqír* could not enjoy his ill-gotten fortune. His territories were soon overrun by the hosts of the Maharája of Benares, and in the fight that ensued between the Málik's men and the Maharája's, Farrúkh was killed. The Maharája caused the Málik to be buried at the Málik's gate in Ahraurá; but his followers after ten or twelve days removed the corpse to Belthará and buried it there. The northern portion of the Fort of Latífpur was constructed by the *faqír*, and his name is inscribed on the walls.—*Pandit Rámgharíb Chaubé.*

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5. **The Ceremony of Griha Pravesha, or commencing to live in a newly-built house.**—The Hindús, as a rule, do not begin to live in a newly-built house without performing this ceremony. If they do, the consequence is supposed to be disastrous to the violators of long-established usage. As I was lately invited by a friend and relation of mine to take part in the ceremony I have had opportunities of witnessing each and every part of this ceremonial closely.

First of all the head of the family calls in a Pandit, who comes generally well dressed and having marked his forehead with sandal and chewing betel. He brings with him an almanac (*patrá*), which helps him in determining an auspicious moment for the performance of the ceremony. The head of the family requests him to fix an auspicious moment, which he does, and gets food and some money according to the means of the client. Then the Pandit takes leave of the client, blessing him and his children. On the fixed day the floor of the new building is plastered with cow-dung. Ganges water is sprinkled on the walls and the member of the family selected to perform the ceremony is bathed with Ganges water or ordinary water in which a little Ganges water is put. The family barber then comes and makes a square of flour in the centre of the courtyard of the new house. The Pandit is then called in. He puts on the square a pitcher full of water and surmounted by an earthenware cup containing rice, betel nuts, a mango branch. Then he makes a low, narrow platform on the square. He puts two wooden seats (*pirhá* or *chauki*) on the square, one to the north side and the other to the south. On the wooden seats pieces of red cloth are spread. The seat which is to the south is considered the seat of the sixty-four gods, the names of whom are still a mystery to me, and that to the north is considered the seat of the nine planets. Upon the former in several rows sixty-four rooms (*ghar*) are made with flour, and upon the latter only nine. In each of the sixty-four rooms a god is represented by a handful of rice put in it. In the nine planet rooms the planets are represented by red powder (*rori*), turmeric powdered and rice according to the colour of the planets; for this has been already ascertained by the Hindú astronomers of yore. This done, a wooden seat is put on the square to the eastern side. Upon it a red piece of cloth is spread. Upon it the likeness of Bastu Devá (the deity who presides over inanimate objects) is put. The likeness of Bastu Devá is

made of an earthware cup covered with red cloth. By this deity sweetmeats of the best kind, fruits and flowers, etc., are put, which means that these things have been offered to him. This done, the females of the neighbouring houses are invited, who present themselves instantly and sing songs. The Pandit then tells the gardener to hang festoons on all sides of the courtyard and the house. Next the Pandit makes a figure of Ganéshji at the gate of the house with red lead, and makes the worshipper worship this figure with sandal, rice, flowers and incense. Then the worshipper holds in his hands a cup of earth full of water and milk mixed together, and walks around the house pouring the contents of the cup little by little on the ground. Next he sits on the square facing the east and worships Gauri and all the sixty-four gods already mentioned and the planets and Bastu Devá with an offering of the same things that have been offered to Ganéshji. To each of these deities and planets some money is also offered. Then the worshipper and five Bráhmans including the Pandit perform a fire-sacrifice (*hawan*) of barley, *til* (sesamum), *ghi* and sugar. Then the worshipper offers clothes to five Bráhmans and offers to the Pandit a cow. At the same time a heavy fee is given to the Pandit and some money is distributed among other Bráhmans. Then the worshipper puts some flour in an earthen cup and calls in a barber. He worships the barber with water and washed rice, and asks him to light an old lamp (*chirágh*) and put it on the flour in the cup. The barber moves the cup and the lamp over the head of the worshipper five times, and then he is asked by the Pandit to run away with the contents of the cup with all speed. While he is running the persons present strike him with grains of rice. He puts the lamp into a dirty pool of water and appropriates the flour. It is said that the lamp represents Bhairo Deotá, who is supposed to be the master of the site on which the house has been erected. The barber is his priest. When the lamp has been moved over the head of the worshipper by the barber, Bhairo has blessed him and abandoned all his right to the ground. The Bráhmans are then fed and the ceremony comes to an end.—*Rámgharib Chaubé.*

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6. **Palamau: The Functions of the Baiga.**—The duties of the village Baigá, or, as he is sometimes called, Pujári or Pahan, are to keep evil spirits from the village and perform sacrifices to propitiate them. There was never such a thing known as a village without a Baigá, and such is the superstition of the people, that they would rather leave the village than live without him. Generally speaking he is a member of one of the aboriginal tribes, but in some cases I have found Bráhmans and Rájpúts holding the office. He is looked up to with awe by every caste in the village, is reponsible for the appearance of disease among man and beast, and is bound to offer up the necessary sacrifices to drive it away. He is supposed to be better informed on all that concerns the village than any one else, and to be able to point out each man's tenure. Among the *jungle* tribes he is invariably the arbitrator in all disputes as regards land and rent, and is the oracle in all discussions affecting the ancient customs and rights of the village, with all of which he is supposed to be intimately acquainted. He is bound at the commencement of each harvest to offer up sacrifices and perform certain ceremonies to propitiate the spirits. For this purpose he levies contributions of money, grain, cloth, fowls and goats from all villagers. Until these sacrifices have been performed, no one would think of yoking a plough; and the Baigá often takes advantage of the delay to increase his demands.

In every village rent-free lands are set aside for the Baigá. When he exercises jurisdiction in more than one village his glebe is in the parent village, and the others pay him in kind. I have known a Baigá hold seven to eight local bighás (16 Bengal standard bighás) of rice land with a large area of upland, but the average area is two bighás. If there are *mahuá* trees in the village, he also gets a share of the produce.

The office is hereditary, but in the event of its becoming necessary to appoint a new Baigá, a meeting of the entire village community is held, and the successor is chosen by vote: the individual selected is then called upon to accept the post, and in the event of his doing so, a day is fixed for the ceremony of installation. On the appointed day the whole village community meets in solemn conclave: the village headman (*málik*) presides, and the proceedings commence by his calling upon the candidate to state publicly whether he is willing to accept the office, and the duties he will have to perform are explained to him. He is then conducted round the boundaries of the village, the different landmarks of which are pointed out to him. The whole party then returns to the place of meeting, when the president, taking up the Baigá's instruments of office, which are known as the "knife and dagger" (*chhúri, katári*), solemnly hands them to the new incumbent, and the installation is complete. These are the sacrificial instruments, and are heirlooms of the village: they are presented in the formal manner above described to each successive Baigá, and are used solely in sacrifice.—*Mr. L. R. Forbes' Report*, p. 53.

[I have been as yet unable to get any trace to these hereditary sacrificial instruments among the Baigás in Mirzápur.—ED.]

ANTHROPOLOGY.

7. **Sirsa: Bishnoi Sect.**—Bishnoís go on pilgrimage to the place where Jhambáji was buried, south of Bikaner, where there is a tomb (*math*) over his remains, and a temple (*mandir*) with regular attendants (*pujári*). A festival takes place here every six months in Asauj and Phagun, when the pilgrims go to the sandhill on which Jhambáji lived, and there light sacrificial fires (*hom*) of *jandi* wood in vessels of stone, and offer a burnt offering of barley, sesamum (*til*), clarified butter (*ghi*), and sugar, at the same time muttering set prayers. They also make presents to the attendants of the temple, and distribute *moth* and other grains for the peacocks and pigeons which live there in numbers. Should any one have committed an offence, such as having killed an animal, or sold a cow or goat to a Mussalmán, or allowed an animal to be killed when he could have prevented it, he is fined by the assembled Bishnoís for the good of the temple and the animals kept there. Another place of pilgrimage is a tomb called Chhámbolá in the Jodhpur country, where a festival is held once a year in Chait. There the pilgrims bathe in the tank and help to deepen it, and sing and play musical instruments and scatter grain to peacocks and pigeons.

The initiation ceremony (*páhul*) is performed as follows:—A number of representative Bishnoís assemble, and before them a Sádh or Bishnoí priest, after lighting a sacrifical fire (*hom*), instructs the novice in the duties of the faith. He then takes some water in a new earthen vessel, over which he prays in a set form (*Bishnogáyátri*), stirring it the whole time with his string of beads (*málá*), and, after asking the consent of the assembled Bishnoís, he pours the water three times into the hands of the novice, who drinks it off. The novice's scalp lock (*chotí*) is then cut off and his head shaved, for the Bishnoís shave the whole head and do not leave a scalp lock like the Hindús: but they allow the beard to grow, only shaving the chin on the father's death. Infant baptism is also practised, and thirty days after birth the child, whether boy or girl, is baptised by the priest (*Sádh*) in much the same way as an adult: only the set form of prayer is different (*Garbhgáyátri*), and the priest pours a few drops of water into the child's mouth, and gives the child's relatives three handfuls of the consecrated water to drink: at the same time the barber clips off the child's hair. This baptismal ceremony has also the effect of purifying the house which has been made impure by the birth (*sutak*). The Bishnoís intermarry among themselves only, and by a ceremony of their own, in which it seems the circumambulation of the sacred fire, which is the binding ceremony among the Hindús, generally is omitted. They do not revere Bráhmans, but have priests (*Sádh*) of their own chosen from among the laity. They do not burn their dead, but bury them below the cattle stall, or in a place frequented by cattle, such as a cattle pen. They observe the Holí in a different way from other Hindús. After sunset on that day they fast till the next forenoon, when, after hearing read the account of how Pahlad was tortured by his infidel father Harnákas for believing in the god Vishnú, until he was delivered by the god himself in his incarnation of the Lion man, and mourning over Pahlád's sufferings, they light a sacrificial fire and partake of consecrated water, and, after distributing unpurified sugar (*gur*) in commemoration of Pahlád's delivery from the fire into which he was thrown, they break their fast.

8.—The Bishnoís bury their dead instead of burning them. A woman's corpse is dressed in woollen clothes for the grave. The grave is dug by the Bishnoís themselves, and the corpse is carried out on the hands of the bearers, not on a bier. After the earth has been filled in over the corpse, the handle of the spade is washed and grain is scattered over the grave for the birds. Three days after the death a funeral feast (*kaj*) is given to the neighbours. Sometimes this is followed by a greater feast, to which all the brotherhood are invited; such a feast lasts for three days, and often costs a large sum of money, but sometimes the guests give subscriptions (*nauta*) towards the expense.

9.—Some of these precepts are not strictly obeyed; for instance, though ordinarily they allow no blue in their clothing, yet a Bishnoí, if he is a servant of the British Government, is allowed to wear a blue uniform: and Bishnoís do use bullocks, though most of their farming is done with camels. They also seem to be unusually quarrelsome (in words), and given to use bad language. But they abstain from tobacco, drugs, and spirits, and are noted for their regard to animal life, which is such that not only will they not themselves kill any living creature, but they do their utmost to prevent others from doing so. Consequently their villages are generally swarming with antelopes and other animals, and they forbid their Musalmán neighbours to kill them, and try to dissuade English sportsmen from interfering with them. They wanted it made a condition of their settlement that no one should be allowed to shoot on their land, but at the same time they asked that they might be assessed at lower rates than their neighbours, on the ground that the antelopes being thus left undisturbed do more damage to their crops! but I told them that this would lessen the merit (*pun*) of their good action in protecting the animals, and they must be treated just as the surrounding villages were. They consider it a good deed to scatter grain (chiefly *bajra* or *moth*) to pigeons and other birds, and often have a large number of half tame birds about their villages. The day before the new

moon they observe as a sabbath and fast day, doing no work in the fields or in the house. They bathe and pray three times a day, in the morning, afternoon, and in the evening, saying *Bishno* ! *Bishno!* instead of the ordinary Hindú *Rám ! Rám !* Their clothing is the same as that of other Bágrís except that their women do not allow the waist to be seen, and are fond of wearing black woollen clothing. They are more particular about ceremonial purity than ordinary Hindús are, and it is a common saying that if a Bishnoí's food is on the first of a string of 20 camels, and a man of another caste touches the last camel of the string, the Bishnoí will consider his food defiled and throw it away.

10.—At Pinpásar, a village south of Bikaner in the Jodhpur territory, Sant, there lived a Rájput Panwár, named Laut, who had attained the age of sixty years, and had no son. One day a neighbour going out to sow his field met Laut, and deeming it a bad omen to meet a childless man, turned back from his purpose. This cut Laut to the quick, and he went out to the jungle and bewailed his childlessness till the evening, when a faqír appeared to him and told him that in nine months he should have a son, and after showing his miraculous powers by drawing milk from a calf, vanished from his sight. At the time named a child miraculously appeared in Laut's house, and was miraculously suckled by his wife Hánsa. This happened in Sambat 1508 (A. D. 1451). For seven years the boy, who was an incarnation (*avatára*) of Vishnú, played with his fellows, and then for 27 years he tended cattle, but all this time he spoke no word. His miraculous powers were shown in various ways, such as producing sweets from nothing for the delectation of his companions, and he became known as Achambá (the wonder), whence his name of Jhambá, by which he is generally known. After 34 years a Bráhman was sent for to get him to speak, and on his confessing his failure Jhambáji again showed his power by lighting a lamp by simply snapping his fingers and uttered his first word. He then adopted the life of a teacher, and went to reside on a sandhill, some 30 miles south of Bikaner, where after 51 years he died, and was buried instead of being burnt like an ordinary Hindú. He did not marry, but devoted himself to the life of an ascetic teacher. His sayings (*sabd*), to the number of 120, were written down by his disciples, and have been handed down in a book (*pothí*), which is written in the Nágri character, and in a Hindú dialect similar to Bágrí, seemingly Marwárí.—J. Wilson : *Settlement Report*, *p.* 136, 123.

[For the Bishnoí sect see Ibbetson, *Panjab Ethnographhy*, 123. *Ethnographical Hand-book, N.-W. P. and Oudh*, 17.—ED.]

11. **Cannibalism in India.**—In a recent issue of the *Pioneer* a correspondent referred to three manuscript volumes of *Notes on the Aghorís and Cannibalism in India* bequeathed to the Anthropological Society of Bombay by the late Mr. Tyrell Leith, and quoted cases in which the eating of decayed human flesh by morbid devotees had been proved. "Mr. Leith," the correspondent observed, "actually held converse with two of this sect in Benares and Allahabad, and appears to have put it beyond reasonable doubt that within recent years some of them have been seen in the streets of Bombay, in the burning ghaut at Nassick, and in different parts of Western India, notably on Girnar and Abu. Mr. Barrow added that Dr. Kirtikar, the Civil Surgeon of Tanna, had recently discharged one of them from Tanna Jail."

When examining some records in my office lately I came across a case which proves that the horrible form of cannibalism investigated by Mr. Leith still exists in the North-Western Provinces. Though the details are gruesome and repulsive, it is, I think, worth while to publish them. A knowledge of the depths of savagery which underlies Hinduism is essential to a right comprehension of the social and political problems of India. In the case referred to the evidence for the prosecution consisted of the testimony of two Europeans, Mr. Madden, Permanent Way Inspector on the Oudh and Rohilkhand Railway, and Mr. Tyres, a Sub-Engineer at Narora. I quote Mr. Madden's deposition in full :

"QUEEN-EMPRESS

versus

RAGHUBIR DAS.

Charles W. Madden, witness, on oath :—

"'I am Permanent Way Inspector, Oudh and Rohilkhand Railway. I reside at Rajghat. About 5 weeks ago I gave a small picnic to some friends. For this purpose we went to Karan Bás. With three of my friends I went in a boat to a silt bank, a kind of island in the river, where the accused lives. On the island there is a platform, on which the accused sits. It is surrounded by palings of bamboo with skulls on the top.

"'There was lying on it a freshly-cut human head. After some little time I saw the accused take up the head, and tear from it pieces of flesh, which he swallowed. I saw him take two mouthfuls of the flesh, and then I went away, as this made me feel sick. The head looked as if it had been hacked off the trunk. On many occasions I have seen cut-oft human heads at the accused's place. I never, however, saw him cut off heads. Once I there saw on a bamboo a head that was quite fresh, and blood dropping from it. Near it there was a bloody axe.

"'On the occasion of the picnic Mr. Tyres saw what I did. I did not speak to accused further than to say *salam*. There must have been several hundred skulls about the accused's place. One of my companions, a Mr. Johnson,

spoke to accused, but I do not know what he said.'

"*Cross-examined by accused.*—'The accused caught up the head by the ears, and thus ate it. His face got all covered with blood. I can swear that he did this of his own free will. No one forced him to do so. No violence of any kind was offered to him while I was present by any one. Before me he took the head up twice, and each time took a piece of flesh from it.'

"*Cross-examined by pleader of accused.*—'With me were four boatmen, those of Mr. Tyres.'"

Mr. Tyres fully corroborated Mr. Madden's evidence. The prisoner first set up an absurd defence that the Europeans had thrust the head into his mouth, and then denied that he had touched the head at all.

Mr. Lambe, district Magistrate of Budaon, decided the case on the 16th February, 1888, and had no hesitation in convicting the monster under section 297, Penal Code, of offering an indignity to a human corpse, and in inflicting the most severe punishment that can be awarded by law, namely, one year's rigorous imprisonment.

On appeal it was argued that no offence had been committed, inasmuch as no intention to insult the religion or wound the feelings of any person was proved, but Mr. Ross Scott, the Sessions Judge, held that accused must have known that the feelings of the European spectators would be wounded by the horrible spectacle, and on the 7th April, 1888, dismissed the appeal. The record was called for and examined by Government.

No case could have been more conclusively proved. It is shocking to think that a monster so foul should, owing to the imperfection of the law, escape with a year's imprisonment, and that he should have had a chance of escaping punishment altogether. Inquires have been ordered, and proceedings will be taken if Raghubir Das has resumed his ghastly performance.

V. A. S.

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12. **Note 249, Vol. III : Points of Contrast between Europeans and Asiatics.**—Regarding the above note by Mr. William Cockburn on the use of the flexor muscles instead of the extensors, it is also to my thinking partly due to lassitude engendered by a tropical climate, but chiefly to the fact that the action of these, the flexor muscles, is more natural to the Pithecoid apes and the types of humanity which approach them.

Two of the most marked differences are in the method of projecting a marble at play, and, secondly, in the use of the saw, and also in swimming. It will be found that the inhabitants of temperate countries project a marble by the extension of the thumb placed in the hollow formed by doubling up the index finger. The muscle employed in projecting a marble in the English method is the *extensor ossis metacarpi pollicis*.

Last year I saw some grown-up Kabuli traders, Povindas, playing a game of marbles at Gurri ka Serai at Benares, and they played in the European fashion, and for stakes.

The native method is to hold the marble with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand against the top of the middle finger of the right hand, and the marble is projected with great force by the powerful contraction, *i. e.*, flexion of the central slip of the *flexor profundus digitorum*.

In the school where I was educated both methods were in vogue, and to the best of my recollection none of the boys from England could propel a marble to the same distance as by the Indian method. I have seen a marble sent over 75 yards this way. The Indian method caused a very powerful development of the middle finger, and all players had a thick callus of hardened skin at the junction of the middle finger with the hand. It would be interesting if some schoolmaster went into details, as my recollections of 25 years ago are somewhat hazy.

It is also noticeable that Indian Asiatics fall off very much in the muscular development of the lower parts of the forearm, and this is largely due to the feeble development of the fleshy fibres of the extensor muscles of the hand which are inserted here. They have as a rule small hands and slender fingers, and the women generally are better made about the wrist and lower forearm. There are reasons for this.

But it is well known to veterinarians that horses have a tendency to run fine below the knee in the Indian climate.

With regard to the Indian saw, as is well known, the teeth are recurved, and cut with the draw and not with the push of the instrument. The biceps or muscle that flexes the arm is chiefly used here. The muscles chiefly used in the English saw are the deltoid and triceps, and both these muscles are only seen developed to perfection in muscular figures even among Europeans. They are pre-eminently *Human* muscles, and intimately connected with the erect posture assumed by humanity at no very remote period.

European athletes exercise these two muscles very largely, and the best pictures of Sandow represent him as heaving two huge iron spheres attached to a bar above his head.

The triceps muscles at the back of his arm are billowy with ridges, and he has quite an exceptional development of the deltoid muscles, and also a splendid biceps. I have noticed that heaving weights above the head is not a common form of exercise among Indian *pahalwáns*, who are, however, second to none in agility.

An *extensorial* people, to coin a term, can be generally distinguished by thick round wrists

and a muscular lower forearm, and also by thick round ancles.

The converse formation of the leg, *i.e.*, a lean bony sinewey leg below the calf is constantly associated with platycnemecism (flat calfs), and very common in Hindustan.

The fact is that the human arm is primarily designed for the purpose of hanging by. The finger bones in the orang and the gibbon have a natural curve in them, and both these anthropoid apes will hang by their hands some time after being shot dead, as I can personally testify in the case of the gibbon. Their arms are chiefly used to draw up their bodies from branch to branch, or to swing by both, actions calling into play flexor muscles chiefly. The arm (*humerus* and *ulna* and *radius*) of the gorilla, beside which the limb bones of the Irish giant O'Brien are like pipe stems, is evidently also largely used for progression on the ground, and very much more strongly made than the limbs of the orang, and the extensors are better developed.

Human babies, it may be noted, have a tendency to close their hands tightly on an object, and this no doubt is due to the necessity children had at some remote period for hanging on to the hairy coats of their mothers.

This action in itself would cause an elongation of the arms, and if we are ever called upon to raise a breed of prize-fighters, a similar course of training should be adopted.

It should here be noted that the recurved teeth in the Indian saw may be due to the fact that a smaller amount of metal, and that of an inferior quality, is necessary for this form of blade. An English saw must possess considerable rigidity, or it will bend.

Lastly, with regard to swimming, what is known as the breast stroke is commonly employed by Englishmen, and is mainly an extensorial movement. The side stroke or arm over arm is the method most commonly employed by Indians.

There is an ancient Indian saw sculptured on one of the pillars of the Bharut railing, and though not certain, as I have not General Cunnigham's work to refer to, and Dr. Anderson does not refer to the formation of the teeth, I am inclined to think they are recurved.—*J. Cockburn.*

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13. **Arrow-heads.**—In reply to Mr. Balfour, flint (chert and agate) implements are so numerous in some parts of India, that the soil literally seems to be sown with them. The environs of the town of Banda is a good locality, the ravines round the fort of Kalinjar another, Marpha fort and the ravines in the vicinity is a very good place. I found some hundreds of perfect crescentic and angular and rhomboidal flakes in the cotton fields round my bungalow in Banda. The rains are the time to find flint implements. Some of my finest arrow-heads were found in the ravines round the fort of Kandakot in the Mirzapore District, and they are nearly as numerous here as in Banda. Flint implements are also to be found in the heart of the Gangetic Valley. I found some about 4 miles north of Sayedpore in the Ghazipore District, and my wife made quite a large collection of flakes and chips at Chochukpore Ghat in the same district. These were found on the top of the cliff forming the river bank near the *parao* or Government camping place at Chochukpore, and I have no doubt many are to be found there still. As a rule the alluvium on the surface in the Gangetic Valley is in a shifting condition, and it is only in places like cliffs or where old alluvium is exposed by denudation that stone implements are to be found. I once found an apparently well made spear-head of yellowish-green *kanch* (crude native glass) in the Fattehgarh District, about a mile from the Ganges Canal. The specimen is before me as I write, and is very similar to specimens in black obsidian or natural volcanic glass from New Caledonia. Natives are, however, well acquainted with the cutting properties of glass, and Native women of the lower classes, such as syces' wives, about Allahabad, commonly use clips of black bottle glass for shaving the *axillæ*. I have seen some very fair ridged flakes from 3 to 4 inches long among the heaps of crude glass on the railway stations at Etawah and the vicinity, and it is quite possible, and even probable, that they were accidently produced in breaking up the blocks of *kanch* with a hammer, as is invariably done. At the same time, I believe that the spear-head was intentionally made as an implement and mounted at the end of a short stout spear like the *khantha* of the Kanjars, and used as a boar spear. It is also probably not very ancient, and possibly quite modern. I have, however, found glass flakes of ancient make on neolithic flint fields in the Mirzapore District, and glass ornaments in neolithic interments at Barkacha.—*J. Cockburn.*

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14. **Bombay : Temple Prostitution.**—The following ruling of the Bombay High Court, *Queen-Empress* versus *Tippa*, *Indian Law Reports*, xvi, 742, is worth quoting:—The Magistrate found that the accused Tippa got some sort of ceremony performed on his daughter Manji at the temple at Banwasi, and that ever since then she has been in the service of the temple as a dancing girl. There is evidence, he says, that dancing-girls as a rule lead an immoral life ; and that this is the case, is not disputed by Mr. Shamrao, who appears for the accused. The evidence in our opinion shews that the accused applied to the officials of the temple to get Manji, then a girl of five or six years of age, enrolled as a dancing-girl ; that she was enrolled accordingly, taking the place of Tippa's mother ; that a ceremony, called by the witnesses the *Káshi* ceremony, was

performed on Manji, rice and plantains being used, and Manji invested with trousers; and that at the end of the ceremony Manji danced and sang, and waved a lamp before the idol. In this ceremony the accused took a prominent part, being present with the girl. She has since remained a dancing-girl of the temple, and has, as the books shew, sometimes received payment for dancing there.

There is abundant evidence that dancing-girls usually become prostitutes, although it may doubtless happen that some of them marry either before or after they have begun a life of prostitution. The above facts appear to us to bring the present case within the ruling in *Reg.* v. *Jaili Bheni*, and are very similar to those in the recent case of *Srinivasa* v. *Annasami*. We find that the accused disposed of the minor girl, "knowing it to be likely that she would be employed for the purpose of prostitution," and is thus guilty within the words and meaning of Sec. 372 of the I. P. C. The Magistrate, Mr. Krishnarao P. Joshi, who acquitted the accused, appeared to have been actuated by the consideration that the ceremony performed was not a final dedication to a life of prostitution, and not, in the notions of the people, a barrier to marriage, such as another ceremony, which takes place after puberty accomplishes. This last differs from the Káshi ceremony, and appears to consist in the tying of a *tâli* round the neck. We think it was an error to hold that the possibility that Manji might get married, took the facts out of the somewhat wide words of the section, which, as pointed out by Mr. Justice Muttuswami Iyer in *Kenpa* v. *Mahâliya*, is intended to protect the chastity of minors, and to prevent minors being disposed of in such a way as to put them in a life of prostitution. The latest Madras case shews that, in the opinion of the learned Judges there, the prosecution is not obliged to prove any particular ceremony. We now on this appeal, which is made by the Government of Bombay, reverse the order of acquittal, and convict the accused Tippa of the offence punishable under Sec. 372, I. P. C.

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15. **Hemp and the Soma.**—I think commentators on the Vedas have gone out of their way in search for the soma plant. There can be no reasonable doubt that soma was bhang.

1st.—Admitting that the use of bhang is permitted by Bráhmans, there is no mention of bhang as such in the Ordinances of Manu, though there are references to the use of soma. As the use of hemp as an intoxicant is very ancient and was known to the Scythians, it is quite incredible that such an omission would have been made by Manu, who distinctly allows the use of soma, and at verse 150 says —

"Now a soma drinking Bráhman on sniffing "the odour of a spirit-drinking man is purified "by drinking ghi, whilst thrice suppressing his "breath in water," *p.* 345. Soma is described in the Rig Veda as a drink free from alcohol (spiritless), and it was clearly not a fermented drink like beer. The second point is that the preparation of soma did not differ at all from the preparation of bhang.

According to the Rig Veda soma was a plant that was pounded in a mortar with a stone pestle, was then mingled in water by the priests, and then filtered through a woollen filter. Bhang is prepared exactly in the same way, except that it is filtered now through a cotton cloth. It (soma) was drunk mixed with milk, butter-milk, or taken pure; so is bhang. The third point is that the intoxicating effects of soma were identical with the characteristic intoxication of hemp. Soma is described as the inebriating soma, as that sweet exhilarating, inspiring, celestial plant, yielding soma. The remarkable power that soma is said to have possessed of elevating the spirits and producing a temporary frenzy under which the individual was capable of deeds beyond his natural powers is also a common property of bhang.

It is said that the Aryans latterly ceased to import the soma plant into the plains of India.

It would surprise me less to learn that the hemp was introduced by them into the plains of India from the Himalayas. The *urticacea* or nettle family to which hemp belongs are almost all natives of the palæoarctic or temperate zone, and its present wide distribution would not be more remarkable than the spread of the Mexican horned poppy *orgemone Mexicane*, which is to be found over nearly every square mile of country from the Himalaya to Cape Commorin, and yet was introduced by Europeans from America within the century.

Lastly, I consider it incredible that any people in the state of civilization the ancient Indians were in would lose so valuable a stimulant as soma was said to be without substituting something better instead. Alcohol instead co-existed with soma. Beer has supplanted mead in England, but then beer is a more potent and better drink. The Ordinances of Manu, which date between the 2nd century B. C. and 500 A. D., bring the use of soma down to the mesohistorical period. With regard to the statement that the British found the Hindus a sober race and left them a drunken one, it may be mentioned that early Hinduism has been succinctly described as a system of animal sacrifices mingled with the use of a sacred intoxicant (soma). It would appear that as the Bráhmans shrank from killing animals in sacrifice and eating their flesh, they also gradually dropped the use of soma as an indispenasble part of their ritual, though they still use it in large quantities in private and at feasts. The kusa grass, *saccharum spontaneum* which was generally used for religious ceremonials with soma, is yet one of the most common grasses in India.—*J. Cockburn.*

FOLKTALES.

16. **The Tale of the Three Princes.**—There was once a Rája who had three sons: but trouble came upon him, and all his horses and elephants died. So the three Princes started to seek their fortunes in other lands. They came to a Rája and asked for service. But when he heard that the wages of each was a lakh of rupees a day, he refused to employ them. They went to another Rája, and the same thing happened. Then they went to Mahárája Vikramaditya, who accepted their terms and gave them service.

Soon after Vikramaditya was informed that his best garden was haunted by a witch (*dáin*), seven ghosts (*bhút*) and a lakh of demons (*deo*). When all devices to expel them failed Vikramaditya ordered the three Princes to undertake the duty. So they went to the garden, and each was allotted a watch throughout the night. For the first watch the eldest son was on guard, and he soon saw the witch approaching. He asked her what she wanted. She said: "The Mahárája has had my son hung on a tree in this garden, and I come every night to devour his flesh."

The Prince took her on his shoulders and lifted her up to the branch on which the corpse of her son hung: but as she was eating the flesh the Prince cut off her right leg with his sword.

Then the second Prince came on guard. He saw seven ghosts come into the garden, and as soon as they touched the twenty-one locks of the palace within it, the doors opened at once, and in the twenty-first room the daughter of the Mahárája was shut up. Her the seven ghosts used daily to roast in an oven, and, when it was cooked, used to devour her flesh. The Prince put some water on the fire-wood of the oven, and when the ghosts tried to light it, such a smoke came out that they were blinded, and the Prince killed them all.

Then came the watch of the third Prince. He saw hosts of demons coming, and challenged them to mortal combat. The leader of the demons accepted the challenge, and was defeated. Then he asked the Prince what he wanted, and he said: "I want the great tank of Indra."

The boon was granted, and the Prince got the great tank and all the fairies (*parí*) of Rája Indra. The leader of them, the Red Fairy (*Lálparí*), gave him a flute and a handkerchief, and said: "Whenever you play on this flute I will attend on you at once."

Next morning Vikramaditya sent his servants to the garden to see what had happened during the night. But when they saw Rája Indra's tank in the garden blazing like gold, they were confounded, and came and told the Mahárája. The Mahárája proposed to marry them all to Princesses of the Court. The two elder Princes agreed, but the younger refused. One day the wives of the two elder Princes went to the garden to see their brother-in-law. He was away at the time, but they found in his house the magic flute and handkerchief, and took them away. When one of them played on the flute the Red Fairy appeared from the Land of Indra (*Indralok*), consumed both of them into ashes and carried off the flute and handkerchief.

When the Prince returned and found his magic things gone, he was overcome by grief and, weeping bitterly, set out for the jungle. There he met a Sádhu, who used to sleep for six months and wake for six months at a time. The Prince, while the Sádhu was asleep, watered his garden, and when he woke the Sádhu was so pleased that he told him to ask a boon. He said: "I want the flute by which I can summon the Red Fairy."

"Go," said the Sádhu; "this request of yours is too difficult for me."

He went on and met a second Sádhu, who treated him in the same way. Then he met a third Sádhu, who used to sleep for a year and wake for a year. The Sádhu said: "I have been for many years in search of this flute myself: but I will help you. You must rub your eyes with black cummin (*kalanjan, nigella sativa*). Then you can go to Indralok and play the drum of the Red Fairy in place of her drummer (*tabalchi*) whom Rája Indra lately pitched down from heaven." This the Prince did, and Rája Indra was so pleased that he gave him the magic flute, and then he summoned the Red Fairy, but when she appeared she looked at him, and he was burnt to ashes.

Finding that the Prince did not return, in a few days the Sádhu went to Indralok, and finding him only a pile of ashes, sprinkled nectar (*amrita*) over him and restored him to life. When the Prince revived he told the Sádhu all that had happened. He blackened his eyes again with cummin seed, and the Prince flew off to the bank of the river of Indralok, where all the fairies were bathing. He stole their clothes, which lay on the bank. The fairies offered anything he pleased in exchange for their clothes, and he received from them the magic flute. On his way home he halted near the hut of a Sádhu in the jungle, and when he blew on his flute the Red Fairy came and danced and sung divinely. The Sádhu was delighted, and in the morning asked the Prince to exchange the flute for his stick, which had the power of killing any one its owner desired. But when he got the stick he sent it to beat the Sádhu and recovered his flute. Next he met another Sádhu, and in the same way got from him the magic cord, which binds a whole army, and from another the wishing bag, which gives anything you ask.

With these things he reached the kingdom of his father, which was beleaguered by his enemies. From the bag he poured nectar (*amrita*) on his father's army and revived their powers, and with the stick and rope defeated and imprisoned the hostile army. By means of the bag he built palaces of gold and gems, and he and his relatives passed the rest of their lives in ease and happiness.

[A folktale told by Munishwar Prasád Tíwári, Student of Chandausi, Morádábád District.]

[The story begins with the well-known folktale incident of the youngest son surpassing his brethren, for instances of which see Grimm, *Household Tales* I, 415, and numerous instances collected by Jacobs *Folklore Congress Report*, 1891, *p.* 98. The mysterious opening of the locks which bind the ensorcelled Princess is repeated in the *Arabian Nights* (Lady Burton's edition I, 64). It then diverges into the familiar cycle of the inexhaustible pot. (Temple, *Wideawake Stories*, 423), the Magic Wand, for which see Tawney *Katha Sarit Ságara* I, 13, *Arabian Nights* II, 479, III, 319, and similar incidents in Jacobs *Loc Cit*, 93.]

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17. **The Kurmi and the Jackal.**—Once upon a time there was a Kurmi,* who used to go out every morning to work in his field; and his wife used to take him his dinner at noon. One day as she was going with the food to her husband she met a jackal, who asked her where she was going. When she told him, he said: "Give me some of the food, or I will bite you." So she had perforce to give him some of the food. When she brought it to her husband he noticed it, and said: "What a small dinner you have brought to-day!" Then she told him what had happened, and he said: "Next day you must drive the plough and I will have it out with the jackal."

Next day the Kurmin drove the plough, and her husband put on her clothes and took the dinner out at midday. The jackal saw him and said: "I want some."

The Kurmi put the food before him, and then the jackal said: "You might as well shampoo† me while I am eating."

While the jackal was eating the Kurmi began to rub his back, and suddenly out with his knife and chopped off his tail. The jackal roared with pain and scuttled off as quick as he was able. A few days after the Kurmi's mother was out picking dry cow-dung for fuel, when the jackal saw her and said: "Your son has cut off my tail, and I must bite you."

"Alas!" she answered, "the poor fellow is dead, and I am just collecting a little fuel to burn him. But we are going to have the funeral feast in a few days and you must come."

* One of the agricultural tribes.

† Deh dabáo.

The jackal agreed, and on the appointed day he and his brethren went to the Kurmi's house. The old woman made them all sit down. By-and-by she said: "I know you are quarrelsome creatures, and are always squabbling about your food. Let me tie you all up, and then there will be peace."

She tied them up in the courtyard to the cattle pegs, but she had a specially strong chain for the tailless jackal. When they were all tied, who should come out but the Kurmi with his bludgeon. The other jackals broke their ropes and escaped, but the tailless one the Kurmi brained with his club, and that was the end of him.

[A folktale told by Parmanand Tíwári, Student, Anglo-Sanskrit School, Mirzapur.]

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18. **Shekh Chilli and his Handsel.**—Once upon a time his father sent Shekh Chilli into the market with a rupee to buy *ghí*, and said: "Mind, you get the handsel.*"

Shekh Chilli bought the *ghí*, and then he said to the Guala:† "Give me the handsel."

"In what will you take it?" he asked.

So the Shekh turned over the vessel, and spilling all the *ghí* said: "I will take it in the bottom."‡

When he came home he shouted to his father: "Abá! abá! see, I did not forget the handsel."

"But where is the *ghí*?"

"How could I bring both?" he grumbled.

"Well, you *are* a fool," said his father, and this was the last commission he gave him.

[A folktale told by Ali Sajjád, Registrar of Hallia, Mirzapur: recorded by Pandit Rámgharib Chaubé.]

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19. **The Ambitious Mouse.**—A mouse was once very lonely and longed for a friend. At last she made friends with a clod: one day she asked the mouse to come and bathe, but as the mouse went into the water she saw the poor clod washed away and dissolved. She complained to the river, who said: "I am sorry I cannot give you the clod, but you may have a fish instead."

The mouse agreed, and the river gave her a fish. She went home with the fish and put it up on a post to dry. Just then a kite flew away with it. The mouse demanded the fish from the post, but the post said: "I am very sorry I cannot give you the fish, but you may have some wood in exchange."

* *Ghaluá*—a little taken extra in the bargain.

† Cowman.

‡ The vessel was a *katorá*, which has a hollow or cavity in the bottom like an English tea cup.

The mouse agreed and went off to the confectioner's shop. While she was eating some scraps, the confectioner's wife burned the wood in the oven. The mouse asked for her wood and the confectioner said: "I am very sorry that you cannot have your wood back, but you can have some cakes instead."

The mouse agreed and off with the cakes to the shepherd's pen, and while she was looking for some food the goat ate the cakes. The mouse complained to the shepherd, who said: "I am very sorry I cannot give you back the cakes, but you may have a kid if you like."

The mouse agreed and went off with the kid to the house of the Chamár, where she tied it up and went to look for food. When the Chamár came in and saw the goat he killed it, and was just broiling some of the meat, when the mouse arrived and demanded her kid. The Chamár said: "I am very sorry that I cannot give you back the goat, but you can have a drum instead if you like."

The mouse agreed and went off to where the women were busy husking rice. She hung it up there, and went away for a moment, when one of the women knocked her pestle against it and broke it. When the mouse came back she demanded her drum, but the women said: "We are very sorry, we cannot give you the drum, but you can have a girl instead."

The mouse took away the girl home, and they set up house and planted a field of rice. But as they were hard at work cutting the crop, the girl did not see the poor mouse amongst the stalks, and gave her a cut with her sickle, so that she died, and that was the end of her.

[A folktale told by Akbar Shah Manjhi of Manbasa, Dudhi, Mirzapur.]

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20. **The Ahir Girl and the Snake.**—There was once a very great venomous snake which used to bite every one who passed along the road. The Rája offered large rewards to any one who would kill it. Many tried and failed. At last an Ahír girl made a plan. She put on her head an earthen pot (*borasi*) full of hot coals, and over it a vessel of milk. Just as she came near the snake the milk began to boil, and when the snake rushed at her, his head fell into the hot milk, and he was so much scalded that he lost his senses and fell on the ground. Then the Ahírin poured all the coals over him, and he died.

When the Kotwál saw the body of the snake, he took the girl to the Rája, who commended her bravery, and presented her with five villages rent free.

[A folktale told by Akbar Shah Manjhi of Manbasa, Dudhi, Mirzapur.]

21. **The Quest of the Magic Powder.**—There was once a Rája who had seven sons; as they grew up he sent for the astrologers and asked them which of his sons was fated to succeed him. They announced that the Ráj would fall to the youngest son, and that his elder brothers would become Sádhus. When the mothers of the elder sons heard this they were plunged in grief, and told the Rája that unless they got the heart of the young Prince they would commit suicide. The Rája was in perplexity and consulted his Wazír. The Wazír said: "It is better to lose one life than six." So the youngest Prince was made over to the executioners. As he was being taken away his mother wept; but he said: "Do not fret. What is written in my fate will come to pass."

His mother, as he was going, gave him some *asharfis*, and when the executioners took him into the jungle and were about to slay him he bribed them to spare his life; and after they released him they killed a wild animal and took the heart to the Queens, at which they were overjoyed.

The Prince wandered about for a year or two, and when his appearance was changed he came back to his father's city, and giving himself out to be a Banya took service in the bázár. Soon after the Rája sent for his sons and said: Whoever will bring me the magic powder, the *Setú ká sapná*, he shall be my heir."

The six Princes started off in quest of it, and the young Prince, still disguised as a Banya, went with them. At last after many wanderings they came to the shore of the ocean, beyond which the *Setú ká sapná* was to be found. As they could not get across, the elder Princes sat weeping on the shore. But the younger Prince went wandering along the beach and met a *sús* (porpoise). The *sús* asked him what his business was, and he said: "If you take me across I will bring you a golden nose-ring when I return."

The *sús* agreed and carried him across on his back. When he got to the other side he found himself in a dense jungle, and roaming about he came on a splendid palace, and when he went in he found a girl swinging. She asked him what he had come for, and when he told her, she said:

"As you have come you must marry me."

"I agree," he said, "but I must first perform the work I came to do. Then I will return and marry you."

She told him to ask for what he pleased, and he asked for the *Setú ká sapná* and a golden nose-ring. These she gave him, and he went to the shore of the sea and found the *sús* awaiting him. The *sús* took him across, and he found his brothers still weeping by the shore. He did not tell them how he had succeeded in his quest. They

all went home, and when they came before the King he produced the *Setú ká sapná* and told him who he was. The moment the *Setú ká sapná* arrived all kinds of good luck came to the household, and fairies from Indrásan came to dance before the King. His father was so pleased that he made him his heir, while the other Princes became Sádhus. The Prince went back across the sea by the aid of the *sús*, recovered his bride and lived happily for many a long year.

[A folktale told by Borai Teli of Kurhal, Chopan, Mirzapur.]

[The narrator knows nothing of the *Setú ká sapná* except that it was something like a powder. When a Rája got it he was very prosperous, and the fairies of Rája Indra danced in his Court.]

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22. **The Banker and the Princess.**—There was once a banker who was very fond of hunting. One day he told his wife that he was going to hunt in the jungle; she advised him not to go, but he would pay no heed to her. So he rode off, and soon came to a splendid palace watched by women guards. He lay down outside, and at midnight he heard the sound of music. When he went there he saw a number of maidens swinging and singing songs; and among them one who seemed to be the leader and was the most beautiful of all.

Next day he went to the guards and asked for an interview, and the princess sent him out this message: "You can be admitted only when you come after killing thousands, pressing hundreds beneath your arm and with the heads of scores." When he heard this he was much discouraged, and came and told his wife: "I will poison myself," he said, "if I cannot fulfil the conditions.' His wife answered: "Have your head shaved, and thus you will kill thousands; put some under your arms; cut your nails and you will cut off the heads of a score; take all the parings to the Princess."

He went to her, and she admitted that he had complied with the conditions. He remained with her, and next morning she placed before him in a dish a pomegranate (*anár*), an orange (*narangi*), and an arrow (*bán*). He was sad at heart when he could not interpret the meaning of these things. He took them to his wife, and she said: "By the *bán* is meant that she is the daughter of Bándeo; by the *anár* that her teeth are like its seeds; by the *narangi* that she has an orange tree at her door."

By these indications the banker came to the city of Bándeo, and found that his palace was of glass. He thought it was a pile of water and was afraid to enter though a voice from inside invited him. He came home and told his wife what he had seen. She said: "Do not be anxious. Take a few shells with you and throw them at what you think to be water." When he found in this way that the house was of glass he went in and was well received by the Princess. By and by she placed before him a ring and a piece of yellow silk (*pitambar*). He went to his wife and asked her the meaning of these things. She said: "It means that you are to be hers and are to meet her at the garden named *Pitambar*."

So he went there and met her, but as the Wazír was on his rounds that night he found them together and had them sent to the public lockup. The Princess gave a lot of money to the Kotwál and told him to have it proclaimed by beat of drum in the city that some one's pigeon had strayed, and that if the owner did not claim it at once he would lose it altogether. The banker's wife understood the meaning of the notice, and at once started off with sweetmeats in a dish. As she passed the Kotwáli she called out: "Is there any one who has not got the consecrated food (*prasád*)?" The Kotwál said: "There are some prisoners in the lockup." She went in, changed her clothes with the Princess, who got out. When the pair were brought before the Wazír she said: "What harm is there in a man being with his own wife? The Wazír had to release the pair, and she took her husband home.

[A folktale told by Munishwar Prasád, Tíwári, Bráhman of Gajadharpur, Saidpur, Ghazipur.]

[For conversation by signs see Clouston, *Book of Sindibád*, 66, 248.]

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23 **Hashmat-ul-lah the Opium-eater.**—There was once upon a time an idle fellow named Hashmat-ul-lah, who was an opium-eater, and by his vicious habits reduced himself and his family to extreme poverty. Finally his wife in her despair made him go on a journey in search of work. She gave him some food and money and sent him off. Just as he got outside the village he came to a tank, and thinking it was time for his daily dose sat down and began to smoke. The drug gradually overcame him, and in his dreams he began to think that he must have come a very long way, and that it was time for him to look out for some place to stay for the night. So he asked a passer-by if there was any opium-eater in the neighbourhood. "Yes," said he, "there is a noted fellow of that class named Hashmat-ul-lah." "That is just the man for me," he replied, "and strange to say he happens to be a namesake of mine. Will you kindly show me his house?"

When he came to his own house he cried out: "And his house is strangely like mine." So he knocked at the door calling out: "Brother Hashmat-ul-lah! brother Hashmat-ul-lah! open to me." The maid servant came to the door and said from inside: "The Miyán is away just now." "No matter", he shouted, "he is a dear friend of mine. Open and give me lodging."

At last she had to open the door and let him in, and when she lighted a lamp she knew that it was her master. She went to her mistress and said: "Bibi, Miyán has come back." "What nonsense," the lady cried; "why, he must be at this moment arranging for his lodging at some *sarai* miles away from here." "If you don't believe me, come and see for yourself," replied the maid. When his wife came down and saw her husband, she gave him a sound box on the ear, and said: "This is the way, you rascal, you go in search of work!" and he answered: "How can I go in search of work when you follow me all over the place?" She made no reply except to curse the fate that had given her such a husband.

[A folktale told by Mukund Lál, Kayasth of Mirzapur.]

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24. **The Princess who Married Ramchandra.**—A Princess once went to the temple of Rámchandra to worship, and was so inflamed by his beauty that she told her father that she would surely die if she could not marry the deity. The Rája was at a loss how to procure Rámchandra as a husband for his daughter. A weaver lived close to the palace, who heard the vow which the Princess had made; so he went into the jungle and finding a nest of a Garuda stole one of her young. At night he mounted the bird and came before the Princess and said: "I am Rámchandra. Seeing your intense devotion for me I have come to you." She got up, and after moving an earthern lamp over his head (*árti karké*) accepted him as her husband. In the morning he mounted Garuda and went home.

The Rája heard that Rámchandra had married his daughter, and when a hostile army invaded his kingdom he asked his daughter to obtain the assistance of her husband. The weaver agreed to do so; and took a bag of stones, and mounting Garuda he soared over the enemy, and dropping stones upon them caused them to retreat.

The Rája so believed in the power of his son-in-law that he got his daughter to ask her husband to make him and his subjects immortal. The weaver said: "Let every one sleep to-morrow naked in the open ground beyond the city." They did so, and he mounted Garuda and flew over them with a vessel of sherbet, which he said was the water of life (*amríta*). This he sprinkled over them, but the vessel slipped from his hand, and as he was trying to recover it he overbalanced himself and fell down. The people recognised him, and as he had robbed them of their faith (*dharm*) they fell on him and put him, to death.

[A folktale told by Bhâwani Dín Panré, Bráhman of Faizabad.]

25. **The Merchant and the Qazi.**—A merchant and a qázi were once great friends, and when the merchant had occasion to go on a pilgrimage he sealed up all his wealth in a bag and placed it in charge of the qazi. The qazi sent for a very clever tailor and asked him if he could mend a rent so that it should not be visible. The tailor promised to do so. The qazi cut the bag, took out all the money and filled it with stones and pieces of old iron, and then got the tailor to darn the rent.

When the merchant returned, and opening his bag discovered his loss, he went to the qazi, but the qazi said: "I am not responsible. I returned your bag as I received it."

The merchant appealed to the King. He said: "In five days I will give my decision." He was at the time sitting on his cushion of state (*masnad*), so he put out his hand and tore the corner of it. When the carpet-spreader (*farrásh*) saw the hole he feared the anger of the King and took it to the same tailor to darn. Next day when the King saw the hole most skilfully mended he asked the farrásh who had done it. Then he sent for the tailor and enquired if he had mended the bag. The tailor answered that he had mended it for the qázi.

Thus the qazi was put to shame and forced to return the money, and was mounted on an ass and driven out of the city.

[A folktale told by Mukund Lál, Kayasth of Mirzapur.]

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26. **Fate is Mightier than Wisdom.**—Once upon a time Fate and Wisdom (Vidyá and Bidháta) had a dispute as to which was the greater. So they agreed each to enter a man and test their powers. Both men attended the court of a Rája. Wisdom's man sat at a distance and the representative of Fate went close to the royal cushion. The moment he sat down he made a blow at the Rája's turban and knocked it oft. The courtiers rushed and seized him, but immediately a venomous snake came out of the turban and was killed by the attendants. The Rája thanked his deliverer and sat down, when the man caught him by the legs and dragged him into the court-yard; the courtiers again seized him, but all of a sudden the roof of the council chamber fell in and the Rája barely escaped with his life, so Wisdom had to admit that Fate was greater than he.

[A folktale told by Munishwar Prasád, Tíwári, Bráhman of Gajadharpur, Mirzapur.]

MISCELLANEA.

27. Topography: The Tappah (see No. 592, Vol. II, p. 160).—As an addition to the history of this ancient division of the country, I would note that in the Ghazipur district, at any rate south of the Ganges, in parganah Zamániah, the *tappah* survived as a subdivision of the *parganah* as late as the end of the eighteenth century. In the Collector's Office are copies of the registers prepared by Jonathan Duncan in 1788—1790, forming what is called locally the *Daul-i-dahsani*, or the Ten Years' Estimate. These assessments were afterwards confirmed in perpetuity. I do not recollect if it is the case for every parganah, but I know that for parganah Zamániah the *tappahs* are entered, and it would be easy to reconstitute them from this record.

I have long thought that these *tappah* divisions have a close connection with the tribal settlements formed at some early time, the *tappah* boundary appearing to represent the limit of occupation by some one tribe spreading itself from a central village. It certainly seemed to be so in Gorakhpur, where I began to study the facts over twenty years ago, but unfortunately left the district before I had proceeded far enough to be able to place any results on record.

As showing the wide prevalence of the *tappah* as a subdivision of the country, it may be well to note the entries in the *Aín-i-Akbarí*, Vol. II. (Colonel H. S. Jarrett's translation), pp. 110, 113. Here we have four instances of its use at quite the other side of Hindustán, three in the Bárí Dúáb of *Súbah* Láhor and one in *Sarkár* Dipálpur (Bárí Dúáb) of *Súbah* Multán. In these cases the *tappah* has been reckoned as a *mahál*, that is, *parganah*, and not as a subdivision thereof. In the list of *maháls*, pp. 318, 332, the word *tappah* has been dropped.—*W. Irvine.*

28. Jaswant Rao Holkar's Invasion on Baghelkhund.—The following versified account of the invasion of Jaswant Ráo on Baghélkhund has been recorded from the lips of an old Bhánt of Bhantpurá, Tahsíl Robertsgunj, District Mirzapur:—

"*Háthin mén Zulfaqár, ghoran mén garrá,*
Rájá Aujit Sinh larabé kó mallá.
Dilli Sir bándho din yáró nyáró
Riwán Rajpút basain jahawán jáké.
Náhar Sangrám Sinh ran ké bánké.
Bábu ju tér kahain hóihain sánchi;
Náyak ké sarpat mén náhin bánchi;
Báná ké daur se Tarahuá áyó;
Tarahuá ké daur turant kóthi chhâyó.
Golá das pánch mahal móti ghálé.
Aisé Jaswant Ráo áé Sinwá;
Mári ké baghélan so linhó Riwán.
Sun ké Rajpút sab áyó darbárá;
Rájá sab birá lînó bándhé hathiárá.
Háthí par tuppa kasi lági ammári;
Sudin bhaé sundar sukhdáik bhári.
Tópain sab jóti gaín lági lágá;
Das aswár ghoran ké áge nágá.
Bándhó mén shalak dagi tópain chhútin;
Nagan ké ghóran par dhópain chamakin;
Riwán sé karhé hain kó sau aswárá;
Charhé hain turangan pai árain hathiárá.
Bándhain dhál tarwár khósain tarchhi;
Bándhópati sumir ké onáwain barchhi.
Ekak aswáran pai káwá dajjai;
Náik ké upar sab bágai lajjai.
Turanjai Maharái Sinh sánai chalái;
Pahunch ké Pratáp Sinh bhálá máré;
Gir gayó Náyak tab dharati gháil ghûmi;
Pahunch ké Tégh Sinh teghá jháré.
Gir gayó Náyak to hári chalé jang;
Phauji (Fauji) to bháji chalé Bálá Bhujang.
Surpur, Nágpur, Narpur, tin pur dag mag bhayó
Riwán Shahr budhi dét Ganésh."

Of all those who boast of their strength in elephants Zulfaqar is the first, and of those whose chief strength lies in cavalry Garrá or Ghórí takes the lead. Ajit Singh is the greatest of Rájas, and he is the knight-errant. He (Jaswant Sinh) started from Delhi for Baghélkhand, where Rájpúts have settled.

Sangrám Sinh, the lion, is the expert in fight. Bábúji publicly announces that which will surely come to pass. Baghélkhand cannot escape the invasion of Náyak's army. From Báná he ran up to Tirhuá, and from Tirhuá he came to the palace, where he permanently settled. He fired shots at the Móti Mahal or Pearl Palace. In this way Jaswant Ráo came upon Riwán, and having slaughtered the Baghels drove them away. Hearing of the disaster the Rájpúts attended the fugitive Prince's Court, and they took up the betel, and thereby promised that they would fight to the last for their king and country. At that time all the Rájpúts were equipped with offensive and defensive arms. On elephants guns were laden and royal howdáhs were put on them. The auspicious and pleasure-giving great day came. All the guns were ready. Ten Nágá horsemen were in the van. In Bándhógarh guns were discharged and salutes were given. On the horses of the Nágás arms were glittering. From Riwán only two hundred horsemen issued forth. Although mounted on swift steeds they had to save themselves from arms hurled at them. They were equipped with swords and shields, which they held obliquely. Invoking the aid of the master of Bándhógarh they lowered their spears in order to pierce the enemy. They began to walk round (as a kite hovers in the sky) the enemy's men, and all were at the same time intent on the Náyak or General. In an instant Pratap Sinh, being beckoned to by Maharáj Sinh, aimed at the General with hiss pear. The Náyak fell on the ground. Then Tégh Sinh, stepping forward, severed the Náyak's head from the body with his sword. The fall of the Náyak announced that the Mahráthas were defeated, and then the next head of the army fled back. Bálá Bhujang was next to the great General that fell. The region of gods, the region of men, the region of snakes and the three great regions were shaken. Ganésh, the deity of good luck, enabled me (the poet says) to compose the history of the fight in the form of verses.—*Rámgharíb Chaubé.*

29. Local History: Bundelkhand.—With reference to Note 165 (III, 81), allow me to point out in the interests of accuracy that Rája Chhatarsál was neither the founder of the Dhangha-i-Ráj, nor did he *flourish* in A. D. 1650. In that year he could not have been more than an infant of one year, and his father, Rája Champat Rái, did not die till 1076 Hijri (1665-1666). The Ráj was founded by Champat Rái. Chhatarsál was born between 1649 and 1653-54. For the former year we have Pogson's statement ("History of the Boondelahs," p. 57) that he was 22 in Sambat 1728 (1671). For the second, there is Mirzá Muhammad's entry (*Tarikh-i-Muhammadí*, year 1144 Hijri) of Chhatarsál's death on the 15th Jamádi II, 1144 (=15th December, 1731 N. S.) at the age of over 80 (lunar) years. The local date for his

death is Pús, badi 3rd, Sambat 1788(=1731). *See* Journal, A. S., Bengal, Vol. L., p. 44. I have no tables for verifying Sambat dates, but I have no doubt that the two dates above given would agree, at any rate very nearly so. There is a long biography of Sattarsál (as the Mahomedans spell it) in *Maásir-ul-Umará* (printed text) II, 510.—*W. Irvine.*

30. **A Strange Story.**—Khusál Chand's *Nawádir-ur Zamáni* (B. M. or 1884, fo. 199 b.) has the following entry under the 30th year of Muhammad Sháh's reign (11th April, 1747—29th March, 1748). It is a most extraordinary story to find in the middle of a sober and fairly trustworthy history of a modern epoch. Can any one suggest what it refers to or how it originated?

It was reported to His Majesty that in the country (*mulk*) of Farang (Europe) in the province (*wiláyat*) of Portugal a strange thing had happened. For several days running a comet (*literally*, a star with a tail) showed in the air. It then fell to earth, and the air became so dark that there was no difference between night and day. For three days this continued. The people sent up loud cries, and the darkness frightened them. After three days the darkness lifted, and the sun showed itself again. Then a strange being appeared, with feet and hands like a man, but its neck, hair, and ears like a horse. In stature it was six ells (*girah*) high and three ells wide. On its body was a ring full of nails. It had two quivers, one at its back and the other hanging on its chest, and a bow in its hand. Each arrow it shot transfixed three or four men, and all day long it continued killing them. At night it disappeared among the hills. The people of that place shot arrows and fired matchlocks, and tried every weapon they could think of, but it was all of no avail. In fifteen days one thousand and seventy two Farangi (Europeans) were killed, and the city was deserted. Unable to overcome by force, the Europeans made use of sorcery, and thus disposed of that huge giant. The ruler of Farang sent the picture of that demon-like being to his resplendent Majesty, *i. e.*, Muhammad Sháh. Most men decided that it was a demon (*'ifrit*) of Lanká and Palanká(?); but others insisted that this supernatural being (*deo*) was of the tribe of spirits (*jinn*). Some related the story that in one of the islands men live who are of this shape and fashion and size, and are not afraid of wild beasts or lions. One of these, by some chance, must have reached that place, *i. e.*, Portugal, and was there killed.

[The mixture of precise detail and wild romancing is very quaint.]

—*W. Irvine.*

31. **Belief about Snakes in Coorg.**—In the province of Coorg are spots of land called *Natas*. Only the *Kaniyas*, or men belonging to the Wizard fraternity (who are said to be descendants of Bráhmans from the Western Coast and low caste women), are able to recognize such spots: they sell the secret to the proprietor of the land for a consideration, by working on his fears.

Natas, the Coorgis say, are spots on which a cobra has died. They believe that he lives a thousand years, and that. when he has reached the half of this period, the snake begins to shrink, and becomes as bright as silver, till on attaining the age of 600 or 700 years he only measures three feet in length. Later on, he turns a gold colour, and by this time he is only one foot long and when he is reduced to five or six inches in length he one day rises high up in the air, dies, sinks to the ground and disappears. The people carefully surround these *Natas* with a low wall of stones, lest any one through inadvertence or misadventure should tread on such a spot, in which case they are firmly convinced he would contract some incurable skin disease, and his body would rot away by degrees.—*Harriet G. M. Murray-Aynsley.*

32. **Anglo-India: Native Titles for Europeans.**—With reference to No. 266 (Vol I., p. 35), No. 895, (idem p., 43), and No. 1029 (idem p. 179), I send some more instances, and I have seen many others, of which I have kept no note.

I.—LORD LAKE.

Ashja'-ul-Mulk, Khán Daurán, General Gerard Lake Bahádur, Sipáhsálár-i-Kishwar-i-Hind.

II.—COLONEL JOHN BAILLIE.

'Imád-ud-Daulah, Afzat-ul-Mulk, Colonel John Baillie, Sáhib Bahádur, Arslán Jang.

[Both the above are from *Insháe-Gul-i-Ja 'fari*, compiled in 1235 H. (19th October, 1819, to 7th October, 1820) by Aftáb Ráe, son of Munshi Nilúdhar Pandit. The letters themselves belong to *circá* 1218 H. (27th April, 1803, to 10th April, 1804), and were written about that year by Fakhr-ud-dín Ahmad Khán (Mirzá Jáfarí) on behalf of Colonel Baillie to the Rájas and Jágirdárs of Bundelkhand.]

III.—COLONEL JEAN BAPTISTE JOSEPH GENTIL (1726—1799.)

Rafi'ud-Daulah, Názim Jang, Bahádur, Tadbír-ul-Mulúk.

[This is taken from p. 244 of "Memoires sur l'Indoustan, ou l' Empire Mogol", Paris, 1822, 8vo. The book was published by Colonel Gentil's son. *Tadbír* (=advice), as given in the book, is a curious form for a title. It should be rather *Mudabbir* (=adviser). In fact, it is given as *Mudabbir-ul-Mulk* in the *Farhatun-Názirin* of Mahomed Aslám, see Elliot, "Mahomedan Historians," VIII, p. 164.

IV.—WARREN HASTINGS.

'Imád-ud-Daulah, Mr. Hastings, Bahádur, Jaládat Jang.

[Muftí Wali-ul-lah, Tárikh-i-Farrukhábád.]

V.—MR. HENRY VANSITTART.

That is H. V. the Elder or Governor Vansittart was *Shams-ud-Daulah.*

[Khair-ud-dín Mahomed Allahábádí's *Tuhfah-i-Tázah*, fo. 76 b. in my copy.]

VI.—SIR JOHN KENNAWAY,

Resident at Haidarábád in 1791, was known as *Nawwáb Diláwar Jang.*

[W. Ouseley, "Oriental Collections," 1795, Vol. I, p. 25.]

—*W. Irvine.*

33. **Roman Denarii for the Lahore Museum.**—A well-known Indian numismatist writes to the *Civil and Military Gazette*:—Although two lots of Roman denarii have been secured for the Lahore Museum, it seems that the supply has not yet been exhausted. Efforts were made to ascertain where the find took place and the number of coins found, but they were not successful. The coins were not put forward by the dealers at once; they preferred selling them in instalments. Just lately a new lot has been offered to the Lahore Museum. They are ten of Augustus, all from different dies and with the head of the Emperor somewhat different on each; four of Tiberius, also from different dies and with the head different on each. So that in these 14 coins we have 14 different portraits. Eight. coins all of different types: (1) Bare head of Augustus and legend *Avgvstvs Divi, F*; reverse Diana with bow and spear and hound. Legend *Imp. X and Sicil.* (2) Laureate head of Augustus and

legend *Caesari Avgvst;* reverse Temple of Mars, filled with trophies. *Mar. Vlt.* (3) Head of Augustus and *Caesar Avgvstvs;* reverse shield standard and trophy and *Signis Receptis.* (4) Old head of Rome. Legend *Roma X* reverse. Quadriga, below it *(L. S.) En C. E.* (5). Old bearded head and behind it *S. C.;* reverse Quadriga, driven by Victory; under it *C. and Q. Anfo Ba.* (6). 2 Coins. Laureate head, with a lyre behind it; reverse figure holding a torch in each hand. Legend *P. Clodivs M. F.* (7) Diademed head, with star behind it. *Roma;* reverse a horseman on a three-arched bridge and *M. Aemilio.* In the arches are these letters *I. E. P.* Most of the coins were in excellent preservation, but those of the first century before Christ are more worn than the coins of Augustus and Tiberius. It will be seen that in all there are twenty-two coins. If the Lahore Museum secure these it will have more Roman denarii than any other Indian museum.

34. **Garhwal: Death Ceremonies.**—I am just doing a civil case, and drop you these lines owing to a piece of information I have received during the course of it.

It it considered very advantageons to the souls of departed in Garhwál to have as many peopie shave their heads and beards, &c., as possible, and an occupancy right, Khaikari, is often allowed to tenants if they promise to shave at the funerals of the zemindars.

In the Lehri Ráj they shave every one they can get hold of without regard to caste or creed when a Rája dies.—*W. Cockburn.*

35. **Kulu Tundi Rakshasa.**—Tundi Bhút was a *dait* or demon at Manáli in Kúlú and having conquered the *deotas* he demanded one of their sisters in marriage. Thereupon the Deota Bású Nág proposed to deceive him and give him instead the daughter of a Tháwi or Mason, named *Timar Shàchkà*, who appears in other stories as a Rakhsháin, Manú Rikhi agreed to make Tundi Bhút take her, and having conquered him at Khoksar in Lahul, Manú made him marry her. In commemoration a temple was erected to Manú at Manáli. This temple is of the type most common in Kúlú, being built of stone with a wooden roof projecting in front so as to form a porch. It is obviously of some antiquity, but in front of it stands a pile of huge spruce logs on the top of an altar of stone. These logs are replaced, three at a time, at intervals of three years, in theory, if not very strictly in practice, and an annual fair is held there in Phágan (Phágali), at which a *keprá* (lit. evil form) or mask of Tundi Rakshasá is carried about. The popular story is that Tundi was a demon who devoured men, and that Manú having conquered him put the logs into his mouth and killed him.

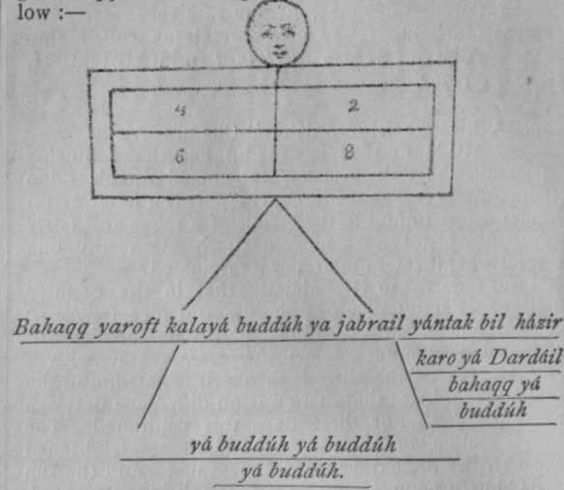
Prof. G. Oppert explains the story as a legendary account of the suppression of Kálí worship, with its human sacrifice, by a purer religion.—*H. A. Rose, Kúlú.*

36. **Proverbs.**—Can any one give me (1st) the correct reading, (2ndly) the literal meaning, and (3rdly) the application of the following Persian saying :—

Kabdi khár, na ba kár-i-bakál.

The only sense I can make is to turn the second word into *kabgi* (prancing, or unruly) and translate "A prancing ass does not suit a banya." That is, the peaceloving shopkeeper is not the man for a rough or dangerous emergency.—*W. Irvine.*

37. **Falita: A Muhammadan Charm.**—We hear much of Falitá as a scarer of demons and evil spirits. I have got a copy from a religious medicant, and give it below :—



Write this on a paper and twist it up. Then make a fire of *gúgal (amaris commiphora)*, &c., and put the paper in the fire. Make the sufferer smell the smoke, and the devil and evil spirits leave him at once.—*Rám-ghárib Chaubé.*

38. **Coin Forgeries.**—At the November Meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal Dr. Hoernle exhibited two curious dies which he had received from Mr. Ibbetson, the Deputy Commissioner of Jullundur. They had been found in the house of a man of that district, together with a large number of so-called "coins" made in a cheap white alloy. Dr. Hoernle explained that these objects were not coins, but might be medals, though the occasion or object for which they were made was not known at present. They appeared to belong to the same class as the so-called and well-known Rámtinkis. The latter were made of gold, and were medals struck for ceremonial purposes. Silver medals of this kind were never known to exist till three years ago, when one was presented to the Society by Rája Sívá Prasád of Benares. That specimen looked like a cast taken from some gold original. Silver medals struck from dies first appeared two years ago, since when they have been brought numerously in the market, and can be obtained at most of the large towns in North India. In the Calcutta bázár they can be got for about Re. 1-8 each. The specimens obtainable here, however, seem to be made of real silver (rupee silver). They are occasionally palmed off on inexperienced coin-collectors as "coin" at extravagant prices. There are several varieties of them current. Dr. Hoernle himself had met with four varieties in Calcutta. The dies sent from Jullundur showed a fifth variety; and probably new varieties, or new combinations of old varieties, were constantly made, as the demand for them increased. The general type of these silver medals showed figures of Rám and Sítá with attendants on both sides, with a legend in a species of rude modern Nágrí round the margin. The four varieties obtained in Calcutta were as follows : No 1, obverse : Rám and Sítá, seated on a throne under an umbrella, legend *Sít Rámá* five times repeated; reverse : Ráma and Hanumá standing face to face, legend *Hanumán*, six times repeated.

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POPULAR RELIGION.

39. **Nauratra and the Worship of Devi during it.**—By Naurátra is meant the nine days of the waxing moon in the month of Chaitra (March). These days are sacred to Devi. Men of all classes of the Hindu faith worship Devi in some way or another during this period. The most popular form of worship is as follows :—

On the first day the Bráhman priests go to their clients and make them vow to worship the goddess through their agency. The vow is made in a prescribed way. The priest puts washed rice, a pice and some blades of *kúsá* grass in the right hand of his client. Then he pours some water on the offering and repeats the vow in Sanskrit, which means simply that such and such a client employs such and such a priest to worship Devi for his welfare and the welfare of his family. This done, the client puts the contents of his right hand into that of the priest and salutes him. The priest, pronouncing blessings upon the client, goes away. In this way a single priest undertakes to worship Devi for about fifty clients. In the evening of the same day the priest goes to the temple of the Devi, where he performs a ceremony popularly known as *Sthápaná*. *Sthápaná* means literally "fixing or concentrating the thoughts upon the object of meditation, abstraction, mental control, etc." But the present meaning has something more than this. It means infusing the spirit of some particular deity into some object, earth, stone or a block of wood. In the case of Devi, the spirit of the goddess is infused into an earthenware pitcher by means of *mantrás* or spells. This is done in this way: In the temple of the goddess a piece of ground is plastered. Upon this a pitcher containing water and surmounted by shoots of mango (*pallau*) and an earthenware cup (*parái* or *kosá*) containing barley or rice covered with a piece of yellow cloth is placed. With the repetition of various *mantrás* the priest sprinkles water on it with a few blades of *kúsá* grass and invites the goddess by means of his *mantrás* to enter into it. This done, he smears the pitcher with red powder (*rori*). Then he reads through a book named Durga Páth or Sát Chandi, or the like. This done he supposes the first day's ceremonies at the temple over. He then returns home and marks the forehead of his clients with the red powder he has managed to save

from the ceremony. This red powder is called *Prasád* or the remnant of a thing dedicated to a god or goddess. The Bráhman priest, without tasting food the whole of that day, does all this ceremony. At the end of the worship the priest breakfasts on roots and fruits (*phalhar*). From the second day up to the ninth he has simply to sprinkle water on the pitcher and smear it with red powder and read the book to the pitcher or the so-called goddess animating it. On the ninth day he has again to go through a complicated business. He has to visit his clients at their houses and announce to them that this is the last day of the ceremony. Clients, if charitable, will give him a four-anna piece to be used in offering fire-sacrifice to the goddess. A four-anna piece from so many clients makes a sum generally a handsome remuneration for the trouble the priest has undergone during the nine days. The priest spends a rupee or so in the purchase of barley, sugar, *ghi*, *til* (sesamum), and, mixing them together, performs a fire-sacrifice before the pitcher at the temple of the goddess. Then he prays to the goddess to add to the wealth and to the general prosperity of his clients. If possible, he feeds a few Bráhmans in the name of his clients. The worship is now concluded. He brings some ashes of the sacrifice home and smears the foreheads of his clients with it. This smearing of the forehead indicates that the priest now demands his fees. Every client, rich or poor, Bráhman or Ahír, will then make a payment of silver coins, either a rupee or a four-anna piece. A priest earns during these days at least twenty rupees.—*Pandit Rámgharíb Chaturvedi.*

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40. **Miracles of Ghaus Azam, the Saint.**—It is said that once upon a time Abu Said Abdulláh lost his beloved daughter. He looked for her in every corner of his city, but in vain. At last he went in tears to Ghaus Azam and brought the sad accident to the saint's notice. The saint, in his natural sympathy for the afflicted, said:

"O Abdulláh, go to-night into Kurkh (a Mahallá of Baghdád) and repeating, *Shekh Abdul Qádir Jiláni Shyanulláh*' thrice blow over your forefinger. Then with the same finger make a circle on the ground and sit in the centre of it. Repeat again the same charm three hundred and sixty times. When some time will be spent in doing this a multitude of demons (*jinnás*) will pass by you. You need not fear them. Towards morning the king with a large retinue will come to you and inquire from you about your affliction. You must say then—

"'I have been sent to thee by Shekh Abdul Qádir, and I have lost my daughter."'

Abdulláh did what the saint had told him to do. Everything that the saint had said came to pass. The King appeared before cock-crow and said: "What dost thou want?" Abdulláh then told him of his lost daughter, and added that Ghaus Azam had sent him. The King, hearing this, flew into a passion and, alighting from his horse, ordered the demons to find the girl at once and bring the thief into his presence bound hand and foot. The demons at once set out in search of the girl. In less than an hour they discovered the demon with the girl and brought them to the king. The king's demons then said to him: "O, great King, this demon is a notorious thief. He often steals away children in this way. He is a resident of Chiná." The King then attended to the thief and said: "O scoundrel, why didst thou carry away the girl? Had you no fear for the great saint?" The thief said: "From the very day the girl saw the light I have been in love with her. When she grew up I could not help stealing her away." The King hearing his insolent words ordered his demons to sever his head from the body. They instantly obeyed the orders. The King then restored the girl to Abu Said Abdulláh, and took leave of him.—*Muhammad Husain.*

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41. **Mirzapur: The Legend of Pampapura.**—Pampapur was a city the eastern boundary of which was the Ojhla Nála, the western Sirsa, the northern Baghra and the southern the Ganges. It was successively the capital of Pathár Rájas, Sendurhár Rájas, Bhar Rájas and lastly of Gaharwár Rájas. The first Gaharwár Rája who made Pampapur his capital was Dánu Rai; whose power is illustrated by the following anecdote:—

Once upon a time Dánu Rai was bathing in the Ganges. He saw that the treasure of the then Nawáb was going under guard of his sepoys. Dánu Rai asked the sepoys whose treasure it was. The sepoys replied: "This is the treasure of the Nawáb." Does the Nawáb know me and my power?" asked the Rája Dánu Rai. The sepoys replied: "No; he does not know it?" Then Dánu Rai told his men to loot the treasure. They obeyed their Rája. The sepoys went to the Nawáb and complained against Dánu Rai and explained to him what had happened. The Nawáb was terrified and sent to Dánu his *khillat* and *khitáb* (dresses of honour). Only so much the old people have preserved in their memory about Dánu Rai. The story of not allowing the

Mahommadans to touch the Ganges is also told about Dánu. That the city was so large and extensive is proved by the fact that when the ground is excavated signs of old buildings come out. In the village Bagh Deur there are some boxes of stones locked up and supposed to contain treasure, and they have been dug out of the ground.—*Pandit Rámgharíb Chaubé.*

[For Pampapura see some curious speculations in connection with the Bhars in Sherring's *Hindu Castes*, Vol. I.—ED.]

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42. **Precautions taken by respectable Hindus during the prevalence of smallpox in their family.**—When a child is suffering from fever, no medicine is given for three days through fear of smallpox. If the child be suffering from fever the disease is known to be smallpox when the patient's eyes become red and the body turns scarlet. The deities of smallpox are seven sisters—(1) Duláro, (2) Kanjiyá Fanjiyá, (3) Galphulári, (4) Ek Angiyá, (5) Galká, (6) Báráhin and (7) Bari Mátá. While the first six of these are supposed to be present, the members of the family have to keep the house clean and to worship them with cooked rice and curds. Their ordinary worship usually extends to 2½ days.

When the child is suffering from the great smallpox, his mother bathes and lets down her hair; she then whitewashes the room in which the child is kept, with dry earth, and waves a pice over his head, and throws it into an earthen jar (*kunda*) full of water, saying: "*Sitalá, dah baitho*;" "Smallpox, sit cool." Seven holes are dug on the ground near the smallpox patient's cot, in which *sherbet* of dry fruits of five sorts (*panch mewá*) consisting of—(1) *Garí*, (2) *Chiranwaji*, (3) *Bádám*, (4) *Munaka*, (5) *Chhohara*, and sugar is poured, which they call "*Sítalá ká dhár dená*." The male members of the house have to abstain from shaving, changing their clothes, putting on their shoes, wearing the turban, chewing betel, rubbing oil on their bodies and paying visits to friends. No frying pan (*karáhi*) is used in the cookhouse, and no turmeric is mixed in the pulse (*dál*). The father of the child has to bathe in the Ganges in the early morning and to bring Ganges water to bathe the image of Sitalá, to which he offers an earthen saucer full of curds, rice and *dúb* grass. He then pours water on the roots of a *ním* tree and brings its twigs to keep on the bed of the sick child for use as a fan to drive away the flies. He also brings water from the drain of the temple of Sitalá to rub on the body of the sick child. No jewellery is allowed to remain on the sick child and his mother. Any one entering the sick chamber must wash his hands and feet and, after falling on the ground as a mark of respect, has to sit on the ground. Any eatable desired by the child is provided for his food. Nothing is given in the shape of medicine. Fire is kept near him in an earthen pot (*borasi*), and a lamp is lighted through the whole night. One person has to wait on him day and night. The family priest has to repeat eight litanies (*pátha*) of Sitalá daily for 9 days. If the smallpox increases and fever comes on, a blank sheet of country paper (*mohardár kágaz*) is put under his pillow, which is called "*Sitalá kó tera charháná*," and eyes made of silver are offered to Sitalá. After eight days, when the influence of Sitalá reduces, the ceremonies of *Páni Chhánaná* are performed. If it is the rainy season the child is brought on the lap of his mother into the open courtyard, and the fall of a few drops of rain finishes this ceremony. In other seasons, the courtyard is sprinkled with dry earth, a wooden board is placed on the ground, the child is taken out and seated on the board facing east. The mother spreads her left hand over the head of the child and throws her skirt (*ancharà*) on it. She then puts wet gram on it. The drops of gram water fall on the child's head through the *ancharà*, which completes this ceremony. Oil mixed with turmeric is then applied by the mother with *dúb* grass, in the name of Sitalá, on the eight parts of the child's body—head, eyes, ears, neck, breast, knees, feet, nails. Wet gram and *batáshás* are then given to the child to eat and distributed to the family members as *prasád*.

On the 11th, last day the worship is done. The women keep up the whole night, which they call *Rat jagá*, and sing the following song of Sitalá:—

Báráh baras kai ukathal beiliyá beiliyá tar ná.

Debí lihalin baseewá beiliyá tar ná.

Garbhá kai mátal maliyá koi chhokarwá beiliyá tar ná.

Phulwá has na beáyal beiliyá tar ná.

Garbhá kai mátal bámhan kai chhokarwá beiliyá tar ná.

Humawá káke nahin kaile beiliyá tar ná.

Aju ki ratíyá bakasu mor mátá sabeewá hoi ke há.

Humawá hom karai bai sabeewá hoi ke ná.

The *belá* flower tree which was planted twelve years is dying.

As the goddess has taken her abode under it,

The lad of the gardener full of pride is under the *belá* tree.

Why did he not bring flowers from the *belá* tree?

The lad of the Bráhman full of pride is under the *belá* tree.

Why did he not cause fire sacrifice *(hom)* to be done under the *belá* tree?

O mother, excuse me to-night; I will have the *hom* sacrifice done on the early morning.

At 3 A. M. the frying pan (*karáhi*) is put on the fire-place. Sweets known as *gulgulá*, *khurpuri*, *sohári* and *halwá* are made. Sitalá is worshipped with *ghugari*, *dahi*, *batáshás*, garlands of flowers, *dúb* grass, rice, betel nut, *aipan* and red lead *(séndur)*. An earthen pot (*kalasá*) is placed in the cook-house and worshipped. Seven marks of the right hand palm are made on the wall with *aipan*, where the *kalasá* is placed, and seven similar marks are made on the entrance door. At the door the mother falls on the ground to make seven prostrations (*dandwat*), and makes a circle with *aipan* on the ground opposite the door in which she puts one *sohári* and one *gulgulá*. She then goes to the temple of Sitalá to worship the image. On her return home, she makes the family priest finish the *hom* of Sitalá, which he completes with the following *mantrá*:—

Sitalé tou jagat mátá,
Sitalé tou jagat pitá,
Sitalé tou jagat dhátri,
Sitaláyai namó namah.

"O Sitalá, thou art the mother of the universe, thou art the father of the universe, thou art the nurse of the universe; I salute thee."

He then receives a rupee and uncooked food (*sídhá*) for his wages. All the women forming the procession of Sitalà worship and receive *ghugari*, *batáshás* and *khurpuri* as *prasád* and are dismissed. Rich people make images of Sitalá of gold and silver, which they call *sirjaná*, and after worshipping it, they put it on the child's neck on a red silk or red cotton thread.—*Bhanpratap Tewari.*

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43. **The Rishi Panchami Festival.**—This festival takes place on the 5th lunar day of *Bhádon*. This festival is generally observed by men and women of advanced age. They fast on this day and in the morning wash their teeth with a brush *(datuan)* of *chichirhá* (a plant) a hundred and eight times. Then they bathe in the river. In the afternoon at about four they breakfast on the produce of the tank, that is to say, on *tini ká cháwal* (wild tank rice) and a kind of vegetable called *harmna*. It is also proper to eat milk or curds with *tini rice* on that day. Before partaking of the meal they put a part of it in a leaf cup *(daoná)* for the Bráhman lad or the cow. This is called *Agarásan*. This festival is observed in honour of the Rishis (saints) of the past, and it is, therefore, very necessary to live that day like a saint.—*Pandit Rámgharíb Chaubé.*

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44. **Hoshyarpur: The Dadupanthiya Sect.**—A peculiar Hindu sect which deserve a passing notice, as to some extent localised in this District, is that of the Dádupanthiyas. There are colonies of them in at least six villages in this districts. They follow the tenets and worship of Dádu, who lived at Nirána in Jaipur territory about 330 years ago.

He is regarded as an incarnation of the deity. Sundar Dás and Rababji are among the best known of his followers. Sundar Dás compiled a book called *Sakya*, a compilation of hymns and religious composition, said to resemble the Sikh *Granth* in its doctrine. Dádu seems to have inculcated faith in "one living and true God." To this day the Dádupanthiyas use the phrase *Sat Rám*, "the true God," as a current phrase expressive of their creed. He forbade the worship of idols and did not build temples: now temples are built by his followers, who say that they worship in them "the book." There has crept into the brotherhood a worldly spirit and they have become merchants, dealing chiefly in grain. This spirit is not however countenanced by the teaching of their Gurú, who appears to have preached asceticism. He would take no lands or gifts, but directed his followers to beg their bread and worship God—

Máng kháo;
Parameshwar kí bandagí karo.

They are still nominally a celibate sect, and they appoint disciples (*chela*), but I find a large number have broken the rules and taken to marriage. Their principal books, besides the *Granth Sakya* above mentioned, are the *Dádú Bhán* and the *Jaumlíla:* the latter contains accounts of the Gurú and his followers.—*Mr. Coldstream, in Settlement Report, p.* 32.

ANTHROPOLOGY.

45. Physical Differences between Europeans and Asiatics.—During the last Christmas holidays, and consequently before seeing Mr. W. Cockburn's first article on the "Physical Differences between Asiatics and Europeans," I was present more than one day at the polo tournament in Lahore between the Maharaja of Patiala's team and the officers of the Queen's Bays. I then remarked upon the very apparent advantages which the native mode of guiding their horses possessed over our own system. It is now a matter of history that the former won easily. This I fancy was due in some measure to the fact that the Maharaja's men made their horses wheel and turn about as they desired simply by an inclination of the body and a pressure of the thigh to one side or the other of the animal, whereas the Englishmen guided their ponies with the bridle hand alone, a proceeding which naturally caused them to be losers in point of time. The native horse and its rider appeared to be of one mind; with the European and his animal it was not so; the difference of opinion between them was appreciable though slight (possibly the time lost would bear some mathematical proportion to the length of the bridle). Another factor may be that the horse yields more readily to persuasion than to force, but it was sufficient to place the Englishman and his steed at a disadvantage.

This would seem to bear upon Mr. Cockburn's theory as regards the use of the flexor and the extensor muscles, the pressure in the case of the natives being clearly exerted by the flexor muscles.

It seems much to be desired that this subject should be worked out further, with the view of ascertaining if the use of the extensor muscles belongs exclusively to the Aryan race; whether the Central Asiatics and the Mahomedans of the north of India follow the European rule. These latter do not seem preferably to place themselves as do the Hindus in what seems to us such uncomfortable attitudes; they do not seem, in north India at least, to possess the same flexibility of limb. Which system is found to obtain amongst the Mongolian, Caucasian and Semitic races? The Hungarians too, for whom Professor Vambéry claims a descent from Turkestán, are great horse-breeders and riders. Does the influence of heredity lead them to follow in this their Asiatic progenitors?

Again, as regards Eurasians (using this word in a general sense of all in whose veins is any admixture of Indian and European blood): in their case which do they follow? Does the use of one or the other muscle bear any proportion to the amount of European blood in a given individual?—*H. G. M. Murray-Aynsley.*

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46. Human Sacrifice.—Symbolical Performance of—In a former number of *North Indian Notes and Queries* I have given in connection with the sacrifice of monkeys at Gopálpur an account of an emblematical human sacrifice. Further enquiry now enables me to give another instance of the same custom.

In the district of Jalaun there is a festival called Ban Dwádasí (properly Bal Dwádasí), which takes place on the 12th lunar day of Bhádrapád or Bhádon (August), and which is observed by the women of high as well as low-caste Hindu families. It is performed in this way:—

The mother of children fasts that day, and, having bathed in a natural stream or artificial tank or any other reservoir, puts on a washed garment. Then she takes up a wooden vessel of large dimensions, which is generally used in kneading flour for making cakes on the occasion of a large feast or festival. She divides the inner space of the wooden vessel, not by cutting it into pieces, but by making a mark, in the middle of it, from one side to the other side opposite to it. The mark is made of earth from the tank at the bank of which the ceremony is performed. Then she puts in one half of the space divided into two equal parts by the mark, milk and water mixed together, and in the other half she puts lumps of powdered rice mixed with *ghi* and sugar and grass (from the tank) and sandal (*chandan*), washed rice (*akshat*), flowers, &c. Then she makes her son stand in that part of the vessel in which are placed the water and milk with one leg in the liquid and the other on the ground. Then she marks the forehead of the boy with curds, washed rice and red powder (*rorí*); next she puts the lumps of powdered rice mixed with *ghi* and sugar in the hands of the boy, apparently intending that he should eat them. Then the worship is brought to a close. The boy and the mother, after repeating the following story, return home:—

"There was once a Rája, who dug a tank. No water could be got to fill it. So he collected his Pandits and asked them to discover a means by which water might appear. The Pandits said that water would surely come out if he were to give his sons just as they were born and without their navel-string, etc., being cut off to Ambá Devi, the mother goddess, who alone was able to dispose of the case. The Rája dismissed the Pandits. He began to offer his sons to the goddess at the tank just as they were born. Six sons he offered

with no result. When he began to offer his seventh son his wife prohibited him from doing so. But he did not mind her and offered the son with prayers and relying on the goddess. Then the water came out in abundance. The tank was filled to the brim. The seven sons of the Rája also came out just as well grown and healthy as they would have been had they been under the paternal care. It was found afterwards that the day on which the seventh son was offered was the 12th lunar day of Bhádon. Since then the offering of children spread on that day. As long as it was the Sat Yúg actual offering continued, but now being the period of Kali Yúg, the worship of Ban Dwádasí in its simplest form (and shorn of actual barbarity) has been substituted.

This is the worship and this is the legend. They speak for themselves. Suffice it to say that making the boy put one leg in the vessel and the other on the ground meant really making him bend his body so that the blow may be given conveniently and effectually. Giving him sweet food was with the object of making him forgetful of the imminent danger. Marking the forehead is one of the ceremonies performed before the actual sacrifice. This is done in the case of animal victims too.—*Rámgharíb Chaubé.*

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47. **Flesh Meats allowed by Manu.**—Very great changes have taken place in Hindu practice on the subject of what animals are lawful and unlawful food. In the time of Manu the flesh of wild hogs and buffaloes was highly esteemed—indeed, pork is yet eaten by Rájpúts of the bluest blood in Rájputána ; while buffalo beef is consumed in Nepál and elsewhere in India. But it will be a revelation to most people to hear that the iguana, *varanus bengalensis*, porcupine, *hystrix leucura*, hedgehog, *erinacus collaris*, tortoise (most propably *emyda granosa*), were also pronounced eatable by Manu. Indeed, I have heard a well-informed and high-caste Rájpút declare a bird of prey—a honey buzzard, *pernis crestata*, lawful food. This bird (the *madhva*), as is well known, lives chiefly on honey and the larvæ of bees and wasps, and is therefore considerd pure.

The pleasure caused to the manes of deceased ancestors by an offering of the flesh of the rhinoceros, *r. indicus*, endures for 12 years, goat's flesh for 6 months, spotted deer's flesh for 7 months, the flesh of hogs and buffaloes 10 months. There can be no doubt that when India was a wild unreclaimed forest country, Rishis and other holy men were often put to great straits for want of food, and had to eat what they could catch or kill—very much as a Kanjar has to do now.—*J. Cockburn.*

48. **Mirzapur: Marriage Customs.** — The Majhwárs, Kharwárs and Patáris have a custom that at a marriage the sisters-in-law on both sides sprinkle water over the married pair as a spell for good luck. When the procession comes back with the bride the bridegroom's father fixes up a spear in the pavilion which has been erected at his house (a clear survival of marriage by capture), and he makes two little wooden figures in the name of Dulha Deo and Dulhin Devi, and ties them together with raw cotton thread. No clothes are put on them. These images are fixed up near the spear. The images are smeared with oil and turmeric. Nothing is put on the spear. The girl's father also fixes up a spear in his pavilion ; but he does not erect images of Dulha Deo and Dulhin Devi. When the spear is being fixed up the Baigá sprinkles a little red lead on the ground as an offering to the earth goddess (*Dhartí Mátá*) and makes a burnt sacrifice (*hom*) with butter and molasses. The spears are taken up after the whole marriage ceremony is over, that is, they remain fixed up in the pavilion for two nights. No ceremony is performed on taking them up. The parrot tokens made of wood of the cotton tree are erected at marriages by the Kharwárs, Pankás, Lohárs, Ahírs and Kumhárs. The Ghasiyás, Korwás, Majhwárs, Patáris and Agariyás do not do this. They say that the parrot image is put up simply because this is the most beautiful of birds. In Ríwá it is the custom that when the bride comes home she goes into the cattle shed and does obeisance to the best cow in the herd. When the girl is being carried off there is a mock-fight between the friends of the bride and bridegroom. But this is said now-a-days to prevail in Ríwá, and to have been discontinued among these tribes in Mirzápur. When the bridegroom brings home the bride his sister or sister-in-law blocks up the door, and will not let them in until she gets a couple of pice. The Patáris do not sprinkle parched rice over the pair as they are making the circumambulation (*bhaunri*) in the marriage shed. The night before the marriage the boy and girl are rubbed with oil and turmeric On the day of the marriage they take a wooden grain measure (*paili*), the girl puts her hands under the measure and the boy his hands above it. Then the Patári fills the measure with rice. This custom prevails only among Patáris and Gonds. They cannot explain the meaning. (It is clearly an emblem of prosperity and good luck.) The Patáris do not, as some of the allied tribes do, fix up at the marriage pegs of *sal* wood in the cook-house ; but they fix two pegs of *sal* wood or bamboo in the pavilion near where the spear is set up. These are taken up after the marriage. In the *kohabar* or room into which the married pair are taken after the marriage no pictures or emblems are drawn. The boy and girl are fed

with *khichari*, which is made by the sister or sister-in-law of the bride.—*W. Crooke.*

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49. **Palamau : The Cheros.**—As far as I can ascertain the Cheros of Sháhábád differ somewhat from their Palamau brethren. In the former district they have completely adopted Rájpút manners and customs. They never marry among themselves, considering it derogatory to marry in their own *gôtrá*, evidently classing themselves as a division of Rájpúts: they intermarry with Rájpúts of all classes and with the Kharwárs of Rohtás. I am not aware that it obtains in Sháhábád, but in Palamau the Cheros are divided into three great divisions—the *Babuán*, the Bárahazár and the Birbandha. The first speaks for itself: they are the descendants of the ruling family; they call themselves *Chauhan* or *Chammanbans*, and sometimes *Chandrabansi* Rájpúts, and indignantly deny being Cheros. The other two appellations are, I suspect, mere local terms, and have probably reference to their several social positions in the pargana. The Bárahazár were probably the Chero army which joind Bhagwant; the *Birbandha* are the illegitimate offspring of the former. Both these divisions, though admitting themselves to be Cheros, still, like the *Babuán*, claim to be *Chandrabansi*. The *Babuán* freely intermarry with Rájpúts, but the other two divisions pretend to intermarry only among themselves. This, however, is a mere pretence, for there is not a single family that has not at one time or other, intermarried with a Rájpút or some other caste. The family appellations of the Cheros are *Mowár*, *Kunwár*, *Rautiyá*, *Sanwat* and *Manjhi*. The Cheros of Palamau now affect the purity of Hindus; the Sakaldwípi and Kanaujiyá Bráhmans are their family priests, and their *gurús* are either these Bráhmans or the Gharbáshi Gusains.

They worship among Hindu deities one called *Purbiyá*, an individual who is worshipped in common by almost all the tribes and castes of the pargana, including some of the Brahmans: but who this *Purbiyá* is I cannot satisfactorily ascertain. The Cheros all wear the cord and are looked on as a division of Kshatrias. Bráhmans will drink water from their hands, and eat anything but rice that has been cooked by them. They are much respected and regarded with deference, as being the descendants of the reigning family, and when spoken to are generally addressed as *Máhárája* or Bábu. Their characters differ according to the amount of admixture with Rájpút blood. The *Babuán*, except in the one instance of the Birámpur family, differs in no respect from the ordinary Rájpút of Behár, but the greater portion of them have all the simplicity and truthfulness of the aboriginal tribes, to whom they are much nearer assimilated than to any of the Aryan castes. But with all this simplicity of character, the Cheros are a proud race and exceedingly jealous of their national honour. They have never forgotten that they were once a great people and their descent an honourable one. Only the poorest among them will hold the plough, and none of them will carry earth upon their heads. They are excessively extravagant and fond of show, and will run irrevocably into debt so long as they have the smallest fraction of an estate left to give as security. These habits have been pandered to by the craftier Aryan classes, and, one by one, the Cheros have almost all allowed their estates to slip from them. Many of them, thus driven, have sold their estates, but the greater number have mortgaged them, and still get a small rent. These, instead of turning their thoughts to increasing their incomes by honest industry, wrapped in their pride, still keep up their dignity as of old, and strut about on gala days dressed in tawdry, fencing and attended by a company of tag-rag and bob-tail, that is at once amusing as well as melancholy to behold.—*Mr. L. R. Forbes, Settlement Report, p.* 37 *sq.*

[This is certainly very different from the Mirzápur Cheros, who are mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, admittedly aboriginal, with no pretence to Rájpút blood, the highest of them merely petty cultivators and field labourers.—ED.]

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50. **Jalundhar : The Awan Tribe.**—The Awáns are all Muhammadans. They say their ancestor was one Kutb Sháh, a Sheikh of Irán, whose four sons accompanied Mahmúd of Ghazni in his first expedition to India in 1002 *A. D.*, and settled in the present Ráwalpindi, Jhelam and Jhang Districts. Twenty years later, in obedience to a fresh summons, they accompanied the king on a fresh expedition still further to the east, and were left by him to preserve the conquests he had made in this direction. From Ya'aqúb, one of the sons of Kutb Sháh, the Awán Khokars and Rájpút Khokars are said to be descended. But apparently this tradition is not correct. The two tribes do not intermarry. The Awáns of this district say that Kutb Sháh was a Sheikh Aliwi, and that his descendants were known as Aliwán, and in process of time this name became converted into Awán. At the marriages of the Awáns some Hindu ceremonies, such as preparing the square (*chauk*), and others connected with this, are still observed, and one clan, the Nathéwál, have hereditary Hindu priests (*parohit*). They are fairly good cultivators, but in debt, and their villages have a dilapidated look. They grow much cane, so it is not their idleness that makes them less well off than others. Their women are not secluded, except by those of the highest class; they help in picking cotton, and carry food to their male relations working in the fields.—*W. E. Purser, Settlement Report, p.* 80 *sq.*

FOLKTALES.

51. **The Raja and the Daughter of the Halwai.**—Once upon a time a Rája saw in a dream that he went into the bázár where a Halwai was selling *halwá* at a lákh of rupees for a quarter ser; that he asked for water and that the Halwai told his daughter to give it to him; and that he at once fell in love with her. When he woke the Rája went to the bázár, and there everything happened as the dream had foretold. The Rája at once asked the Halwai to give him his daughter to wife. The Halwai said: "I have no concern with the matter. You must settle it with my daughter herself."

When the Rája asked the girl to marry him she said: "I will marry you provided you fill up the well in front of our house with gold." The Rája poured all his treasure into the well, but even then it was not filled. He was reduced to poverty and had to work at cutting wood, by which he made four pice a day, on two of which he lived and put two in the well. When many days had passed in this way the Halwáin said to him: "You cannot get me in this way. Two *deos* live in this well, and they take the money. They take me daily into the jungle and fight for me. If you attack them while they are fighting you can easily overcome them."

The Rája did as she advised, and when he had killed the *deos* he married the Halwáin. He started to take her home, but he had no money to provide for the journey. So his wife drew a picture of herself and told her husband to sell it in the bázár for four hundred rupees. He took it to a Banya for sale. The Banya asked if the original of the picture was alive or not. The Rája answered that she was alive. The Banya handed over four hundred rupees, and then the Rája bought a hundred rupees worth of silver. The Banya induced him to go into the house, and having robbed him of all the money, shut him up in a closet.

It so happened that a ship had come that day into the harbour of that city, and when they tried to start it would not move. They determined to sacrifice a man to appease the deity, and they offered to give five hundred rupees for a suitable victim. The Banya thought this a good chance of getting rid of him, so he sold the Rája to the sailors for what they offered. When they were about to sacrifice him he said to the sailors: "If the ship moves without taking my life will you spare me?" They agreed, and he invoked his gods, and the ship moved immediately. They were going to release him, but a one-eyed sailor said: "If the ship stick anywhere else how can we get a victim?" So they took the Rája with them.

Then they came to where the two roads of the sea met, and they consulted the Rája which road to take. He advised them to take one way, but the sailors said: "This way is no doubt safer, but we shall have to meet a gambler who will make us by force gamble with him and rob us of our goods." The Rája said: "Fear not. I will overcome him."

When they reached the place where the gambler was they sent the Rája, who defeated him and won all his wealth. The one-eyed sailor was envious, and out of malice threw him out into the sea, where a large fish devoured him. Soon after some fishermen caught the fish and took the Rája alive out of its belly. Then he worked in the fields as a labourer. When he got strong he went to the city where the Halwáin lived. She had made up her mind to commit suicide that very day if the Rája did not return. She was sitting at an upper window when he passed by. She recognised him at once and fell on his neck and wept. He took her to his palace, and they lived happily.

(A folktale told by Bhawáni Dín Panre, Bráhman of Faizabad.)

[The well occupied by *deos* who guard treasure is common in these tales; as is the reference to human sacrifice and the fish which, like Jonah's whale, devours the hero.]

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52. **The Prince and Khizar Deo.**—A Prince one day went to hunt in the jungle, and saw a lovely deer with a string of pearls round its neck. He pursued it a long way, and at last wounded it with an arrow. It ran into a cave, and when the Prince dismounted and went in he found an old man weeping and engaged in taking the arrow out of the leg of the deer. Then the old man cursed the man who had done this cruel deed. Hearing the curse the Prince fell at his feet and said: "Bábá, I have unknowingly done this sin. Pardon me." The old man said: "If you have sinned by error, then Parameswar will forgive you." They both dressed the wound, and the Prince stayed there that night. When he woke in the morning he saw neither the old man nor the deer, and as he was wondering about he came upon a house in the jungle. He went in and what did he see but the old man lying asleep and in the inner room a lovely girl. "Who is this fairy?" he asked. "This," said the old man, "is only the image of the Ráni of Jambudip, whom I have been in search of for many years, and in order to calm my heart I have made this image of her." The old man then said: "It is hopeless for me to find her, but I will tell you where she is to be found." So he told him how to reach her,

The Prince started on his travels, and after many days reached the city of the Princess. He asked an audience, which was granted. At the door of her chamber was seated an old woman, who said to him: "Are you aware of the condition on which alone you can hope to win the Ráni's favour?" He asked what was the condition. "The condition is," she answered, "that you must kill the monster Deo Khizar."

The Prince went home sorrowful, but at midnight the same old woman appeared to him in a dream and said: "The only way to kill the Deo is this: you must make a wooden image of a man and threw it before him. As he is devouring it shoot him with an arrow. Then cut off his legs, otherwise he will pursue you and destroy you."

The Prince did as he was warned in his dream, killed the demon and brought its head to the Ráni, who immediately married him, and they lived happily ever after.

As Parameswar dealt with them, so may He deal with us.

[A folktale told by Ramnandan Lál, Village Accountant of Kon, Mirzápur.]

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53. **The Brahman's Luck.**—There was once a Bráhman who was so poor that he was obliged to go abroad in search of service. But he made up his mind to serve no one but an honest man, and when he came to the Court of a Rája he said: "If you are not honest I will not serve you." The Rája answered, "I am honest, and you can serve me if you please."

The Bráhman served the Rája faithfully for four years, and all this time there was no mention of his wages. One day some Banyas of the village in which the Bráhman lived came on business to the city of the Rája, and when the Bráhman met them he said: "When you are going let me know; perhaps I may have something for you to take home to my wife." So he went to the Rája and asked him for his pay. The Rája opened his box and taking out eight pice gave them to him. The Bráhman accepted the money gladly and made it over to the Banyas to give to his wife.

The Banyas went their way and came upon a village where rubies were selling at four pice apiece. With the Bráhman's pice they purchased two. Further on they came to a city where the Rája had made proclamation that he wanted to buy two rubies for four lákhs of rupees. The Banyas sold him the Bráhman's rubies for that sum. And when they got home they buried the money in the ground; and gave the Bráhman's wife only eight pice.

The Bráhman went on serving the Rája for a long time. At last he determined to go home and asked for his pay. The Rája as before opened his box and taking out eight pice gave them to him. The Bráhman accepted them gladly, and taking leave of his master set out for home. When he reached the outskirts of his own village he met a potter selling peas, and buying to the amount of eight pice he put the peas in an earthern pot and closed the mouth. Then he gave it back to the potter and said: "I will come to-morrow or the next day and take it away." When he went home he asked his wife if the Banyas had brought her anything, and she said that they had given her eight pice. "Why did you not give my wife what I sent by you?" he asked. "But we did do so," said the Banyas. "No, you did not," said the Bráhman, and with that he carried them before the Rája.

The Rája asked him what he had to complain of, and he said: "I gave them four years earnings and I have the earnings of four years more with me." "Show them to me," said the Rája. So he went to the potter and got the pot which he had left with him, and when he came before the Rája he dashed it down on the ground—when lo and behold the whole place was covered with the finest pearls. "Where did you get these pearls?" the Rája cried. "I bought," said the Bráhman, "eight pice worth of peas and put them in this pot, and now you see that they have turned into pearls. I believe that the eight pice I gave these Banyas have been in the same way turned into four lákhs of rupees."

The Rája then interrogated the Banyas, and they were so astonished at these wonders that they were obliged to admit that what the Bráhman said was true. So the Rája made them give up the money, and the Bráhman lived like a rája for the rest of his days.

[A folktale told by Padarath Panre, Bráhman of Mirzápur.]

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54. **The Princess and the Parrot.**—Once upon a time there was a Princess, who had a tame *maina*, of which she was very fond, and whenever any prince sent her proposals of marriage she used always to refuse. So they thought that, if the bird could be got out of the way, the Princess would no longer refuse to marry, and they opened the cage and let it fly away. The *maina* however came back and told the Princess that her suitors had let her go. After that the Princess used to keep the bird with her; but finally they got a cat to kill it, at which thePrincess was much distressed.

Then she got a parrot and taught it to speak. They set a cat at it too; but the parrot was too clever and flew off to the jungle. The Princess was always thinking of her bird and weeping. One day a Baheliya bird catcher tried to snare it, but it flew up into a neighbouring tree and called out to him: "Let the parrots loose which you have caught and I will get you five lákhs of rupees." The bird catcher did as the parrot said, and the bird took him at once to a rája, who bought him from the bird catcher for five lákhs of rupees. The Rája put the parrot into a cage of gold, and used to amuse himself with it. The parrot used to tell him stories, and one day told him about the Princess. The Rája asked him to introduce the Princess to him. He agreed, and the parrot flew before the Rája and his Wazír to show them the way.

As they were going on they stopped at a tank to drink, and the Rája saw an exquisitely beautiful woman stretching her hands out of the water. The Rája plunged in after her, and presently came into a dense forest, where he lost sight of her. In this forest lived a Deo, and his daughter fell in love with the Rája and married him. Thence the Rája went on to the palace of Ismaíl Sháh, who was very pleased to see him, and he also gave his daughter in marriage to the Rája. The Rája then said to Ismaíl Sháh: "I wish to go to such and such a city. Kindly point me out the way." "You are still under water," he answered, "but I will show you the way."

The Rája returned to his parrot and told him all his adventures. The parrot then conducted him to the country of the Princess. He went to her and said: "I have brought a Rája for you." She consented and her father had her married to the Rája. The Rája stayed there for some time, and then went and claimed his two wives, the daughters of the Deo and of Ismaíl Sháh, and with the Princess started for home.

On his way back he met the Wazír, who said: "I am much relieved to see you. Have you brought anything for me?" The Rája replied: "Ismaíl Sháh taught me a most powerful spell (*mantrá*), whereby I am able to transform myself into any animal." "Teach me this spell," said the Wazír, and the Rája did so. On the way the Wazir said: "Now get into the body of that jackal which is lying there." The Rája did so, and then the Wazír hid his own body away somewhere and got into the body of the Rája. The Rája could not get into his own body, so he was obliged to wander about the jungle as a jackal.

The Wazír in the Rája's shape came to the Princess; but she said: "You must not come near me for six months." He went and the Princess said to the parrot: "I see that the man who calls himself Rája is not really the Rája whom I married. You must go and find my real husband and bring him to me within three months." The parrot went off, and at last got into the jungle where the Rája in his jackal form was. Soon after the jackals of that jungle held a meeting under the tree on which the parrot was perched. The jackal Rája told his story to the other jackals. On this the parrot called out: "Do you recognise me?" "I do," said the jackal Rája.

So the parrot brought back the Rája and made him sit under the couch of the Princess. The Wazír was quite unaware of this. The Princess sent one of her handmaids to bring a dead snake, and then she sent for the Wazír. "I hear," she said, "that you know the wonderful charm of Isamíl Sháh; kindly show me how it works; and, by the way, you might as well get into that dead snake which is lying there." He did so, and the Rája at once jumped back into his own body. He had the snake killed, and the Wazír died with it. So the Princess got back her husband, and they lived happily ever after.

May Parameswar deal with us as He did with them.

(A folktale told by Mukund Lal, Kayasth of Mirzápur.)

[This is a good instance of the conception of the soul as formed by the lower races. To use Dr. Tylor's words (*Primitive Culture* I., 429), "the soul is a thin unsubstantial human image, in its nature a sort of vapour film or shadow: the cause of life and thought in the individual it animates: independently possessing the personal consciousness and volition of its corporeal owner, past or present: capable of leaving the body far behind, to flash swiftly from place to place: mostly impalpable and invisible, yet also manifesting physical power and especially appearing to men waking or asleep as a phantasm separate from the body of which it bears the likeness: continuing to exist and appear to men after the death of that body: able to enter into, possess and act on the bodies of other men, animals and even of things."

Ismaíl Sháh must be the same as Ismaíl Jogí who plays a very important part in the spells of Indian black magic.]

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55. **The Good Luck of the Kurmi.**—Once upon a time a Kurmi lived in a certain village, and was married to a woman whose father's house was at a long distance. Now, the Kurmi was advanced in years and his wife was a buxom young woman; so she did not care for her husband and loved another man. She was anxious that her husband should leave home for a time. Accordingly one day she said to him:

"It is a very long time since I got any news from home.

It would be a good thing if you were to go and see my people and find out how they are getting on."

"Make some food for the road," he said, "and I am ready to go and see your father."

So she made a lot of *laddús* and gave them to him as he was starting. He travelled on a long way and in the evening lost his way in the jungle; in fear of wild beasts he climbed up a tree, intending to remain there for the night.

It so happened that on this night a gang of thieves had robbed a rich banker of a large sum of money and came under this very tree to divide their booty. There were sixteen thieves and seventeen bags of rupees, so they could not divide them equally. As they were wrangling about it the Kurmi called out: "I claim a share too." The thieves were astonished and called out in their fear:

"Are you a man or a *bhút?*" He said: "I am a man."

"If you are a man then come down."

When he came down they began to ask what he had in his bundle. In the end each of them ate a *laddú* apiece, and no sooner had they eaten them than they were all dead men. The Kurmi took all the money and started for home.

When he got home he found the door shut and a horse tethered outside. This horse belonged to his wife's lover, who was with her at the time. When her husband began to knock at the door the woman was afraid and let her friend out by the back door, and he was obliged to leave his horse behind him. When the Kurmi came in he asked his wife how the horse came to be there.

"After you went away," she said, "our cow had a foal, and this is it."

His answer was—

Ghar ke laduan chor mue;

Raghubar Dayál daya kihin;

Ghar gáe ghor biyán.

"The thieves died of *laddús* made in my house; Raghubar Dayál (Ráma and the name of the lover) had mercy upon me and my cow gave birth to a horse."

So he tied up the horse and bought I don't know how many cows and oxen and how many *bighas* of land, and he prospered exceedingly.

(A folktale told by Dwarika Prasad Pathak, Bráhman of Bithalpur, pargana Kiriyat Sikhar, Mirzapur District, and recorded by Pandit Rámgharíb Chaubé.)

[The poisoning of the thieves is likely the incident in the Panjábi Tale "Nine-killing Khán" (Swynnerton, *Indian Nights Entertainments*, p. 209: though there the weaver intentionally puts poison in the cakes which he gave to the thieves.]

56. **A Tale of Raja Bhoj.**—Once upon a time there was a Rája, whose name was Bhoj. He was one day walking on the terrace of his palace when he heard a boy hawking some papers in the streets below, in the following curious language:—

"Whoever will read these papers that have come from Nagauri country will have knowledge worth a lákh of rupees; for they show a man that his wife is only his wife before him, but when his back is turned is not true to him; his sister is only his sister in prosperity. Only his friend is true through thick and thin. Whoever wakes will find: whoever sleeps will lose; that is, whoever will test the truth of this saying will find it out for himself, and his knowledge will be worth a lákh of rupees."

Feeling some curiosity as to what the boy said, he sent for him and bought the papers from him, and forthwith determined to test the truth of the statement set down therein, which was the same that the boy had said. He went immediately to his wife's apartment and said to her: "Ráni, I have read twelve Vedas, but am ignorant of the thirteenth, so I am going to learn that now."

"Oh! Rája" she answered, "if you leave me for even a short time I shall die."

"Well, Ráni," he replied, "whether you die or not I must go and learn the thirteenth Veda."

"Then, Rája," she said, "give me your portrait, which will console me in your absence." So he gave her his likeness and pretended to go away, but quietly hid himself in her apartments. When the Ráni thought her consort was gone she sent for the Court barber, who said to her in the commanding voice of a husband: "Ráni, give me some water to gargle with," which she brought him. While he was gargling, his eyes fell on the Rája's portrait.

"Who is that ugly, devilish-looking fellow?" he said: "give his likeness four blows with a slipper."

"You tell me to give him four blows; shall I give him eight?" she replied, and directly suited the deed to the word.

But still the jealous barber was not satisfied. "Put two handfuls of hot ashes over the picture," he cried.

"You ask me to put two; shall I put four?" answered the Ráni, taking up four handfuls of hot ashes and putting them on the picture, which was burnt up at once.

"Well!" thought Rája Bhoj, "this is my wife's conduct when my back is turned. Let me now see what my sister is like." So he girded his loins

with a coarse blanket and, taking a thick staff in his hand, he went his way to his brother-in-law's kingdom. When he arrived there he sent some peasants he found at work to inform his sister that he had come to see her. When she got the news she asked in what grand style he had come, in answer to which she was told that he had not come at all with pomp, but rather as a poor mendicant, at which she said: "Do not let him come near my palace in such a guise; but give him these dry cakes and tell him to keep away."

When Rája Bhoj got his sister's message and the dry cakes (*chapáti*) she sent him, he buried the latter in the ground after breaking off a small piece, which he put in his turban, and now he set off towards his friend's ráj.

"I have," thought he, "proved the love of my wife and sister; now let me see what my friend is like." So he went on till he reached his friend's territory, when he sent a message to him through some peasants, as he had done before to his sister. When his friend heard that he had come to visit him he inquired with what pomp he had come; but they told him that he had not come with any show—rather as a poor beggar, which as soon as his friend heard he ran barefoot to meet him and fell on his neck and kissed him, and at once took him to his palace and ministered unto him, asking him with brotherly concern what had reduced him to such a plight. "Nothing," answered Rája Bhoj; "only I wish to learn the thirteenth Veda of which I am ignorant, though I know the first twelve."

So he stayed a short while with his friend, and then again prepared to start on his journey. His friend tried to persuade him to accept some clothes and other necessaries; but he declined with thanks, and once more started on his travels. After a long and weary journey he at last arrived at a great city. At the door of one of the houses of the town he saw a potter's mother cooking some fritters (*gulgulá*). He saluted her after the respectful style people in the East have of addressing the old. "What are you saluting me for when I am so worried?" cried the old woman testily. "Why, mother, what is your sorrow?" queried Rája Bhoj. "Sorrow, indeed!" replied the old woman, "the king of our country has an only daughter, who is both young and beautiful, but no one dare keep guard near her apartments at night, for every night at midnight a serpent comes out of her mouth and bites whoever keeps watch by her, so our Rája has proclaimed that if any one shall succeed in killing the serpent he will marry him to his daughter. Many have tried, but have died in the attempt, and now my only son has offered to go, and of course I am anxious for his life."

"Give me some of those fritters to eat and I will go in his stead," said Rája Bhoj.

Of course the old woman was delighted at the idea of saving her son's life, so she at once gave him the fritters as he wanted. After he had done eating he asked for a place to sleep in, so she told him to rest in the donkey's stall.

Now as night came on the servants of the Rája of that country came to fetch the old woman's son, but she at once went to the asses' stall to get Rája Bhoj as prearranged.

"Bhojra! Bhojra!" she called out, for that was the name he had told her to call him by. At first he pretended to be asleep.

"There!" she exclaimed, "he has eaten up the fritters I cooked for my son, but at the last moment gets out of going in his place."

When Rája Bhoj heard this he laughed. "Do not be afraid, mother," he said; "I am coming presently;" so he cut his little finger in three places with a penknife and put salt in the wounds that the pain might keep him awake, and then went off with the Rája of that country's servants to keep guard on the apartments of the unfortunate Princess. He had not long to wait, for exactly at midnight the serpent came out of the Princess' mouth and made for him, but with a single stroke of his staff he killed the venomous reptile.

Next morning the Princess' father sent his men to bury the body of the man who had kept watch the previous night, little doubting that he was dead. When they brought him the astounding news that he was not dead, but rather the serpent that had so long vexed both him and his daughter and had taken so many lives, as may be imagined, he was simply delighted and forthwith married him to his daughter. After his marriage Rája Bhoj stopped some time at his father-in-law's court; but at last announced his intention of returning to his own court. So his father-in-law gave him horses and elephants and all sorts of pageantry. On his way home Rája Bhoj first visited his friend's court. When his friend heard he was coming in pomp and pride he said: "Let him come by himself now without my going out to meet him, for now he is grand again; he does not require the same proofs of friendship he did before." So Rája Bhoj came to his palace, and was entertained as long as he cared to stay; then he went to his brother-in-law's ráj. When his sister heard he was coming quite grandly she and her husband and children all ran to meet him. Then he reminded his sister of her former treatment of him when he came in a poor man's garb, and he pointed out the place he had buried the dry cakes

she had sent him to eat, and also showed her the piece he had kept in his turban. She was quite ashamed, but had no excuses to offer. Then Rája Bhoj told his wife to give her what presents she liked, but he would never go under her roof. Then at last he started off to his own country. When he arrived there he took his new wife to one of his summer houses, where he left her on the excuse of going out for a walk; but in reality he went to his own palace to his first wife's apartments. She pretended to be very glad to see him again. He listened patiently to her pretence of love, and then asked for his portrait back again.

"Oh! Rája," she cried, "you are asking for your picture, but when you had gone such a storm came and the winds blew and the rain came down in torrents and utterly destroyed it."

"Indeed," replied Rája Bhoj, "when the barber told you to strike it with a shoe four times you said shall I strike eight times?"

"Hush, Raja!" she interrupted overwhelmed with shame; "bury me alive."

"When the barber said put two handfuls of hot ashes on it you said shall I put four?"

"Hush, Rája! bury me alive."

"Bury you alive I cerainly shall," replied the Rája, so he sent for the court barber and had him buried up to the waist along with his royal mistress, and had them shot at with arrows till they died. Then he went to his summer house and brought his second wife to his palace, where they lived happily together for many years.—*Ida Casabon, Aligarh.*

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57. **What a Clever Woman can do.**—A Manjhi had a son and a daughter; the son was very lazy and used to sleep half the day. Whenever his father remonstrated with him for his laziness all he would say was--

Sukh se soai Horu,
Jekare gaya na goru.
Sound sleeps Horu,
Who has neither ox nor cow.
(*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.*)

Then the Manjhi asked his daughter what she thought of her brother, and she said:

"I don't agree with him. He sleeps at ease who has a wife with the lucky marks."

Sukh soai soi,
Jekar nari sulakshan hoe.

"Very well," said her father. "We shall see what your lucky marks will do for you."

So he picked out a wretched orphan boy in the village and married her to him. He used to go out every day and cut wood in the jungle for his living. By good luck every day he used to come across a sandal tree, and this he used to sell to a Banya for a measure of grain. One day his wife said:

"I should like to see some of the wood you cut."

When he showed her it she said:

"Why, this is sandal wood, and this is how the Banya has been swindling us for ever so long."

So she went off to the Banya and said:

"Here, you have a house full of our sandal wood which you have been robbing us of I don't know for how long. I am off to the Rája to put in a complaint against you."

Now the Banya feared the Rája, and did not care to be sued in his court; so he said:

"I really don't know much about it. I am generally away from home and my wife does the bargaining for me. Perhaps there has been some mistake; but I will set that right."

The end of it was that she made the Banya disgorge every penny of the money, and she bought I don't know how many *bíghas* of land and how many cows and oxen—in short, she and her husband became quite rich people; and one day her father and mother, who had become very poor, came begging about the place, and could not believe it when they told them of their daughter's prosperity. But when she saw them she fell at their feet and treated them kindly. But she said:

"He sleeps at ease who has a wife with the lucky marks."

And none could gainsay her words.

[A folktale told by Akbar Shah, Manjhi of Manbasá, Dudhi, Mirzápur.]

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58. **The Result of Suspicion.**—Once upon a time the son of a Rája and the son of his Wazír were great friends, so that they were never a moment apart. The Rája disapproved of this intimacy and offered a reward of a lákh of rupees to any one who would put a stop to it. An old woman undertook to do this, and one day she dressed herself in fine clothes and got herself carried in a *pálkí* along the road near which the young men used to sit. There she had herself put down, and, opening the curtains, beckoned to

them. They had an argument as to which of them was the person to go. At last the son of the Wazír went, and when he got close to the *pálkí* she put her mouth three times close to his ear, but said nothing.

She went away, and the Wazír's son returned to the Prince, who asked him what she said.

"She said nothing at all," he replied.

"How can that be?" said the Prince. "Why then should she call you if she had nothing to say to you? If you will not tell me this secret our friendship must end."

The Wazír's son protested, but in vain, and to the great delight of the Rája their intimacy ceased from that day, and the old woman got her lákh of rupees.

(A folktale told by Hazari Lal, Village Accountant of Chopan, Mirzápur).

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59. **Why there are Poor People in the World.**—Párvati once shut up an insect in a small box and asked Mahádeva if he fed all his creatures. He said that they all got their food. So she opened the box and found a blade of grass in the insect's mouth. She was astonished and threw herself at the feet of her husband. Then she said to him:

"Why do you make some men poor and others rich?"

"Because otherwise the work of the world would not go on."

"I do not like it," she replied.

"Very well. Every one shall be rich in future."

So all men became rich, and the roof of the temple of the goddess began to leak. Párvati asked Mahádeva to send men to repair the thatch, but no one would come even for double wage. Mahádeva went to Párvati and told her that workmen could not be got. She asked the reason, and he told her that it was because every one was too rich to need to work.

"Well, make them as they were before," she said, and so ever since there have been rich and poor people in the world.

(A folktale told by Hazari Lal, Village Accountant of Chopan, Mirzápur.)

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60. **Yama Raja and the Elephant.**—Once upon a time Yamá Rája, god of death, kept an elephant. Whenever Yamá Rája used to go into his court the elephant went with him. One day Yamá Rája said to him: "You foolish creature, why do you come to court? You are so sill that the men of the lower world can make yo dance on the tips of their fingers." The elephan hung down his head and left the assembly. O his way he met Nárada Múni. The Múni aske him why he was so unhappy. When the elephan told his story the Múni said: "When Yam Rája says this to you again you should say t him that he has not experienced the wiles of th men of the lower world, who are wiser tha he is."

The next day the elephant again attended th court, and again Yamá Rája taunted him a before the elephant answered: "Your Majest knows not the wiles of the men of the lowe world." "I do not know their wiles," he said "but I will make trial of them now." So h called his messengers and said: "Go down t earth and bring the most wretched man you ca find."

The messengers came down to the world an began to search. At last they came upon a poo old Lálá in a village and said to him: "Yam Rája has sent for you." He said: "I am quit ready to go; but I must take my paper and ink stand with me." So the messengers took up th old man, bed and all, and he took his pens and ink with him. As the old man was flying through the air he took a sheet of paper and wrote an order in the name of all the gods to Yamá Rája —"O god of death! when the bearer of this appears before you leave your throne at once and let him take your place."

When the Lálá appeared before Yamá Rája and presented this order the god of death was astonished; but he dared not disobey the order of the greater gods, and, leaving his throne, he seated the Lálá thereon.

Then Yamá Rája went to Mahádeva and told him the trouble that had fallen upon him Mahádeva said: "I know nothing of the matter." Then he went to Bráhmá, who made the sam answer. Then he went to Bhagwán, who said "That order never came from us. Turn him ou of your court. You should have known bette the deceitfulness of the rascals in the lowe world."

So Yamá Rája went back, turned out the Lálá who went home at once, and again took his seat o his throne. Next day the elephant again attende the court, and Yamá Rája as usual taunted hi with his subservience to human beings. But th elephant answered: "Did not one of these sam men of the lower world very nearly swindle yo out of your kingdom? Is it wonderful, then, tha they should have got the better of me?" Yam Rája was a shamed, and never taunted the elepha again.

(A folktale told by Bacha Kasera of Mirzápur.)

MISCELLANEA.

61. Partabgarh : Shrine of the Pancho Sidh : Self-immolation.—This shrine is situated at the junction of the rivers Sakarni and Sai near Partábgarh. Many years ago five Sombansis of different villages used to meet and perform their devotions at this spot. One day they agreed to cut off their heads (how the last man managed to decapitate himself and arrange all the heads is not stated, and perhaps it would not be wise to enquire) and, piling them together, to offer them to Devi. No sooner said than done. The heads in course of time turned into stone, and these stones were to be seen till recently, when they suddenly disappeared. The place took its name from the five devotees. Every Tuesday the shrine is visited by a few persons from the neighbourhood : a goat is usually sacrificed, and offerings made of cakes, grain, pice, &c.—*Settlement Report, p.* 112 *sq.*

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62. Abuse at Festivals (304, Vol. III).—Abuse was practised at Greek festivals at the Eleusinia (λεθυρισηός), the Dionysia (Τα ἐξ ἀηαξῶν), and the Thesmophoria (στήνια). Perhaps to avert the evil eye ; as to this day, a Greek woman is very angry if you admire her child, and straightway begins to abuse it.—*W. H. D. Rouse, Cheltenham College.*

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63. Anthropological Society of Bombay: Charms and Amulets.—At the ordinary monthly meeting of the Society held at the rooms of the Society, 6 Apollo-street, on Wednesday, the 28th ultimo, Mr. H. A. Acworth, President in the chair, a paper on "Charms and Amulets for some diseases of the eye," by Mr. Jivanjee Jamshedjee Modi, was read. The following is a short outline of the paper :—

Faith in the virtue of charms and amulets is common to almost all nations and all ages Pieces of parchment with passages from the Bible were carried about by the Jews on their bodies as amulets, and they were known as phylacteries. Pieces of paper with passages from the Koran are carried about by the Arabs under the name of Taviz, amulets with Mantras are common among the Hindus. The object of the paper that evening was the description of a charm prepared by a respectable Parsee family at Nowsari for the ulcer in the corner of the eye, and of a Parsee amulet described in the Persian *Ravayet* of Burzo Kamdin, written about 300 years ago. It is a common belief in many countries even now that the mere carrying of certain medicinal drugs or plants on the body of a person has the power of healing diseases. In Europe, they say, an anodyne necklace is still suspended by some from the necks of infants with the object of helping the process of their teething. In many cases popular belief transfers the efficacy of an internal application of the drug to mere external application and turns the medicinal plant into a mere charm. How far that was true in the case of the plant used as a charm at Nowsari requires to be determined. The plant was known as var mogro, and is identified as *Jasminum Pubescens.* The charm is prepared by a respectable Parsee family, whose male members in the direct line of descent only are believed to possess the power of giving the healing virtue to the charm. On a Saturday evening they are required to go to the plant in their adjoining fields and to invite it, as the phrase goes, for the next morning. The process of invitation consists in placing a few grains of rice at the root and saying a few words of invitation. Mr. Modi described at length the process of preparing the charm and of preserving its efficacy, and said that the form of the invitation reminded us of the belief in the transference of a disease to a tree or to the spirit in the tree referred to by Ennemoses in his *History of Magic.* Mr. Modi then described a Persian amulet prescribed in the *Ravayet* for all kinds of eye complaints. The amulet was to be put on the left hand of the patient. The text on the amulet was to the following effect : "In the name of God, in the names of the strength and splendour of Faredon . . . . we praise the immortal, glorious and swift-horsed sun and the strong-eyed Tishtraya. May the body be healthy, etc." The reason why the sun is mentioned in this amulet for the eye is that poets often speak of the sun as the eye of the world. *Avesta,* from which some of the passages on the amulet are taken, speaks of the sun as the eye of Ahura Mazda, of Mithra, the God of light as "ten thousand-eyed" and of Tishtraya or the star Sirius as the strong-eyed. Faridun is the King spoken of by Sir Walter Scott in his *Talisman.* His name is mentioned in this talisman or amulet of the eye, because he was reputed to be a great physician for all kinds of diseases. He is the Thrastaona of the *Avesta* and Treatana of the *Vedas,* and is spoken of in the *Avesta,* in the Pehelvi *Dadistan-i-dini* in the *pazand* portion of the *Vanant Yasht* and in Mirkhond's *History of Persia* as a discoverer of medicinal drugs and as a physician. At the end of his paper Mr. Modi exhibited a stone ring with the form of an eye naturally engraved upon it, which was the property of Dowager Lady Ruttanbai Jamshedjee, and was used as a charm for curing an ulcer in the corner of the eye.

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64. Elliott's 'Muhammadan Historians'.—It is stated in the translation of the *Akbarnamah,* Vol. VI, page 59, "that the tribute of Bengal consisted of the choicest productions of Bengal and of fifty-four elephants, and that along with these came a European named Partab *Bar,* one of the chief merchants of the ports of Bengal, who was accompanied by Basúrba, his wife ; he was graciously received at court, and his sound sense and upright conduct won the favour and esteem of the Emperor."

Professor Dowson annotates that the names of these Europeans are very doubtful, but I think that the real names are easily discoverable if written in Persian in shikastah, without diacritical points. Thus the man's name برتابار and his wife's سورها—and their names were probably *Bartholomew* and *Susannah !*

I may add that Elliot's *Muhammadan Historians,* although a most valuable work, yet everywhere teems with mistakes of names of persons and places, and I cannot refrain from citing one notable and highly important example. Professor Dowson, wherever the word *Tabarhindh* occurs asserts that it is meant for *Sirhindh,* notwithstanding that the context indicates its position to be in quite a different part of the country, and when I write the name in Persian without any dots—thus برهندة I read *Bhathindah,* which exactly suits the description of the locality.—*J. G. Delmerick.*

65. **Gurgaon : Incantation of Cattle Disease.**—One method of protecting cattle is to erect at the entrance of the village two posts, between which a rope of *dáb* grass is stretched. On this are suspended wooden models of a plough and a narrow table, an unbaked earthen pot cover, an onion and an iron spike. All of these are marked with oil and red lead, and on the earthen cover is written a charm by some holy man. Then on an appointed day all the cattle are driven out below the rope and charm, and on that day no fire is lit in the village until the evening, and all the milk of the day is given to Bráhmans.—*F. C. Channing : Settlement Report, p.* 37.

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66. **Two Gurkha sayings**—

(1) *Ras mariya ko swáshni, sariyo shikár ramro himchha.*

"A woman is pleasing after the freshness of her beauty has faded, and game when it is rather high.

(2) *Báman deota ke pág pujinya, sir pujnya na ho.*

"You need worship a Bráhman's feet, but not his head." That is to say, you may worship his feet, but you may put any burden you like on his head.—*Pandit Janárdan Joshi.*

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67. **Mirzapur : Song sung by the Aborigines at the Karma Festival**—

Onhal ávè khori bádar jaisè purán dihé páni barsè.
Bidé búkú búngvá.

Na moré ándhi baunreriya na moré pakhlá baréyé páni bhar.

Bidé busen bera.

The clouds are gathering as it rains on the old ruins. Come and bend in the dance as I bend. I have no storm nor gale nor is there rain. Come round in the dance as I come round.—*W. Crooke.*

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68. **Muhammadans : Days for Bathing.**—Friday is considered very lucky by Musalmáns of Upper India as well as elsewhere for bathing.

Jumá chhor sanichar nahaè.
Uská sanichar kabhi ná jaè.

Who Friday skips and bathes on Saturday, his poverty shall never go away.—*Azizuddin Ahmad.*

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69. **Gaya : Modern Sun Worship.**—There is an old stone temple at Deo called the Suraj Mandir, where fairs are held in the months of Katik and Chait, and are largely attended for the purpose of traffic and to perform vows and religious obligations. One of the ceremonies consists in fastening a number of cords to a hook on the roof of the temple, which are intended to represent the rays of the sun. To the south-east of the town is a tank sacred to the sun.—*G. A. Grierson.*

[Does this form of sun worship prevail anywhere else in Upper India?—ED.]

70. **Gurgaon : The Evil Eye.**—There is of course the usual dread of the evil eye, the theory of which was thus explained to me by some Jats. When a child is born, an invisible spirit is sometimes, I think not always, born separately at the same time; and unless the mother takes the precaution of keeping one breast tied up for forty days while she feeds the child from the other, in which case the spirit dies of hunger, the child grows up with the endowment of the evil eye; and whenever a person so endowed looks at anything covetously, something evil will happen to it. Amulets worn for protection from the evil eye seem to be of two classes, the first objects which apparently resent the influence by a superior innate strength, such as tiger's claws; and the second objects of a worthless character, such as cowries, which may catch the eye of their beholder, and thus prevent the covetous look.—*Mr. F. C. Channing, Settlement Report, p.* 36.

[This explanation is hardly adequate: a more conclusive explanation will be found in a series of notes by Mr. W. Cockburn in Vol. II, *Punjab Notes and Queries.*—ED.]

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71. **N.-W. Rain-making.**—Some time ago when rain failed at Mirzapur, the townspeople employed a gang of men to draw Ganges water and keep a continual stream pouring on a famous local Máhadevá lingam. This custom appears to prevail pretty generally through India. (See instances in *Bombay Gazetteer*, XIV, 5.) The idea, of course, is a sort of what Dr. Tylor calls "sympathetic magic." The water-loving deity being kept moist, causes the rain to fall. It would be interesting to know how far this custom prevails.—*W. Crooke.*

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72. **The Legend of a King and Queen.**—I quoted in an early number of *North Indian Notes and Queries* the story of the King who devoted himself to good works and of his queen who lived a simple life and used to walk on the lotus leaves in the tank until she took to wearing fine clothes and jewelry, when she sank at once. One version of the tale is located in the Barielly district (see Mr. Moens' *Report*, 20-21). The same legend appears in Bombay, where the King is called the Burud Rája or basket-maker. (*See Bombay Gazetteer*, XIV, 327.) It would be interesting to quote other instances of this apparently widespread Indian folktale.—*W. Crooke.*

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73. **The Dog.—Cutting the Ears and the Tail of**—It is supposed that the cutting of the ears and the tail of a dog and burying them at the door makes the dog attached to the place particularly where they have been buried. Accordingly they often do so with house dogs. The same idea is shown in the popular belief of the Hindús that the man returns or longs to return to the place where his navel-string has been buried. The following proverb is often heard :—

"*Thán merá nár thorá hi gárá hai.*

Is my navel-string buried here?

According to this belief natives get the navel-string buried in the house.—*Pandit Rámgharíb Chaubé.*

74. **Gurgaon : Sorcery by means of hair.**—Some wizards, I was told, if they cut off a lock of a woman's hair could cause her to die, and then, when she had been buried, could bring her to life again, and thus secure her for their own enjoyment. But I was not told of this happening nearer than Lahore.—*Mr. F. C. Channing, Settlement Report, p.* 36.

["The savage believes that the sympathetic connection which exists between himself and every part of his body continues to exist even after the physical connection has been severed, and that therefore he will suffer from any harm that may befall the severed parts of his body, such as the clippings of his hair and the parings of his nails." Frazer, *Golden Bough*, I, 193, where numerous examples are given of ideas in connection with human hair.—Ed.]

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75. **A Story of a Satti.**—In a village of the Gházipur district not long ago a Rájpút died, and his wife arranged to be burnt with his body. Her relations objected, but she paid no heed to their words. The district authorities were warned and hastened to the spot, and began to remonstrate with her. But during the discussion both the Magistrate and Police Officer were attacked with symptoms of cholera. At last at the prayer of the lady they got better. Then she mounted the pyre and began to sing and announced that she had now passed through three lives in succession and next time would be reborn in the Punjab. She is now worshipped by women in the neighbouring villages and is regarded as a local divinity. —*Anmol Singh.*

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76. **The Kite.—Superstitions about**—We have several superstitions connected with this bird. In the eastern districts, especially in Gorakhpur, children are not allowed to remain bare-headed in the open air after the hair has been shaved lest a kite pass overhead and cause thereby the head to be disfigured by a disease called *cháín chúán* or ring-worm. We have again the kite as a good omen *(sagun)* at the time of departure. Seeing the kite picking up its food on the left side is considered a good omen. In the Ramayáná of Tulsí Das we find—

Chárá chákku bám disi lêí;
Manahun sakal mangal kahi dei.

"The kite with the white bill was picking its food on the left side, which foretold, as it were, all luck (good luck)."

Again we find this bird as an object of ill omen. Sitting of kites or hovering of kites on and over the roof of the house is considered an ill omen. We again find fowlers trade on the superstitious piety of the Hindús and Muhammadans which purchases for a pice the liberty of a kite caught for the express purpose of being whirled round the head of a child on a Tuesday or Saturday and then let go. One not unoften hears the street cry of the fowlers—

"*Káli chíl Mangal ká róz.*"
"*Black kite, to-day is Tuesday.*"

Again, Muhammadan women allege that young kites do not open their eyes till some gold is placed in the nest, and that this is the reason why kites sometimes carry off gold ornaments.—*Rámgharíb Chaubé.*

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77. **Hissar : Jats : Worship of Dahdada. Development of Village Gods.**—The worshippers of Dahdada are the Lohán gotra of the Játs. This in no way constitutes them a different sect. He is merely a special godling with them not in the place of, but in addition to the ordinary local deities whom the Loháns worship in common with other Játs. Lohán—the progenitor of the gotra—had four sons—Mela, Tula, Ula, and Chula. Mela and Tula founded Narnaundh, the chief settlement of the Lohán in the Hissár District, and Ula founded Bahni, an adjacent village. Chula lived at Narnaundh as an ascetic, and was then converted into a village godling. He is worshipped under the form of an oblong stone kept in a shrine at Narnaundh. His Bráhmans are Gurus of the Indauria gotra. They are fed on the light eleventh of each mouth. He is also venerated by the distribution of Re. 1-4-0 worth of sweetmeats and the digging and conveying of 101 baskets of earth from his tank. I have given a detailed account of Dahdada as his case is a good instance of the way in which village deities come into existence.—*P. J. Fagan.*

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78. **A Mantra to Cure the Sting of a Wasp.**—

Lál tataiyá, biská bhaiyá bis ki bánti dor.
Jyon Jyon tataiyá lote píte dungá gardan tor.
An Noná Chamári ki sarva vách swasti vách.
Gurú ká pír sáncha Rájá Ram Chandra ki duháí.

The red wasp is poison's brother; it has made a sting of poison. As the wasp rolls about in the agonies of death, I will cut of its head. I swear by Noná Chamári let all say there be peace. What the Guru's Guru says must be true. I invoke the protection of Rájá Rám Chandra.—*Kásí Náth Vishnu, Tirth Hardwár.*

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79. **Firozpur : Ceremony at the Foundation of a New Village : Tree Worship.**—The first thing the new settlers set about is to select site for their village. They never build their houses on the old deserted site, for this they say would be very unlucky, the first settlers having long ago taken all the blessing (*barakat*) out of that spot. The laying of the foundation of a village is called from the ceremony with which it is accompanied *morí gárna.* This consists in planting a pole to the north side of the intended habitation. The neighbouring landholders are invited to be witnesses and sweetmeats are distributed amongst them. To have borne a part in this ceremony is considered the strongest evidence in support of proprietary right. If the pole should take root, and put out branches, this is considered a most auspicious circumstance. The tree is then always called the *morí* tree, and is regarded with great veneration. In the uplands a branch of the *jand* or of the *pílu* tree is always taken for the *morí*; in the low lands the *beri* is generally used; it must be always some fruit-bearing tree; the *morí* is generally 8 or 10 feet high, and is planted about 3 feet in the ground; beneath it is always burned some rice, betel nut, coarse sugar and a piece of red cloth.—*Mr. L. H. Brandreth, Settlement Report, p.* 70.

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80. **Agricultural Superstition.**—In the districts of Gorakhpur and Basti they do not sow wheat a second time in case the first sowing has been spoiled by rain and the seeds did not germinate. They consider wheat as the king of grain, and to plough it up is unauspicious. —*Rámgharíb Chaubé.*

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81. **Asses : A Popular Belief.**—It is believed by the natives that the ass becomes fat in dry weather and not in wet weather, when the earth is covered with grass. The reason of it is said to be the following: In

dry weather when the ass looks round at the end of his grazing and sees the parched plain he persuades himself that he has eaten up all the grass, whereas in wet weather, seeing so much grass everywhere, he has eaten none of it, and consequently becomes thinner.

About the ass there is one superstition widely believed. If a man pass by the way on either side of which stand asses he will feel a severe pain in his legs. To stop rain some charms are practised on the ass. Agarwálás and Khatrís of the western districts mount on them at the time of marriage. In this way the ass is closely connected with Hindú superstitions.—*Rámgharib Chaubé.*

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82. South Mirzapur, N.-W.-P: Wild Tribes: Their God of War.—Like the Kshatrias of the plains the Majhwárs of the hills of south Mirzápur are considered by their neighbours of other castes a warlike race. As Durgá is the goddess of war of the Kshatrias, so is Darápát Deo with his wife Angár Matí the god of war of the Majhwárs. In fight his aid used to be invoked. But the British advent into their country put an end to all strife. So they now worship him for future help. He lives in a smooth rock far away from the village site, and he requires homage to be done to him by all Majhwárs on the 7th lunar day of Baisákh. If a Majhwár fail to do homage on this day he will forfeit all bodily strength and the blessing that he may derive from cattle and grain. If a Majhwár who has not been worshipping this god for some time marry in a Majhwár family who are the votaries of Darápát Déo he must worship this god or to manage to return him to the family from which he has come in a prescribed way; for the god follows the bride or bridegroom when he or she goes after marriage to their house. The method of returning the god is as follows: The Baigá worships the god first and propitiates him so as to be ready to go back. Then a garment of nine cubits long for Angár Mátá and rice pulse, *ghi*, turmeric, spices, fowls and goats are all tied up in the garment and put on an ox which has never been used as a beast of burden and driven along in the name of the god. So the god goes towards his seat or rock of its own accord. This assures the party that the god, has returned. These are placed on the rock of the god and then flesh of fowls and goats and rice and pulse are offered to the god on the rock. The garment is also offered. The garment is received by the Baigá. The offered food is eaten by the worshippers themselves. In annual worship too the same things are offered. —*Rámgharib Chaubé.*

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83. Oudh: Eating Owl's Flesh.—It is generally believed by the Muhammedan women that a man who eats the flesh of an owl becomes the obedient slave of his wife.

Jorú ne uski usko hai ullú khila diya,
Hai us gharib mard ko ullú bana diya.

His wife made him owl flesh eat,
And a fool she made of him completely.—*Azizuddin Ahmed.*

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84. Mirzapur: A Garden Demon: Human Sacrifice.—There is a garden named *Hâthi Râm kâ bagichâ* in Ramai Patti, Mirzápur. In the garden there is an old pípal tree which is said to be inhabited by a powerful demon. It is generally believed that the demon guards a large treasure which it buried under the pípal tree. A man, Har Parsád by name, once tried to dig out the treasure and was so far successful that he saw the treasure, but the more he dug the lower the treasure went. At night he dreamt that he could not find the treasure until he sacrificed a Bráhman boy or a three-legged cow.—None has since then made a similar attempt. The gardener *Mathurâ* often offers *ganjá* to the demon.—*Rámgharib.*

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85. Rural Remedies: A Goose.—A child suffering from fever was recently treated in the Mirzápur District by an Hakím who prescribed that a goose should be put into the child's bed for a night. The remedy was discovered by the child's father asking a neighbouring European indigo-planter for the loan of a goose for the purpose.—*W. Crooke.*

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86. A Legend of Sialkot.—A legend exists that there is something in the nature of the soil of Siálkôt, a city in the Panjáb, which imparts its sanguinary character to the people. A story is extant that a very aged couple were returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca, and were carried in baskets, swung on a pole, by their son. When they arrived at Siálkôt it is said that the son positively refused to proceed further with them, unless he was paid for bringing them so far. The mother however prevailed on him to take them on to the next stage homewards and that he would be paid up there. When the parents offered to settle with him at the next stage, he fell on his face at their feet and begged their pardon, and declined to accept payment, and pleaded that there must be something in the character of the soil which imparted its baneful influence to him, and which led him to ask for wages, and become undutiful to them.—*W. Haslett.*

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87. A Charm to make a Cow give Milk.—

28	35	2	7
6	3	32	31
34	29	8	1
4	5	30	33

Write this charm on *bhoj patra* in saffron and offerin[g] burnt offering of incense tie this charm around the ne[ck] of the cow on a string. You will find at the next milkin[g] that the milk has increased.—*Rámgharib Chaubé.*

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88. Ludhiana: The Tale of Jalan Jat.—Jalan Jat is original character who appears in popular stories. one occasion he was sent by his brother to a Jotishi astrologer's house to enquire the proper date for marriage of his brother's daughter. On the road passed the house of a baid or physician, and heard people lamenting. He enquired what was the mat and was told that the doctor's son was dead. He astonished and said: "Do doctor's children die?" the Jotishi's house also he found lamentation, and told that the Jotishi's son-in-law had died. He w away saying "*Baidán ghar pitié, Jotsian ghar r Chal Jatan ghar apné, sáha dé nasang*"—which me "the doctor's children die and Jotishis cannot fix favourable a time for their daughter's marriage as prevent their being left widows. Therefore you ma your own auspicious date for the marriage."—*Settle Report, App. CXIX.*

[This appears I believe in another form in the N.- Can any one give it?—Ed.]

North Indian Notes and Queries:

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

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POPULAR RELIGION.

89. **Heroes Five.**—Readers of *North Indian Notes and Queries* will be glad to learn that Mr. Greeven has collected, under the title of *Heroes Five*, the very interesting collection of legends of the Panch Pir which he contributed to the first volume of this periodical. It forms one of the most notable and valuable recent additions to the folklore of northern India.—*W. Crooke.*

90. **Pir Sultan Sarwar of Nigaha.**—We gather the following information about the introduction of the worship of this Pír among the Játs called Moná Játs from songs sung in honour of the Pír by a class of Jogís at Sahàranpur:—

Pír Sultán Sarwar was the son of Sayyid Zainul Abdín of Nigáha. Once upon a time the Pír succeeded in making a certain family of Játs his disciples. That family put its entire faith in the Pír, and was therefore a great favourite of Sultán Sarwar. It so happened afterwards that that family of Játs married a girl into another family of Játs who were Sikhs by religion. When the girl went to her husband's house and began to do, as usual while she was at her father's house, homage to the Pír, her husband and other male members of his family grew wroth and commanded her to abandon the worship of Sultán Sarwar and take to that of Gurú Nának, who, they said, was the only religious guide worth paying homage to. The girl refused to obey them in the matter of religion, and she continued to worship the Pír as she did before. At this her husband grew wroth. He gave her a sound beating and turned her out of his house. The girl then went out of the village and prayed to the Pír in this way: "O Pír, although God can do everything for his creatures, still he can do nothing for me at least without you, in whom I have put my faith and whom I regard as my guide." Hearing

this prayer of the girl the Pír's heart melted with compassion. He went up into the presence of God and begged: "O Lord, I have become a Pír under Thy command. Men of pure heart have come to recognise me as such. But evil men do not recognise me as their Pír, and persecute those who have done so abiding by Thy commandment. What can I do to save my people from their persecution? I am nothing as long as, O Lord, Thou dost not give me power to do anything." God listened to the prayer of the Pír. He replied: "Go about thy business, O Pír. I shall punish thy enemies." Away went the Pír, and God sent a number of diseases to punish the clan of Játs to which the husband of the girl, the faithful worshipper of Sarwar, belonged. When the Játs in general and the family of the girl's husband in particular were sorely distressed by pain and diseases of various kinds they began to pray to God to forgive their sins and grant them their lives. A voice from above was heard: "O, ye, wicked men, ye shall have no forgiveness nor any abatement of your miseries, except by recalling the girl whose husband has been so foolish, cruel and impious as to beat her soundly for no other fault than recognising Sultán Sarwar, my faithful servant, as her Pír. Go to her in a body, ask forgiveness of her and accept at once Pír Sultán Sarwar as your Pír. Then ye shall get rid of the miseries and misfortunes ye are at present labouring under." Hearing this command the Játs went to the girl and asked forgiveness of her. The girl said: "If you promise to recognise Sultán Sarwar as your Pír I can grant you forgiveness, otherwise I cannot." They all accepted Sultán Sarwar as their Pír at once, and were freed from all diseases and misfortunes. In course of time they became prosperous through the kindness of Sultán Sarwar. Their descendants still worship the Pír and have no faith in Nának.—*Rámgharíb Chaubé.*

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91. **Pir Sultan Sarwar of Nigaha.**—Pír Sultán Sarwar is worshipped in general in the district of Saháranpur by women, and his priests are Far Yáí Jogís. They are initiated as the disciples of the Pír by their own clansmen at the age of 10 or 12. When their clansmen assemble on the occasion of a marriage or death, young children are initiated by an old member of the clan. But a member of the family cannot initiate a boy. The method of initiation is very simple. The parents of the boy who is to be initiated put some sweets before the religious guide, and the latter, offering the sweets to the Pír with prayers, puts his right hand on the head of the boy and says: "Go, my boy, the Pádshah Sultán Sarwar will bless thee." Then he distributes the sweets among the clansmen assembled and makes the boy learn songs in honour of the Pír, and gives him a mendicant's alms bag (*jhôlí*). In the evening the parents of the boy feed the clansmen with good food if possible. The disciples of the Pír offer to him in the month of Asárh thick sweetened cakes, weighing $1\frac{1}{4}$ sers, lamps and incense. When they have offered these things to the Pír, they consume the offerings themselves. On Thursdays these Jogís visit the houses of the Pír's votaries, who belong to all castes, and sing the songs of the Pír to the accompaniment of a *dhól* or drum. Women hearing these songs begin to shake violently, and then it is supposed that the Pír has come on their heads. These women announce oracles. After some time, when the Jogís offer incense to the Pír and the guardians of the women pay the Jogís the Pír goes away, and then the women come to their senses. Some of the songs sung by these Jogís are the following:—

Assí kariyán zôr daghá rá;
Dewar jethôn ké ghar Jatti áí.
Jatti ké dewar jeth guru kô sewain;
Jatti lakh átá Pír manáwai.
Jatti ké déwar jethôn mén jhagrá barhatá.
Wah kahté ham Sikh guru ké tain kyon lakh át seyá.
Jatti kahai tum kahiyo Sikh guru ké ham sewa lakh áté jí.
Itni suni dewar jethôn né tan mén ghussá kháyá.
Jatti terá lakh átá jhúthá kahiyé hamárá guru sachchá kahiyé.
Dewar jethôn kô jô ghussá áyá;
Jatti kô ghar sé báhar kiyá.
Jattirowai kahai kar ké Rabb sachché sé arz karti

Jô jánaun tu sachchá Pír, déwar jethôn kô takt kar dé.

Hukum huá us Pír Pádsháh kú terá tô Bhairó challá ;

Déwar jethôn kô áya chutáai,

Andhé korhí kar diyé khátôn dhai mundhai márai.

Bari fajar Rájá Karan ká pahrá déwar jéth sab háth jôr ké kharé hué.

Jatti terá lakh átá bará sachchá kahiyé jinné turt parchá dekháyá,

Kahô us Pádsháh sé háth jôr ké hamén changá kar dé.

Guru ká panth Jatti kam né chhôrá teré lakh átá ká panth máná.

Tab Jatti háth jôr arz kartí yá Pír tú dewar jethôn kô achchhá kar dé.

Ab unhôn né guru ká panth chhôrá terá sewak hué.

Hukum huá dargáh sachché sé téré ténphér bhairô baggá.

Déwar jethôn kô á changá kiyá.

Nháyé dhôyé sewak hué lakh áté ké.

Jatti ké ghar khushiyán huín sárá kunbá rází huá.

"A certain Ját girl came to the house of her husband's younger and elder brothers ; they were the votaries of the Gurú Nának and she was the votary of the visible Pír Sultán Sarwar. They began to quarrel with the Ját girl regarding her worship of the Pír while they worshipped the Gurú Nának; the Jatti said : 'You may acknowledge Nának Gurú as your object of worship, and I shall continue to regard Sultán Sarwar as my deity.' The husband's elder and younger brothers grew wroth at this: They said : 'O, girl, thy Pír is false and my Nának Gurú is true.' They grew so wroth that they turned the girl out of the house. Then the Ját girl began to cry and pray to the true God that as she believed in the Pír he should show his power to her husband's elder and younger brothers. The Pír at once ordered Bhairo to punish the evil-doers. Bhairo at once made them blind and lepers. He dashed their heads against the cots. In the early morning when the Rájá Karan is a watchman at the gate of God, the elder and younger brothers of the Ját girl's husband went to her and, acknowledging the truthfulness of the Pír and the falsehood of Gurú Nának, asked her to implore forgiveness from the Pír on their behalf. The Jatti then began to pray to the Pír to restore their eyes and bodies to them again, as they had accepted him as their religious guide (*gurú*). Then the Pír sent Bhairo again to cure the elder and younger brothers of the Ját girl's husband ; they were cured. Then they performed their ablutions and became disciples of the visible Pír. At the house of the Ját girl rejoicings were made."

These songs are properly speaking void of any metre. But they are sung by Jogís.—*Rámgharíb Chaubé.*

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92. **The Saint Sakhi Sarwar.**—The account of this saint preserved in the local legends is as follows: His father's name was Zainul Abdín, a native of Baghdád. This man came on a pilgrimage into the Punjab, and married Bíbí Ashá, the daughter of an Afghán Sayyid of Sháhkôt in the Multán District. She was the second wife of Zainul Abdín. His first, Fátimá, bore him two sons—Sohára and Muhammad Dáúd. Zainul Abdín claimed descent from Ali Murtazá, the husband of the best beloved daughter of the prophet. Sakhí Sarwar, the son of the pilgrim by Bíbí Ashá, became a religious teacher on the frontier, and led a life of prayer and sanctity. The name interpreted means "generous leader," and the bearer of it had been originally known as Sayyid Ahmad.

Another version of the latter story represents Dastagír himself as attending on the Khwájá, and going in disguise through the State to procure minstrels. Having succeeded after much travel and difficulty in finding them, he introduced them into the Khwájá's apartment. It was Sakhí Sarwar's duty to punish any one who disregarded the prohibition of music and minstrels. He burst abruptly into the governor's chamber, and enquired who dared summon minstrels within his own jurisdiction. Sháh Dastagír took the blame on himself. Sarwar replied: "When such irreligious acts proceed from the Kaaba itself, what will become of Islám?" The Ajmerí, witnessing this scene, became enraged at the insolence of his host's servant, and cursed him. In an instant the face of Sakhí Sarwar darkened like the sun behind a cloud. When Dastagír beheld the metamorphosis of his favourite, he interceded for his forgiveness. The Khwájá upon this raised his finger and flung the blackness from Sakhi Sarwar's face towards the country of Kohistán, darkening its hills, its waters and its people. It was then that the Khwája pronounced the judgment regarding musical instruments over the tomb of the saint. To verify the legend regarding this particular, relays of *mirásís* are attached to the temple, who, night and day, startle the air with the sound of gongs and drums and many jarring instruments.—*Calcutta Review LX.*, 79.

93. **The Mercy of the Lord Jagannath.**—The following story is very commonly recited by women on the first lunar fortnight of the month of Chait in honour of the deity Swami Jaggannath:—

There was once a Bráhman who was miserably poor, and at last he went to an astrologer to find out the cause of his ill-luck. The Bráhman, after consulting his books, informed that the reason of his poverty was his having incurred the displeasure of the Lord Jaggannath. The only remedy was to undertake a pilgrimage to his shrine. After great hesitation the Bráhman made up his mind to go, and as he had no money he determined to beg his way along the road.

At the first halting place he met some Banjárás, who gave him some flour. Soon after he met an Ahír woman, to whom he gave some of the flour and, taking some curds in exchange, told her to give the rest to his wife. As she was walking on she put her curd pot and the flour on the ground, and when she raised them up she was amazed to find that they had all turned into the finest gold. Overcome by the temptation she left the gold in her house and took some curds and flour to the Bráhman's wife, who accepted them gladly, but as she came to her house she found that it had got on fire, and she was unable to put it out until she had taken out the gold and given it to the Bráhman's wife. Next day the Bráhman's wife began to improve her house, and while digging found a great treasure, with which she built a mansion seven stories high.

Meanwhile, as the Bráhman was going along the road he met an old Bráhman with his head burnt, who said: "You had better turn back, as the land is on fire ahead of you." But the pilgrim said that even through fire and water he must find his way to Jaggannath. But when he had gone a little distance all the fire disappeared, and he soon came in sight of Jaggannath. As he was going on he met an elephant, who said: "When you reach Jaggannath, mention my case." Then he met a cow separated from her calf, and she said: "Mention my case to Jaggannath." Then he met a mango tree whose fruit never ripened, and it said: "Mention my case to Jaggannath."

When the Bráhman reached Jaggannath he was so absorbed in devotion that he forgot his house and home, and then Jaggannath suddenly made him blind and deaf. When he found himself in this state he prayed to the Lord, and He answered him: "You have been made blind and deaf because you forgot your wife and the suppliants you met on the road. Now you can be restored and go home, where you will live a thousand years in the utmost happiness. The elephant you saw was once a man who was degraded because he would not obey his elders. Touch him and he will be restored. The cow was once a woman who would not give suck to a child she saw deserted on the road. Touch her and she will be restored. The Bráhman whose head was burnt was once a cook who ate himself before he fed his master. The mango tree was a sinner who killed a Bráhman. Touch them all and they will be restored to their original form."

The Bráhman did all this, and came home to find his wife in the greatest prosperity, and through the mercy of the Lord Jaggannath they lived many years in the utmost prosperity.

(A folktale told by Kunj Behári Lál, Teacher of the Rájpura School, Banda District.)

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94. **Hoshyarpur: Observance of the Holi Festival.**—The Holi fair at Anandpur lasts two days, and on the afternoon of the second day the devotees of the various shrines bring out from each its particular standard, which they carry with singing and music to the neighbouring *choh*. The sight, when all the standards have been collected, is interesting and picturesque. The processions of priests and worshippers clustering round their respective standards move slowly about, accepting offerings and bestowing blessings on the people. The dark standard of the Anandpur Gurúdwára, accompanied by Nihangs in dark-blue clothes and conical headresses encircled with steel quoits, is specially worthy of notice. Many of the Nihangs are mounted, and rush frantically about, wildly gesticulating and shouting and bearing themselves as if engaged in defending their standard against a foe. Now and then a deep-toned chant rises from one of the groups, singing the praises of their Gurú. The Sodhís come out on their elephants and caparisoned horses, and move through the crowds, and the *Bari Sarkár*, on an elephant, with fans (*chauri*) waving over his head, receives the obeisance of the people and accepts their offerings. Towards evening the standards move slowly towards the town, and are carried back, as if in triumph, to their respective shrines and at sunset the crowds melt away and many of the worshippers move homewards. This fair has always been considered of some political importance owing to the presence of many fanatical Nihangs. On one occasion, in 1864, a missionary of the Ludhiána Mission was killed by a Sikh fanatic. Since then special arrangements are made. Taking place as it does at the Holi festival there is a good deal of rough horse-play and much singing of obscene songs. —*Settlement Report*, p. 8

ANTHROPOLOGY.

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95. Megpunnia or Megphunnah Thags.—In my recent edition of Sleeman's *Rambles and Recollections* I remarked that the crime of Megpunnia Thagi, or the destruction of poor people for the purpose of stealing their children for sale to prostitutes and others, still exists, and explains the occasional murders of beggars in the North-Western Provinces which have sometimes puzzled the local police.

General Hervey (*Some Records of Crime*, London, 1892, Vol. I., p. 126) writing in January, 1867, gives several recent instances of this form of crime in Rajputana. He mentions six cases, in all of which death was caused in the old thag style by strangulation. Sometimes poison is employed. The persons killed are generally beggars or other poor people of no account, and the very fact of a murder having been committed is commonly not reported.

"I note," says General Hervey, "that in the case of the murder at Bugroo of the Gosaen, the idea of a murder having been committed only presented itself to the local authorities on our detectives going to the spot to make enquiries although the corpse had lain on the roadside exposed to the gaze of every passer-by."

What is the correct spelling of the word *Megphunnah*? Is it *Megpaná*, or *Megphaná*, and what is its derivation?—*V. A. Smith.*

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96. Alleged Sacrifice of a Girl near Poona.—A curious case of alleged human sacrifice came before the Poona Court of Sessions on the 1st instant, in which a little girl of eight years of age was said to have been sacrificed in order to bring about the cure of a certain disease from which one of the parties who was supposed to have been concerned in the sacrifice was suffering. On the 12th March, at about 8 o'clock in the morning, the murdered girl was missed by her parents, who awaited her return till noon, the hour she was accustomed to take her meals. As the girl did not turn up, the mother complained to the police, intimating at the same time that she suspected foul play at the hands of her neighbour Rama, who was the first accused in the Sessions Court. The police appear to have been very dilatory, for they did not search Rama's house for two days; and then, when they did search it, they found nothing to show that Rama had had anything to do with the missing girl, though some of the village people had stated that they saw the girl visit Rama's house that morning. The girl's body was eventually found in the bed of a stream some two miles from the village of Junar—where she lived—and an examination of the wounds on the body proved conclusively that the poor girl had been done to death. The police appear to have taken their time about their enquiries, and eventually arrested Rama, his wife, his mother, and a Kathodi man named Lakhoo, who was supposed to be possessed of charms, and all four were charged with the murder of the child before the Mamlatdar of Junar, to whom Lakhoo made a statement to the following effect. He stated that, some days previously to the 12th March, Rama's mother paid him a visit, told him that her son was suffering from a certain disease, and asked him if he had any remedy or charms to cure him. Lakhoo gave her some ashes, which he told her to apply to Rama's forehead, and that, if no relief was obtained in a couple of days, she should return to him and he would devise another remedy. The ashes were applied, but Rama was not cured. Rama's mother again visited Lakhoo, who then told her that her only chance of having her son cured was by offering as a sacrifice a fowl, a sheep and a girl. The woman consented to this being done, and told Lakhoo to visit her at her house, which he did on the 12th March. The fowl, the sheep and the girl were produced, and the sacrifice was made. Lakhoo gave a detailed description of the manner in which the sacrifice was made, stating that the girl, whom Rama's mother had told him was her daughter, was felled to the ground by Rama, and that, as she lay on the ground, her feet and hands were held by Rama's wife and mother while Rama hacked her with a knife. The body was then put into a basket and hidden away in the loft of the house, where on a second examination of the house by the police blood stains were found on the walls and faggots of wood stored there. It must be mentioned that when the body was found in the river the jewels the girl was last seen wearing were intact with the exception of a pearl nose-ring, and it was stated before the Magistrate that three pearls, said to have formed part of the missing nose-ring, were found in Rama's house. At the Sessions Court, however, Lakhoo withdrew the confession he had made before the Committing Magistrate, and denied all knowledge of the murder. The jury were not satisfied that the pearls produced were really the pearls that belonged to the nose-ring worn by the murdered girl, and unanimously acquitted the four prisoners, who were therefore set free.—*Advocate of India.*

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97. Thagi (Thuggee) by Strangulation.—Some cases have occurred of late years in the North-Western Provinces indicating a revival of the crime of thagi by strangulation. It would, I think, be useful and interesting to collect instances of the recent practice of this atrocious

crime. People are too apt to assume that a practice is extinct because it is no longer a common subject for discussion. I do not myself believe in the complete extinction of any of the forms of peculiar Indian crime, especially of those forms which are practiced hereditarily by certain families. Nor do I believe in the reformation of the members of such families. The taint is in the blood. The *datûra* poisoners are certainly the successors of the thags, who commonly killed by strangulation, and some poisoners have been proved to belong to the families of strangling thags. Instances where such proof has been given would be worth publication. General Hervey gives some in his book *Some Records of Crime.*—*V. A. Smith.*

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98. **Cheros.**—It would appear from the accompanying extract that the Cheros of Palamau claim to be of lunar descent:

"*Ethnography*—Of the many castes of Hindus which inhabit Palamau, the chief is that to which the principal zemindars belong, the Chero subdivision of the Rájpúts. Whether they have a perfect right to be classed under the head of Rájpúts is somewhat questionable, as their features do not exhibit the regularity of their upcountry representatives. The stories that the Cheros tell of their immigration is that 12,000 of them took up service as soldiers under a rája of Palamau, then dethroned him and conferred the sovereignty upon one of their own tribe. Since that time every *boná-fide* Chero has borne, in addition to his other *khitabs*, that of Barahazári,"* *i.e.*, one of the twelve thousand. This is a very pretty sample of what may be termed a lunar myth. The Cheros are aborigines more or less and Palamau is elsewhere stated to be inhabited chiefly by them and Khairwás and Desváris.—Among the Bráhmins of Palamau are a spurious caste named Báhman with the title of Singh.

These would appear to be the children of Bráhmans by aboriginal women. I have myself hunted bison with one such, the son of a Benáres Missir Bráhman. The father was a singularly fair and good-looking Bráhman from Benáres, the son dark and thick lipped. His mother was credited with being of local Ahír caste, but, as a matter of fact, was a pure aborigine. The father had but little difficulty in obtaining a Bráhman wife of good family for his son from Benáres.

I make these remarks, as it appears to me that the spirit of Hinduism has been misunderstood by Europeans. There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that the Hindu caste system is rigid and unalterable; on the contrary, it is easy for a pure aborigine in the 2nd generation to rank as a Rájpút, and any Súdrá by adopting the profession of a *fakír* can obtain admission into the priesthood and perform services in Hindu temples.

This accounts for the extraordinary numbers of mendicants and ascetics—Sadhus, &c.

It would even appear that Europeans can and have been admitted into the pale of Hinduism through the same channel. The Abbé Dubois would seem to have lived among the Hindus as one of themselves, and it is stated in the advertisement to his work that on his approach to a village the house of a Bráhman was uniformly cleared for his reception. Had he adopted the Hindu religion instead of merely observing their outward marks and ceremonies he would in all probability have been accepted as a Bráhman.† In the course of my study of the Hindu religion I have come to see that the very essence of the Hindu system lies in the possibility of social progress in caste, by a strict outward observance of ritual, ceremonial and marriage. It is only by this concession that Bráhmanism succeeded in absorbing Buddhism, and it is by this process that it continues to absorb the fetish worship of aboriginal tribes. The Káiths are a good instance of caste progress. By careful inter-marriage they are probably as a class fairer than Bráhmans, and they are gradually giving up the use of liquors and flesh, and now claim admission into the twice-born caste.

If caste, Varna, is but another name for colour, they certainly have higher claims in this respect than the Rájpúts.—*J. Cockburn.*

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99. **Kewats: Hatred for Menial Service.**—Kewat women are excommunicated if they serve even in the family of a Bráhman as a menial maid-servant. The term *menial service* has a peculiar significance in the homely language of the Hindus of the eastern districts of these provinces at least. It consists in plastering the kitchen house and cleansing the utensils used. Also washing clothes and shampooing and fanning. Men, however, take to menial service, and they are not excommunicated.—*Rámgharíb Chaubé.*

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100. **Bombay: Bhoi Caste: Death Ceremonies.**—The Bhoi, a *fakír* caste in the Deccan have a very remarkable custom at funerals: "The chief mourner drops some earth on the dead and while one of the party keeps the mouth of th

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* *Vide* Hughes on the Daltonganj Coal Field. Memoirs of the Geological Survey of India. 1868, p. 93.

† In a pamphlet called *Caste*, by J. Murdoch, Madras, 188 it is stated that a Maháraja of Travancore was admitted as twice-born (Bráhman) by passing through a golden cow or lot The cow is of the same weight as the donor, and is cut up a distributed among the Bráhmans present.

dead open, the chief mourner carries an earthen vessel filled with water on his shoulders and walks thrice round the grave, a man who walks with him at each turn piercing with the *ashmá* or life stone a hole in the jar, out of which water spouts into the mouth of the corpse. The grave is then filled with earth. The *ashmá* or life stone is carefully kept for ten days. On the second day the mourners visit the grave, sprinkle it with cow curds and clarified butter, bathe and return home. On the tenth with their Bráhman priest they again go to the burying ground. The chief mourner has his face shaved, if he did not shave it on the first day, bathes and fixes four small yellow flags, one on each corner of an altar prepared near the grave, and lays an earthen vessel in the centre of the altar. Wheat flour balls are made and laid on the altar, and the largest of them is left on the altar and offered to the crows. If no crow touches the ball the dead is supposed to be angry, and his ghost will surely haunt the living. So they make a crow of *kúsá* grass and push it against the ball."—*Gazetteer XVII*, 157.

[Can any one give any further information about this *ashmá* or life stone, and is the same custom observed among any other caste in northern India?—Ed.]

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101. **Palamau: The Brijiya and Agariya Tribe.**—The tribe consists of two divisions, Brijiyás and Agariyás: the latter smelt iron, which the former do not, and this, after careful enquiry, I find is the only distinction between them, for they intermarry and have the same customs. There is no doubt that they are a pure aboriginal tribe, and from their language Col. Dalton decides that they are of Kolarian origin. They are probably one of the earliest of the wilder tribes of the great Kolarian family who settled in these parts. They are very shy and quite ignorant of their former history: they distinctly declare that they were not connected with any other tribe: some few of them of late years have entered the villages in the plains in the lesser valleys to the south, and are becoming decent cultivators, but the body of both divisions of the tribe still cling to their fastnesses among the hills. Like all the wilder aboriginal tribes they love a forest life. They make their houses on the spurs of the highest hills, where two or three families will be found living together in wretched little grass huts hardly big enough for a pig with a decent-sized litter. By cutting down the forest and burning the wood they clear a small patch of ground on the top of the spur on which they have fixed their home for the year. Here they sow some scanty crops. They possess neither plough nor hoe, but merely make a small hole in the ground with a pointed bamboo, into which they drop one or two seeds. They never sell their crops, which indeed are hardly sufficient for their own wants, but they give a maund or two of grain by way of rent to the proprietor of the village within the boundary of which the hill is situated. They rarely remain on the same hill for two successive seasons. They collect lac, bee's wax and honey, and also an immense variety of *jungle* roots. The three former and some of the latter they bring down to the plains and barter for grain, salt and tobacco. Their principal food consists of these *jungle* roots and herbs. In appearance the Brijiyás and Agariyás bear little resemblance to the Kol tribes. The features of the men I generally found were long—what would be called lantern jawed—their noses long and pointed, maxillaries large and eyes sunken: some of them I saw with beards. The women, on the contrary, resemble the Múndá women in appearance, particularly the young girls. These, like the rest of their sex, are fond of ornaments and load themselves with red and yellow beads. They appear to have no deities and to have no knowledge of a Supreme Being, though some of them appear to have heard of the universal Devi, but I do not think they worshipped her in any way. On certain days of the year they offer up sacrifices to propitiate the spirits of the departed members of the faimly: this ceremony is called *Múá*. Marriage rarely takes place before the age of puberty. Their marriage ceremonies are very simple—in fact, there is actually no ceremony at all. When a father has a son to marry, he sends either a younger brother or a friend to the girl's father to demand her in marriage: the ambassador is is called *aguá*, and his duty is to receive from the bride's father the sum of Rs. 4, which is the fixed

amount on these occasions, and to see that the necessary provisions for the marriage feast have been collected. When all is ready, he returns and reports, and the bridegroom and his friends then repair to the bride's house, where feasting and drinking go on for two or three days together: dancing is kept up the whole time, or until men, women and children are all too drunk to dance any more. The marriage is consummated on the first night of the proceedings, and the following morning the young couple reappear and join in the fun.—*Mr. L. R. Forbes, Report, p.* 42 *sq.*

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102. **Shahabad: Marriage Customs of Kharwars.**—The procession moves on until it reaches the door of the bride's house. Here the fathers come out to receive and salute. The salutation and music being over, the procession breaks up, and the members retire to the nearest grove for a time for refreshment. When it is night and close to the appointed hour, the native drum (*madal*) commences to play, the procession forms again and marches by torchlight. At the *morai* or nuptial temple the procession stops. This temple is merely an open thatch resting on posts with a raised earthen platform in the middle. On this platform, which serves as the hymeneal altar, the symbolical emblems of procreation, a branch of the *sidáhya* wood, a fresh bamboo and the pole taken from a plough, are set up as the central points. As the men surround the altar the Baigá commences his craft. He is solicited to mark the bamboo, but he heeds not in spite of begging and entreaty, and assumes all the priestly importance possible. The proceedings come to a stand until the Baigá submits to the softening influence of money. A bargain is struck and the offer of a new sheet (*sári*) to his consort cheers him up. The Baigá gets up and heads the procession, which marches and escorts the bride to the *maroi*. The first step in the ceremony of marriage is taken by the Baigá, who marks with vermilion and *ghí* the centre bamboo post, while the female inmates of the house chant the songs suited to the occasion. The pair then sit close to the pole and play a game with *cowrís*, during which each tears away the yellow thread from the wrist of the other. The bride's father then takes a few sheaves of the *kusá* grass, a broad leaf of the sacred *pípal*, over which he places the hand of the bride and offers her to the groom. The groom bends and accepts the offer by marking the bride's forehead with a drop of vermilion, and then the maid becomes a wife. A cloth is then held round the pair, and from above fried grain is dropped down on their heads. The cloth is then withdrawn, and the pair are taken to the decorated room (*kohabar*) to pass the festive night.—*Calcutta Review LXIX*, 362.

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103. **Montgomery: The Kharral Tribe.**—They were Rájputs; their ancestor was Rája Karan of Hastmapur. His descendant Bhúpa left that part and came to Uchh, where he and his son Kharral were converted by the Saint Makhdúm Jahániya Sháh. From Uchh the Kharrals spread over the country about the Ráví. Their principal subdivisions (múhín) are Lakhera, Upera, Ratera, Gogaira, Rausín. The Kharrals never got on with each other. The Lakheras and upper Ráví Kharrals were constantly at feud. The tragic adventure of Mirzá and Sáhíbá is said to have been the cause of desperate quarrels. Mirzá was a Kharral of the Sáhí subdivision and resided at Dánábád. He went as a boy to Khéwá in Jhang, where he fell in love with his cousin Sáhibá, the daughter of the chief man of the place. Her parents betrothed her to a youth of the Chidhar tribe, but before the marriage could take place Mirzá ran away with her. He was pursued and slain. Her relations strangled Sáhibá. The Dánábád Kharrals then attacked the Chidhars and Maineké, to which clan Sáhíba belonged, and recovered the corpses of the lovers and buried them at Dánábád, where the graves may be seen to this day. These murders were the cause of such bloody feuds between the clans that it at length was thought unauspicious to have daughters, and as soon as they were born they were strangled as Sáhibá had been. This custom of female infanticide was common among the Kharrals till Colonel Hamilton, Commissioner of Multán, persuaded them to discontinue it.—*W. E. Purser, Settlement Report, p.* 44.

FOLKTALES.

104. **The Tricks of Diljani the Pilferer.**— A certain rája had four sons, all of whom were married except the youngest, who could not find a wife. The three brothers went off on their travels and left their young brother at home, telling their wives to take care of him. One day he wanted a drink of water and asked his sisters-in-law to give him some, but they said:

"You had better marry Balwanti Ráni, and she will do your bidding."

He was angry at this, and, mounting his horse, set out on his travels. One day in the jungle he saw a man hanging from a tree, and nearly dead. The prince took pity upon him and cut him down. Soon after he saw the man still following him, and asked him his business. He said:

"I am Diljani Chotta, and I know the thoughts of the heart. I will arrange for your marriage to Balwanti Ráni." The prince and Diljani Chotta went on together, and when they got hungry Diljani mounted a magic skin and ordered it to carry him to a baker's shop, where he bought food. At midnight Diljani left the prince and went into the jungle, where he saw a demon (*deo*) giving food to his daughter, and when he had fed her, he shut her up in a box. Diljani stole the box and, bringing it to the prince, said to him:

"Run away with it or you will be caught. I will meet you somewhere or other later on."

The prince was half asleep at the time, and did not attend to Diljani's advice, but left the box beside the tree. In the morning the demon came back, and when he did not find the box he raised a great storm of wind and rain, and began to tear up the trees of the forest. He then came upon the prince and, seizing the box, threw the prince on the top of a tree. The prince was hurt and called for Diljani. When he came he rebuked him for not listening to his advice, and took him down from the tree. Then he put the prince on his horse and told him to wait till he returned. He went again to the house of the demon and found him feeding his daughter. When the demon had gone he stole the box a second time and brought it back to the prince. When he gave it to him, he advised him to ride off with it as quick as he could. In the evening he halted under a tree and fell fast asleep. In the meantime Diljani came to a tank, where he found a notice posted—

"Stay here for the night and then proceed."

Diljani stayed there for the night, and lest he should fall into the tank he tied himself to a tree which over-hung the water. At midnight a snake came out of the tank and, after laying his crest jewel (*mani*) under the tree, began to search for food. In the morning the snake went back to the tank and Diljani went to the prince, and gave him the key of the box in which the demon's daughter was shut up. He asked the prince for two pieces of gold, which he took to a blacksmith and got him to make two large iron pans and an iron chain. After Diljani had gone the prince opened the box and found the girl a beauty such as the world did not contain. Diljani went to the tank and climbed up into the tree. At the usual time the snake came out of the tank and, vomiting out his jewel, began to look for food. Suddenly Diljani dropped the iron pan on the jewel, and when it was covered the darkness of night prevailed again. The snake began to search for his gem, and when he could not find it he fell dead on the pan. When dawn broke Diljani went to the tank to wash it, and found that all the water had dried up except in one corner. There was a little water there, and when he looked in he saw the gate of a great palace. He returned to the prince and gave him the gem and said:

"If you want to get a second wife you had better come with me."

So they both went into the tank with the box. The snake's daughter that lived in the palace said:

"You have managed to come here, but if my father sees you he will kill you."

Then the prince showed her the jewel and said:

"We have killed your father."

She at once embraced him and accepted him as her husband.

The prince stayed there a few days and then went home with his two wives. When his sisters-in-law saw his two lovely brides they were ashamed of the taunting words they had used to him. The prince lived happily and the gem gave him all he desired.

(A folktale told by Rámnandan Lál, Village Accountant of Kon, Mirzapur.)

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105. The Story of Firoz and the Princess.—Once upon a time a merchant died leaving large wealth to his only son Firoz. The boy was soon influenced by vile associates, who plundered him and deserted him when he was reduced to poverty. One day his wife reproached him with his extravagance, and he promised to make a fresh start if he had some capital. His wife gave him one of a pair of gold bangles, the last of her ornaments, which he sold for a hundred rupees. As he was coming home he saw a crowd, and out of curiosity went to see what was going on. On enquiry he found that the dead man owed a hundred rupees and his creditor would not allow the corpse to be buried until his debt was paid. Firoz took pity upon him and, paying the debt, released the corpse.

Firoz went home and told his wife, who gave him the second bangle. This he sold, and was coming home when a respectable-looking man met him and asked him what he was about. Firoz told him he had just raised a hundred rupees, which he intended to invest in some profitable business. "I am glad to hear this," said the stranger. "Suppose I throw in a hundred gold *mohars* and become your partner?" Firoz replied: "I agree. Let us go home and arrange the matter." So they agreed to buy rice and glass bangles *(chúrí)* and take them to a certain island where such things were in demand. Accordingly they bought their stock, hired a ship and started on their voyage.

It happened, however, that the way to this island by the shorter route was dangerous, and that at a certain point a beautiful hand used to emerge out of the sea and drag down and sink ships. The sailors therefore refused to go this way. The friend of Firoz however assured him that he was prepared to meet this danger. The sailors yielded to his assurances and set sail.

In due time they reached the place of danger, and saw a beautiful hand rise out of the sea. The friend of Firoz drew his sword and with one blow cut the hand off, which flew up into the air. As the ship moved forward the hand fell on deck. The partner took up the hand and locked it in a box. They went on, arrived at their destination and disposed of their goods with profit.

One day a person went round asking if any one could cure a patient whose hand had been cut off, and restore the missing portion. The partner of Firoz volunteered to cure the injury. The stranger, who was a *jinn* in human shape, asked him to follow. They went towards the sea and walked straight into the water. The *jinn* asked his companion to close his eyes and not to open them till he got leave. He consented to do so, and at once found himself standing before a splendid palace in the midst of a beautiful garden.

"Now, my friend," said the *jinn*, "you must have guessed by this time what I am. Your patient is the daughter of our king, and if you succeed in curing her her father will give you anything you wish. As a friend, however, I would advise you to ask for the princess' box." Saying this he led him into the palace and presented him to the king.

"May it please your majesty," said the *jinn* "I have brought a physician who undertakes to effect a cure." "Take him to the princess's room," ordered the king. So he was taken to the princess, who was a lady of exquisite beauty, but short of one hand. Her visitor drew from his pocket the missing hand and, joining it to the stump, applied the ointment of King Solomon, by which the wound was instantly cured. The king hearing of the wonderful cure sent for the physician and directed him to ask his reward. "Please your majesty," he answered, "I want nothing but the princess's box." The king persuaded his daughter to give up the box, which she did ver

unwillingly. He also exacted a promise from the princess never to amuse herself again by destroying ships. Then he asked her to send him home, and in her gratitude she offered to escort him.

So she brought him back to the island in the same way as the *jinn* had brought him. There his partner introduced the princess to Firoz, with whom she fell in love at once. At her request Firoz and his partner accompanied her home. By this time Firoz also was in love with her. On hearing of their love her father agreed that they should be married at once, and she consented to come with her husband to his home.

Then his partner took leave of Firoz, and as he was going away he said: " Know, Firoz, I am the man whose debt you paid when you thought me dead. I shall ever be grateful to you. Take this box. The princess will tell you what it contains;" saying this he disappeared; and what was in the box no one has ever been able to find out from that day to this.

(Told by Wazíran, a Mahommedan Ayah, and translated by Mirza Mahmud Beg.)

[The arm of the princess is joined on like that of the girl in Grimm (*Household Tales I*, 379). These kingdoms under the sea appear constantly in the *Arabian Nights*. The ransoming of the corpse is a stock incident in Indian folktales. Apparently the tale is incomplete as regards the episode of the box.—ED.]

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106. **The Prince and the Witch's Daughter.** —Once upon a time there was a rája, who had four sons. The youngest was a very head-strong boy, and used to sit at the well and break the girls' earthen pitchers with his pellet bow as they went to draw water. They complained to the rája, who had iron pitchers made for them and turned the young prince out of doors. The boy was in great grief and started off for the jungle. There he met a Sádhu, who, after the prince had saluted him, asked him who he was. When he heard his story the Sádhu took him as his disciple. One day the Sádhu sent him into the jungle and told him to pluck some flowers as an offering to Mahádeva. Suddenly as he wandered about he came on a grand house, but no one was near the place. He went in through the open door, and in an inner room he saw a beautiful girl dressed in splendid clothes and laden with golden ornaments. He stood still in surprise, but she called him to her and asked him who he was. When he told her his story she said:

"You must marry me, and when my mother comes she will get you flowers. You cannot go to search for flowers in these jungles because they are infested with *bhúts* and demons." So the prince had to marry the girl, though he was reluctant to do so. He stayed with her six months, and then, when her mother returned, his wife changed him into a fly. When the old woman came she said:

"I smell the flesh of a man."

"There is no one here but myself," her daughter said.

When her mother fell asleep the girl changed her husband into a man again. And when she had dressed him in his best clothes said:

"Here is what you were so badly in want of. You can eat him now if you please."

The old woman said:

"I am not hungry just now. You can eat him yourself if you please."

The girl replied:

"I do not care to eat him, but when you wake in the morning you will be wanting to eat him, and you may as well eat him now as then."

"I promise you, my dear, that I will never call for him."

Next morning when the old woman woke she ran at the boy to devour him, but her daughter said:

"Take care, mother, what you are doing. This is the boy whose life you granted me last night, and now I may as well tell you that I have chosen him for my husband."

"Very well, do as you please, my daughter," said her mother. Some time after she asked her mother to give her husband the flowers which he had come to fetch. Her mother said:

"Give him a letter to my brother, who lives in such and such a jungle. He will give him the flowers he needs."

So he went with a letter to his wife's uncle, who said:

"I would never have given these flowers to any one but the son-in-law of my sister. But I must give them to you."

As he was going away the demon gave him a stick and said:

"If you want to go any where you have only to name the place to the stick and you will be carried there."

The boy did so, and was carried at once to the house of his mother-in-law. After staying there some time he asked leave to take the flowers to the Sádhu, who was much pleased and offered them to Mahádeva. Then in return he gave the prince an old quilt and said:

"The virtue of this quilt is such that it will give you anything you desire."

When he got home the prince threw the quilt on the ground and called for a great army, which appeared at once. When his father heard that a foreign king with an enormous force had invaded his dominions he was sore afraid and went alone to the camp of the enemy to beg forgiveness. The prince fell on his knees before him and said:

"I am your son whom long ago you expelled from your dominions."

His father embraced him and, abdicating the throne in his favour, made him king in his stead. So he and his wife lived happily ever after.

May Parameswar restore us as He restored him.

(A folktale told by Shyám Lál, Orderly, Etah District, North-Western Provinces, recorded by Pandit Rámgharíb Chaubé.)

[For these magic quilts and sticks see Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions* I., 72 *sqq.* Tawney *Katha Sarit Sagara* I., 14: I 571: Jacobs *Folklore Congress*, *p.* 93. The "Fee fo, fum" is in the original *Manush gandh*, "the smell of human flesh."

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107. **The Banker Chunni Sahu and his Wife.**—There was once a banker of Ujjain, named Chunni Sahu, who was married to the daughter of Lalman Sahu of Gwalior. He had not yet brought his wife home, and he was anxious to see how she got on at her father's house. So he disguised himself like a jogi and went to the house of the girl's father and stood begging at the door. Now, before he started he hung round his waist the great Naulakha Hár or necklace worth nine lákhs of rupees, and when his wife came out to give him alms he raised the corner of his sheet and let her catch a glimpse of it. When she saw it she was seized with a great desire to possess it, and she asked the jogi to give it to her. "Only give me a kiss," said he, "and you shall have it." So she kissed him and took the jewel.

By and by he brought his wife home, and every day he, used to say: "Let people who kiss be hanged." She could not help thinking that he must have seen her kiss the jogi, so she was overwhelmed with grief and shame, and began to waste away, till her father, hearing that she was in bad health, came and took her home with him.

Then she began to plan how she could be even with her husband, so she told her father that she was going on a pilgrimage, and she took some of her father's best horses and started. When she came to Ujjain she halted and offered to sell the horses. Many purchasers came and among them her husband. When she spoke to him from behind the curtain she asked a lákh of rupees for each horse. He was very anxious to buy, but could not afford the price. At last she said: "Do a small thing and you shall have them. Touch with your lips the refuse of the betel which I have chewed and the horses are yours." He did so, and then she laughed and repeated the verse—

Pán pík cháti jabai tab páyo hay ráj

Bár bár tarakain karat, kahain páyo hár ráj.

"When you touched the waste betel you got the king of horses; why are you taunting me with getting the king of garlands?"

So the banker was ashamed, and was glad to let the matter be forgotten.

(A folktale told by Gokul, Student of the Bangara School, Jalaun District.)

108. The Brahman and the Demons.—There was once a Bráhman who was reduced to poverty, and one night his wife said to him: "You had better go to-morrow morning to the rája and see if he will do anything for you." When the Bráhman went to the rája he said: "All I can do for you just now is to give you the old waste mound behind my palace, but I warn you that it is inhabited by demons (*déo*)." The Bráhman could do nothing but accept the offer, and when he came back and told his wife she said: "You must get up early in the morning and begin to dig it."

Now the Bráhman was so poor that he had no plough and oxen, only a spade. And the moment he began to dig the *déos* appeared. They asked him what he meant by interfering with the place where they lived. "I got it from the rája," said the Bráhman. "Well, if that be so," said the leader of the *déos*, "we will give you ninety maunds of grain yearly if you will let the field alone." The Bráhman knew that this was ten times what the field would bring forth, so he closed with the bargain, and came home and told his wife, who was equally well pleased with the arrangement.

By and by an old *déo*, who had only one eye and was noted for his craftiness, came home, and when he heard of the matter he was wroth. "Pay the Bráhman grain yearly!" said he, "I never heard of such a thing. I will go and make him pay us." When he came to the Bráhman's house he could discover no way of getting in except through the drain. Now the Bráhman's wife was much troubled by a pariah dog which used to come in by the drain and rob her; so when she heard the *déo* making a rattle in the drain she whispered to her husband "Here comes that accursed dog. Get your bludgeon and be ready." So the moment the *déo* put his head inside the Bráhman struck him such a blow that he remembered the milk he drank on the sixth day after he was born. (*Chhatthi ka dúdh yád agaya*).* When the *déo* was hit on the head he was sore afraid. And when the Bráhman angrily asked him what he wanted he said: "Spare me. I am only one of your unfortunate friends the *déos*, and I merely came to ask whether you would have the rice husked or cleaned?" "I want clean rice, of course," said the Bráhman. When the old *déo* came back and told his friends what had happened they never ceased upbraiding him and said: "You have only made matters worse. Now you will have to husk the Bráhman's rice yourself." And sure enough he had to husk it for the rest of his life.

(A folktale told by Ghazi Bakhsh, Darzi of Dandupur, Allahabad.)

* This is an idiom for a severe blow.

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109. The Worth of Learning.—There was once a rája who had a son, and when he was growing up he consulted his wazír as to what he should be taught. So the wazír selected a pandit, who trained the boy in all kinds of wisdom. One day the boy went to the shop of a greengrocer and said: "Take some of my learning and give me some fruits and radishes in exchange." But the greengrocer answered: "What do I want of your learning? Bring me pice and you can buy what I have in my shop."

The boy went home and told the rája of this, and said: "What then is the use of wisdom?" His father gave him a handful of pearls and said: "Take these to the greengrocer."

When the boy took them to the greengrocer he said: "What use are these worthless stones to me?"

The boy come back and told the rája what he had said. His father said: "Take them to the jeweller and see what he says."

When the jeweller saw the pearls he readily exchanged them for a large sum of money. Then the rája said: "You see by this that those who are ignorant have no sense of the value of wisdom."

(A folktale told by Ram Lal, of Kach wa School, Mirzapur District.)

MISCELLANEA.

110. **Mud Daubing of Trees.**—With reference to the daubing of trees in the eastern districts with mud and hair, now so much talked of, the following parallel case is of interest :—

"*22nd April* [1867] *Hamilton Hotel, Delhi.*

"The first of the milestones leading out of Delhi along the Grand Trunk Road, in the direction of Karneil, was observed this morning to be smeared with a reddish colour. This has lately happened at Meerut and other places, and on the gateway pillars of European residents, the work, I apprehend, of local *badmashes*, whose object is to create a sense of something being intended." (Hervey, *Some Records of Crime, Vol II, p.* 11.)—*V. A. Smith.*

111. **A Punjab Superstition.**—As a supposed preventive against cattle disease, this is the time of the year when the *tonah* ceremony is pretty generally performed in the districts of the Punjab. Belief in it is more general among Hindus than Mahomedans, though the practice is pretty common even among the latter. The ceremony lies in hanging peculiar earthen cups on ropes across the principal lanes leading into villages. Sadhus and faqírs seat themselves on either side of the rope with chatties full of holy water, and they keep up offering prayers and sprinkling water on the cattle as they pass under. This is supposed to scare away the evil demon. As a precautionary measure this is being done in a good many villages in the Umballa district at present, though, of course, there is no cattle disease to speak of.

112. **Alleged Traditions of Asoka.**—General Hervey in his book *Some Records of Crime* (London, 1892, Vol. I, p. 9) asserts, writing at Agra at the close of 1866, that Asoka's name is in every prince's mouth, and his memory is constantly invoked." The princes alluded to seem to be those of Rjáputana.

Is there any truth in the assertion that there are real current traditions of Asoka? I doubt it. Every page of General Hervey's book shows that he is no scholar, but scholar or not, he must have some ground for the strange statement quoted.—*V. A. Smith.*

113. **Kumaun : A Building made of Nine Stones.**—In the village of Talli Mánali, Pargana Káli, Kumaun, is a building said to have been erected by the priests of some rája ; each of the outer walls is built of only nine stones.—*Ganga Dat Upreti.*

114. **Hardoi : Ghostly Warriors.**—The Kurmís were defeated by Rája Gauri Shankar, and to this day in the dead of night the lonely watcher in the fields hears from the deserted mound the shouts of the conquering Bráhmans and the shrieks of the slaughtered garrison.—*Settlement Report, p.* 151.

115. **N.-W. P: Specifics for the Evil Eye.**—The forehead of an infant is generally marked with lamp-black to keep him from the evil eye.

When a child is taken out of the house a lamp-black pan (*kajrauta*) is carried with him, and when it sleeps it is put under its head.—*Pandit Kashi Nath, Muzaffarnagar.*

116. **Mirzapur: A Rural Form of Exorcism.**—Light a lamp and then worship the Panch Pir with the offering of a goat and repeat the following spell to induce religious ecstacy :—

Levi kai diawana dharm chauara :
Atho ang mori, daso nah jori :
Deva ganra se binati karai.

I light the lamp on the holy altar, having bent the eight parts of my body and having found my ten nails, I solicit a boon from our village god.—*W. Crooke.*

117. **The Philosopher's Stone in the Punjab.**—*Badmashes*, disguised as faqírs, are again wandering about in the Punjab, pretending that they possess herbal secrets by which they can convert copper or silver into gold, eventually decamping with the copper and silver entrusted to them. The other day one of these sham faqírs came to a cloth merchant at Jhelam, and was kind enough to turn a copper pice into gold. Then the swindler got some eight hundred rupees worth of jewelry from the man and promised to return him ten times its value in gold. For about two days and nights they watched the magic furnace together, but on the eclipse night the sham faqír went to the river to bathe in the sacred stream of Hydaspes, and disappeared with the booty. The foolish cloth merchant has lost all his own jewelry as well as much of his neighbours.'

118. **Yawning.**—When a man happens to yawn, one of those present should snap the fingers. The reason for doing so is thus given : Once a man while yawning drew a long breath and expired. The snapping of the fingers diverts his attention and makes him draw shorter breath.—*Pandit Kashi Náth, Muzaffarnagar.*

[The more usual explanation is that it is a precaution lest evil spirits (*bhút*) should go down the man's throat as he yawns.—ED.]

119. Palamau: Discovery of Witches.—The ceremony performed by the Ojhá to discover a witch is called *kansa kurthi*, and much resembles the old Scotch superstition. On these occasions the Ojhá, when sent for, either calls in the assistance of a brother in the craft or brings with him one or two of his disciples (*chelá*) who have a smattering of the art. A bell metal (*kansa*) tray (*tháli*) is produced and filled with pure water, into which a small handful of the coarse *kurthi* pulse is thrown This dish is placed in the sun, and the Ojhá, repeating in a low voice certain incantations, looks steadily into the dish, observing the shadow produced by the grains which float on the top of the water. After the lapse of some minutes he retires to a short distance, and his place is taken by another, who also looks into the dish. The Ojhá then proceeds to question him as to what he sees: question succeeds question: now he sees this, now that: but there is of course collusion between the parties, and the person who is, as agreed upon, to be denounced is eventually named. A barren woman is generally chosen as the person to be denounced. Murder often follows the denouncement of witches, for which the Ojhás are to be held responsible. The unfortunate woman denounced is perfectly helpless. She cannot hope to be believed, let her deny ever so stoutly, and all she can do is to consent to withdraw the spell.—*Mr. L. R. Forbes, Report, p.* 55 *sq.*

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120. Rohilkhand: Unlucky Trees.—In Rohilkhand it is considered very unlucky to sow or plant either jack trees or bamboos, but although I have planted both I have failed to find the reason for the superstition.—*H. Finch.*

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121. Palamau: Witchcraft.—Witchcraft emanates from the devil. The witch casts her spell in secret: she wishes a child to die and has only to say "What a fine child that is!" or "How well that child is looking!" and the spell is cast. A mother is proud of her child's hair, and the witch in the dead of night takes a piece of thread, mutters the child's name, severs the thread and lo! in the morning the beautiful hair is gone.—*Mr. L. R. Forbes, Report, p.* 55.

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122. Contempt shown by putting a Jackal on the Throne.—The Rája of Gárwára fought the Partábgarh Rája and was beaten. To express his contempt for his foe the victor got a jackal, named it Shiudás and put it on the throne (*gaddi*) and kept the unfortunate animal there for twelve years.—*Partábgarh Settlement Report, p.* 107.

123. Sultanpur: An Image of Bikramaditya.—At Bikhar on the border of a tank is an image of Bikramaditya. The head of it is now only visible, and even that is said to be gradually disappearing in horror at the depravity of modern days. One account is that Bikramaditya here lost his life in battle. Another is that a certain faqír by way of showing his veneration for Bhawáni cut off his head and presented it as an offering to the goddess. So she caused his head to return to his shoulders and presented him with a buffalo-load of gold. The faqír distributed the gold in charity and repeated the same ceremony every day with the same satisfactory results. Vikramaditya heard of this, and his enterprising spirit prompted him to attempt the feat. He was no less successful than the faqír, and his statue bears witness to the circumstance.—*Settlement Report, p.* 45 *sq.*

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124. The Worship of Cholera.—In Lower Bengal Dr. Macnamara, a great authority, whose "History of Asiatic Cholera" is a text-book on the subject—and a very confused text-book it is—says that the natives have for a long time past worshipped the Goddess of Cholera as the *Ula Bibi*, whose temple is at Calcutta. The tradition is that, at an early period, the date of which cannot now be ascertained—"once upon a time"—a female, while wandering about in the woods, met with a large stone, the symbol of the Goddess of Cholera; and it became a prevalent idea among the Hindus that the worship of the deity through the stone was the only means of preservation from the influence of the disease. As the fame of the goddess spread, people flocked from all parts of the country to her shrine at Calcutta. Apart from the period of a cholera epidemic, the temple was most frequented by pilgrims in the months of April, May, and June. The votaries of the goddess fast in the morning and evening, partaking of a dish of crushed rice and *dahi*, a preparation of milk, at two o'clock in the afternoon. At the time of which Dr. Macnamara writes, between three and four hundred females used to worship after this fashion every Tuesday and Saturday. All of these used to bring offerings. The idol was at one period productive of a large income to the priestly family into whose possession it had passed, but latterly the income has only amounted to between £30 and £40 a year. Originally the home of the idol was under a bamboo shed, but about 1720 an English merchant, to give pleasure to his native friends, built a temple for it. This becoming inconveniently situated thirty years later, Mr. Duncan, who had married a Mahommedan lady, erected the temple at present in use, his contribution amounting to £600. "The old rude stone was transferred

to the new temple, and a somewhat elaborate idol constructed. It represents in the centre a carcase with a vulture preying upon it. Upon the back of the vulture the goddess, with folded hands, is represented in a sitting posture. On her right is Manása, the goddess of serpents; next to her is Sivá, the destroying principle. Next comes a female in a suppliant posture, and a male afflicted with the disease: the female is supposed to be praying to Sivá for the recovery of her husband. On the left of the goddess are the idols of Sitála, the goddess of small-pox, and of Sashthi, the goddess presiding over infants and children."

125. **The Saint Sharaf-ud-din Yahiya Muneri.**—This saint once visited Unáo He chose out a little square plot of ground and had mud walls built round it, with no door, to the height of 10 feet. Here he performed a forty days' fast (*chillá*), sitting nude in his little castle and holding no communication with the world outside. At the end of the time he gave a signal that he wanted to come out, and on the wall being knocked down, he walked forth, rather thinner than before, but otherwise much as usual. On one occasion he saw some children pelting each other with unripe plums, and promised to supply them with ripe plums if they would shut their eyes for a minute. They all did so, but one little urchin peeped through the corner of his eyes and saw the holy man take off his cap and walk three times solemnly round it, and then take it up and shake the ripe fruit out. So when they had eaten al' the plums, the boy told his compan ions how the miracle had been performed. On this the Saint cursed him, saying that his descendants should be always one-eyed. There was a man named Ja'afar also against whom the Saint uttered this imprecation. that his family should be always unsuccessful, and that, sweep as they might, their houses should never be free from spiders. Both these curses, Tálib Ali says, were in force against the families of the original offenders in his day.—*Chronicles of Unao*, 95 *sq.*

126. **Cakes: A Muhammedan Superstition.**—Muhammedan women do not allow their children to take off the upper layer of a cake or bread and eat it separately from the lower layer, for they believe that their doing so will bring on them and the whole family misfortune.

127. **Chhatarpur Wells.**—It is believed here that the water of a well is sweet if the man who has it dug gives up the use of salt during the time the well is being dug. On the other hand, if he does not give it up, but continues eating salt, the water is brackish.—*Bhagwan Dás.*

128. **Chhatarpur: The Hanra Uthana Ceremony in Carriages:**—Among the Baniyás here, when the bridegroom, with his relatives comes to the house of the bride on the first day, *i. e*, the Agouní day, the maternal uncle of the bridegroom has to undergo a serve ordeal. A large brass vessel, which is given as a dowry, is placed with one or two small pots above on one side of the house door. Near it are placed one or two vessels full of rotten flour and turmeric which have been fermented for about 10 or 15 days. Some women stand ready with brushes to throw this stuff on the body of the maternal uncle. When the party of the bridegroom has gone away the maternal uncle dresses himself in old clothes and, wrapping a cloth round his face, comes to take away the vessel. The women shower their volley on the poor man, and a very interesting scene occurs. If the uncle does not happen to be an active fellow, he gets very much worsted.—*Bhagwan Dás.*

On a hill near Harpalpore railway station the (I.-M. Ry.) there is a *mathia*, small temple. This is a temple of Yad Kumári Davi. She was the daughter of an Ahír in a neighbouring village. Her father betrothed her to two boys, and both the parties came to claim her hand. The girl, hearing of the approach of two *baráts* (marriage processions) ran to the hill, and there prayed that she might be swallowed by the earth. Mother Earth opened and gave her room in her bosom. She is now worshipped as a Davi.—*Bhagwan Dás, Chhatarpur.*

129. **Chhatarpur: Rhyme about Baniyas.**—

Bániyá siyáni ját manio hamári bat:
Chhanye men hoi ton ghamen main dariye.

The Baniya is a cunning race, take my word for it. If he be in the shade, drag him into the sun.

There is a saying current in the N.-W. P. about the Baniyas which is as follows:—

"*Jis ka howe Baniyá yár,*
Usko dushman kyá darkár."

He who has a Baniya for his friend does not require an enemy.—*Bhagwan Dás.*

130. **Chhatarpur: Omen of Rain—Saying.**—
Sukra bár ki bádri rah? Sanichar Chác.
Aiso bolai Bhaddari be barse ná Jae.

The cloud (coming) on Friday and hanging till Saturday, so says the Bhaddarí, it never goes without raining.
—*Bhagwan Dás.*

131. **Chhatarpur: Sneezing.**—
Chinkat jeniyyen pariye khat—
Par ghar jaiye na ringiyé bat.

Eat while some body is sneezing and go to bed, but go not to another's house, nor go on a journey.—*Bhagwan Dás.*

132. **Chhatarpur: Sayings.**

1. *Kháe ke paraho—már ke tar raho.*

Lie down after eating and go away after beating (some one).

133. **Chhatarpur:—Lizard and Chameleon.—Saying.—** "*Dhái charhe Chipkali tút parai girdhan.*"

"If the lizard runs up and the chameleon falls down:"

This is considered very lucky. On the other hand, if the reverse happens, *i. e.*, the lizard falls down and the chameleon runs up, it is considered unlucky.—*Bhagwan Dás.*

134. **Miraculous Occurrences in India.**—The tale of marvels "Among the Adepts of Serinagur" is continued by Dr Heinrich Hensoldt (of whom a full-page portrait is given) in the February *Arena* He traces the civilisation of Rome and Greece through Egypt to India, and declares the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to be "but poor imitations of the *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana*, the great Hindu epics of fabulous antiquity." "It will take us another thousand years to reach the knowledge which the Hindus already possessed at the time when Sanskrit was the spoken language." The writer tells two marvellous incidents of his stay with the adepts.

A LIGHT THAT CAST NO SHADOW.

Taken one evening to see their library by Coomra, his guide, he lamented that he could not see anything in "the inky darkness," the night being "pitch dark." "What a pity," he exclaimed, "we did not bring a lantern with us."

"Oh, I forgot," said the adept, and suddenly, as if at the fiat of some unseen power, a flood of light surrounded me, and I found myself in a high-roofed apartment devoid of furniture, except an old chest and two sheepskins in the middle of the floor. The light was certainly not produced by any artificial means: it was as bright as day, and of that unearthly refulgence which on more than one previous occasion had startled me in certain of the feats of Yogis in Central India The objects in this light cast no shadows, which clearly proves that its source cannot be an incandescent body like the sun, or any other radiating point. The nearest definition—although a poor one—which I can give of this light is that of a luminous fluid, which is suddenly precipitated over a limited space, and in which the objects seem to be immersed. On this occasion the light did not extend beyond the threshold of the apartment, where it did not merge by gradual transition into the darkness of the corridor, but seemed cut off by a sharp demarcation line. The same was the case with the windows, which were square holes in the wall: there was inky darkness and the drizzling rain without.

"THE ENCHANTED ROCK."

Dr. Hensoldt noticed one day a huge boulder which "proved to be an erratic block of the dimensions of a small mountain, height about sixty feet, and total width at the base somewhere near forty. Its composition was that of a porphyritic conglomerate, with quartz and flesh-coloured feldspar as chief ingredients." A cave on one side of it he afterwards entered with his guide. On his complaining of the darkness, Coomra took his hammer, and—

"You shall be your own torch-bearer," he said, placing the hammer again in my hand. "Take hold of the steel end and let the handle be pointed upwards, as you would carry a candle." As I seized the hammer in the manner desired, Coomra Sámi lowered his head, till his lips were within a couple of inches of the wood. Then he blew steadily against the extremity of the latter, when, after a lapse of about five seconds, a bright flame, preceded by a crackling noise, suddenly burst from the end of the handle. . . . The hammer handle made an excellent torch, in spite of its being composed of an exceedingly hard wood.

After twenty-five yards of this torchlight procession, they gained once more the open air. On turning round Dr. Hensoldt discovered that "the huge boulder was no longer there. It had vanished!" Yet it had been obtrusively visible at least three miles away. Then the doctor returned into the slight hollow from which he had just emerged, and found himself again in the dark passage.

In less than a minute and a half I reached the original entrance of the cavern, the "lion's mouth," thus finding myself once more in front of the huge rock. This manœuvre I repeated over twenty times during the course of the next three months—always with the same result.

135. **The Saint Makhdum Jahania Jahangasht: A Legend.**—In Partábgarh it is said that the Dámghánis and the Sayyids were firm friends, and their chief instituted a vast mess or rotatory system of mutual entertainments, at which 989 palanquins might be seen collected at the door of the entertainer. At one of these festivals, given

by a Dámgháni the Saint Jaháníya Jahánghast came and asked for food. They jeeringly bade him wait till the occupants of the 989 palanquins had been served; but the Sayyids treated him better. Then he blessed and they became rájas, but cursed the Dámghánis, who from that day decreased, and now none of them can go to Mánikpur without getting a headache—*Settlement Report*, *p.* 126.

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136. Garhwal: Unlucky Days.—

Budh bár ka kiyà payáná,
Jaisa áná taisá jáná.

One who commences his travel on Wednesday, his journey will be of no good.—*Azizuddin Ahmed.*

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137. Behar: Village Names based on Superstitions.— A story accounts for the name Hazrat Jandaha, a well-known town in the subdivision of Hájipur. The revered Musalmán saint, whose tomb is still pointed out there and who gave the name to the town and the river that flows past, was known as Díwán Ali Sháh. It is said that one hot summer day he felt very thirsty and asked a by-stander to fetch him some water. The man was rude enough to reply that there was no water to be had close by, whereupon the Sháh got very angry, and in his anger called on the waters to flow that way, saying *Beáh* (Persian) "come." Immediately a river began to approach the place, cutting furiously the intervening land and causing devastation and ruin to thousands of villages as it advanced. This so terrified the neighbouring people, that they came in a body and implored the Sháh to have mercy upon them and cause the river to cease cutting their lands. He then called *Jandah*, "don't drown", and the river stopped encroaching and began to flow quietly in its present channel. Thus the river was called Báyeh and the town Jandaha.—*Calcutta Review CXII.*, 50.

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138. Madras: A Remedy against the Evil Eye.—At Kurichedu, a number of Brahman girls and women waved burning camphor (*harathi*) before the Governor, which, tradition has it, will ward off any evil eye that may be cast upon His Excellency.

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139. N.-W. P: Mentioning and Seeing Monkeys.— Seeing a monkey in the morning or when a person is about to start on a journey is propitious, but to call a monkey by name is unpropitious. When it is necessary to name a monkey he should be called Hanumán.—*Pandit Kashi Náth, Muzaffarnagar.*

140. Firozpur: Propitiation of the River Sutlaj.— The people themselves are very superstitious on the subject of the inroads of the river. They have several imaginary methods of arresting its destructive course. The practice they consider most efficacious is to throw a number of goats into the stream, and day after day, as the river cuts away fresh fields, several of these unfortunate animals are sacrificed. Faqírs and other sacred persons are also sometimes engaged to offer up prayers to the heavenly powers for the same purpose.—*Settlement Report*, *p.* 6.

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141. Faizabad: Worship of a Brahman Martyr.— A Bráhman, by name Dharmangat Panre, was murdered by the Rajkumar Chhattris of Bhurnadi, and this sin was visited on the heads of the latter by the spirit of the deceased, for they soon lost the village. The memory of the Bráhman martyr is still honoured on 25th of Kuár and an annual fair is held in his honour.—*Settlement Report*, *p.* 146.

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142. Garha ka kot Mound: its Legend.—It is said that at night a mysterious being comes to the Garha ká kot mound in Azamgarh riding on an elephant, performs the burnt sacrifice (*hôm*) there, and that afterwards the ashes of the *hôm* and elephant dung are sometimes found there.—*Archæological Reports XXII*, *p.* 107.

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143. The Marble Rocks of the Narbada: A Legend.— In the narrow channel of the Narbada, winding between the white marble rocks, there is one place where the cliffs approach so closely that the people have named it "The monkey's leap" (*bandar kudni*); this passage is said to have been made by Indrá, and the round mark of his elephant's feet are still pointed out on the rocks. According to the legend, the monkey who gave the name to this narrow part of the river lost her life in attempting to leap across. She fell into a clump of bamboos, where her head stuck fast, while her body fell into the Narbada. In her next birth this monkey became the daughter of the Rája of Kásí or Benares. In person she was faultless, but she had a monkey's head. Learned Bráhmans were consulted, who gave their opinion that the monkey's head was derived from her previous birth, that her monkey's body had been purified by immersion in the holy waters of the Narbada, but the head was stil impure. The monkey's head was accordingly diligently sought for and taken from its bamboo tomb, when, after immersion in the Narbada, the princess suddenly found her head changed into that of a lovely girl.—*Archæological Reports IX*, *p.* 74.

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DEVOTED TO THE SYSTEMATIC COLLECTION OF AUTHENTIC NOTES AND SCRAPS OF INFORMATION REGARDING THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM CROOKE, *B. A.*

Member, Asiatic Society of Bengal, and Folklore Society, Bengal Civil Service.

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POPULAR RELIGION.

144. **Bihundah Fairs—Kulu.**—In the era of the Rishís, there were three kinds of sacrifice: the narmedi, gaumedi, and asvamedi, or sacrifices of men, kine and horses. These great sacrifices were performed by any one who had subdued the whole world, *e. g.*, the Pandavas performed the horse-sacrifice. All the Rishís of renown used to assemble and sacrifice, and at the end of the time of sacrifice they used to slaughter the man or animal, calling in the deotá's name and burning the flesh. Then the bones were collected, and their prayers had such efficacy, that the man or animal was restored to life.

But after their era, goats and sheep began to be sacrificed, and instead of killing a man, he was lowered on a rope, leaving it to chance whether he was killed or not. The Bihundah Mélá is the old narmedi jag, and the customs and rites are the same. The great fair is held at Nirmand, because Jamdaggan Rikhí being angry for some cause with his wife Ambiká, mother of Paras Rám, ordered the latter to beat her, and he did so. In expiation Paras Rám gave land to Bráhmans of Nirmand, who in return agreed to spend one-tenth of the produce on this Bihundah Fair. As the Beda caste was appointed as before to ride down the rope, the fair was called Bihundah, though some say Bihundah is a corruption of Baudhár or temple treasure-house. It is held at fixed periods at Nirmand only; elsewhere it is held when enough money, &c., has been saved. The Nirmand Fair is held in the same year as the Kumbh Fair in the Ganges, once in 12 years. Three years after each Bihundah is held the Bihundi jag; three years after that the Bhatpur jag occurs; and again three years later the Sauti jag. These though attended by several deotás are of much less importance than the Bihundah. They have no connection with Paras Rám, and a Beda is not lowered on a rope.

Before the recent Bihundah at Nirmand there had been Bihundahs at Nithar (Buddha Mahadev) at Naraingarh, Shamsar (Mahadev) at Srigarh (Benah), and in December, 1892, at Gorah, in Rampur State, at which latter a Beda had been lowered on a rope.

The rope for the sacrifice is made of grass, cut at a propitious time, with music, two-and-a-half months before the fair, and the Beda himself

makes it, performing constant ablutions while working at it. When it is made the right length it is placed in the temple, and if any one steps across it he is fined a goat, which is sacrificed, and the rope must be re-made. No one may approach it with shoes on or with anything likely to defile it. It is reverenced as a deotá. On the day of the fair it is lifted with great respect on the heads of men and taken to the cliff, where it is securely fastened. At every stage a goat or sheep is sacrificed to it, and when fixed the Beda is placed on it. No other caste can make or ride it, and the Bedas regard this as a privilege and deem it disgraceful to refuse the descent. It is a profitable venture, as the Beda is fed by the people for a year, besides obtaining Rs. 84 in cash, jewelry and clothes, with other presents for his wife also.

Sacrifices are begun in temples where means are available for a Bihundah 2½ years beforehand. Four Brahmáns pray and sacrifice daily by burning rice, fruit, *ghi* and goat's flesh, the fire being placed in an earthern vessel sunk some four feet in the ground, an image of Káli being set up opposite to it, and small brass images of Káli being placed near it. This vessel is called nábhe kúnd, and it is only opened for the Bihundah, a large stone being placed over it in which the sacrifices at the Bihundis, &c., are performed. Before the fair the deotás are summoned, and the ceremony cannot take place until they come. The mohrah or image of a deotá does not attend: the *kals* or silver vessel full of water is alone brought. The deotás who must attend are those of Khán, Mahel (in Suket), Nirt Nagar (in Rampur) and Nirmand (in Kulu). These are said to be five brothers. In addition thereof Lalsah, Dádsah, Sanír and Sanglah (in Rampur) [called the atádi deotás] should also attend. Others may do so.

On a fixed day, called *chhamachhi*, a picture of a pine tree is made of *séndúr* (vermilion) on a clean place in front of the temple, and the deotá who is to commence the fair is worshipped by the Bráhmans. At this place also a fight takes place, and then all the *kalsas* of the deotás are collected and prayers recited.

All the deotás then go into the *kothi* of the temple (place where the treasure-house, &c., are) on to the upper storey, and a *rath* of Shibji of white thread and a similar tree picture to that outside is also made on the ground.

On top of this is put a plate of *kánsa* filled with rice, and a cocoanut wrapped in silk clothes is placed on top of the rice. In places on the picture are put cakes, rice, *másh* cakes with lamps at each corner. The *kalsas* are brought in and placed in order round the *dol* or *rath*, and if any *mohrah* of the *deotás* have come they are placed on a clean spot near the wall. Grain is then given to the people from the temple store-house. This is called chhamchani or invitation. Next day the deotá's *gur* (*guru*) comes with the deotá and the people cook cakes and worship round the village (sikpher) in which the temple is. Goats, sheep, and surin are killed, and again a mock struggle occurs, any one who likes taking an animal. When the circuit of the village is complete a number of sheep and goats are cruelly slain in the *kothi* of the temple. On the third day the rope is worshipped, and goats, &c., sacrificed to it. The rope is then fastened on a cliff as described before, one end high up and the other lower down. The Beda bathes and is taken to the kúnd (of sacrifice). The Bráhman worships him, and he is considered a god, the same worship being paid him as is paid to a *deotá*. Five valuable things (*panchratn*) are placed in his mouth, as is done at the death of a Hindú. Then he is clothed in a *pagri* and *kurta*, and being placed on a goal is taken outside the temple. The Beda gives presents to the people, and is next made to ride on the kárdár's back (kárdár, manager of a temple), and music is played as at a funeral. His wife and children, unclothed, sit beneath the rope and lament. At the top of the rope four *kunbhs* or vessels are placed, over which a board is put. The rope is fixed in the earth, passing over the board. A wooden saddle, like those used on *jholas* or rope bridges, is placed on the rope, and on this the Beda sits, being firmly tied on to the rope. Skins of earth of equal weight are placed on each thigh and a white handkerchief is placed in his hand. He is lowered at first with ropes to test the balance, and then some barley is tied to his waist. These ropes are then cut and the Beda slides down. He is taken oft at the bottom, and he and his family beg of the people, taking whatever they touch. He and his wife are taken to the temple, Rs. 84 and jewelry, &c., being given them. They are danced two-and-a-half times round in a circle and dismissed. On the fourth day after the temple gives presents to the deotás and people, and the fair ends. This is called the *Beai jág*.

This year a goat was lowered in place of a man, with the usual accompaniments. The rope is called a jiáí, and one account given me was that the muafidárs of the temples usually make the rope. The Bedas are a low caste of dancers. These fairs are held at Nirmand (Dur Ambká), Nithar, Dalash, Dhamsa in Busahir, and certain other places--all on the slopes running down to the Sutlej. Bihundahs do not take place in Kulu itself, but very similar ceremonies (Ganer), in which grass ropes play a conspicuous part, are common, and there is a tradition that men used to be lowered over the cliffs on the Beas on

ropes of their own making. Their names are recorded in the temple records and are remembered with honour. Further at *Khai* (Sk. Kháyá ?) festivals the pánchratn or five precious things are placed in a man's mouth.

There is an account of a "Bhoonda" in Traill's Statistical Account of Kumaon, p. 69. (Reprinted from Asiatic Researches, Vol. XLI in Batten's Official Reports on Kumaon, 1851.) Captain Harcourt also gave a short account in his Himalayan Districts of Kooloo, Lahoul and Spiti, 1874.—*H. A. Rose, C. S., Kulu.*

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145. **Beggar's Song.**—The following is a good example of the popular village religious song of Upper India. It was sung by a member of the Khappariya class of Faqírs in the Mirzápur district. It gives in a popular form the famous legend how King Dasaratha in mistake for a deer killed the dutiful son of two blind people, and was cursed by them. The language is rude, but quite intelligible:—

Pahale nír khír se bhare
Duje mátá pind men dhare.
Sát más satmása bhae.
Ath más ka jiye na koy.
Nawen más ka duniya bhaye.
Dase más men Srawan bhaye.
Pothi lo Bráhman ghar gaye.
Bárah baras ke Srawan chaye.
Pandit likhyo Ved dui chár.
Tiriya byahe sait nár.
Pandit kahin pothín bichár.
Tiriya likhi karkasa nár.
Ekádashi ko lagan dharai.
Duádashi ko mánro gár.
Teras ke til máthan hoy
Chaturdashi ke bhanwari pare.
Byáh ke Sarwan ghar kán chale.
Sun le tiriya hamár.
Hamare gharen ek andhi mai.
Hamare ghar ek andha pitá.
Unki sewa karo banay.
Turten tiriya dín jawáb.
Sun lo swámi bachan hamár.
Búrh khái gánthi kai jái.
Búrhe kai sewa na kai jái.
Tum swámi naihar ko chalo.
Naihar swámi karabe ráj.
Hamare naihar upje khir.
Khánr khír ghar baithe kháb.
Srawan turtai dín jawáb.
Tore naihar láge ág.
Sewa mái báp hai karab.
Kotin tirath gharhin karab.
Khát piyat din das ek bhaye.
Din din tiriya kapato karai.
Mari Srawan tin diyo nikár.
Chali nari kumhare ghar jai.
Are kaharawa tun merô bhái.
Ek hánre dui pet banáw.
Ek men rándhen khatti khír.
Ek men rándhe mithi khir.
Khát piyat din das ek bhae.
Din din pita durbali hoe.
Sarwan ji men dhoka parain.
Kuchh to tiriya kapato karain.
Mái báp durbal hoi gaye.
Ek din Srawan apani thain pitá ke din.
Pita koi thari apane lin.
Andha jowen denya asis.
Jio beta lákh baris.
Kahen pita tun liho asis
Andha jewen dene asis.
Aju khiao míthi khir,
Ane din ki khatti mahír.
Tab lag wah páni ko jái.
Jhánki rasoi dekhan jái.
Dekhin báuri men din pet.
Srawan márin báuri gai phút.
Triyan kai jhunti dhari lin,
Muuka chári píth par din.
Tiriya ken wah dihin nikár.
Chari Srawan barhai ghar jain.
Barhai bhaiyá dam tun lewa.
Sone kai taká háth tum lewa,
Chandan ki kamari gharhi dew
Turte basulá lihin rukhán.
Chandan burwá lihin katáy.
Kamari gharhi dew tun matul.
Bich bich lagein kamal kai phul.
Jandhik barhai kámari gharhe.
Tab lagi Srawan jota barai.
Kámari garhi kai bhai tayar.
Joti bari ken bhai taiyár.
Ek men andhi, ek men andh.
Bich men Sarwan roti kándh.
Lai kámani tirath ko chale
Mai báp ko taran chale.
Lai kamari Ajudhya chale.
Bich jangal men lági piyás.
Puta Sarwau pani piwae.
Kahán kai páni piyáwon máy.
Kahon na dekhon jal na nír.
Taren dharon to sánj khaen.
Upar dharain gidh lai jáen.
Lai kámani briksha par dharain.
Srawan put páni ko chalain.
Jhár kund men bhare taláo.
Taláo ki raki rakháwari karen.
Jiyá janta páni na piyen.
Jáy ke Srawan borin pánw.
Bhabakai tumbá chabakai panw.
Márin Dasaratha bán charhai.
Rám rám kari Sarwan gire.
Raja Dasarath ke asan diw.
Dári ban dekhan ke chale.
Dekhan Sarwan bhaine áe.
Bhaine uth ke pani píyao.

Utho na bhaine kándhe charho.
Na pápí kai pani piyab.
Ham ken mányo bhalá tun
Ráj chhori ken práschhit lin.
Bhaine mari dukh tun lin,
Hamári jiu kin jani pacchitáw.
Mái báp ken páni piwáo.
Bhunkhini marin piyasán márain.
Jharjhar garua sundar pan.
Lai bhar chale Dasarath Rái
Jhumaki Thumuki dharti pag dharen.
Andhi jánain bhut paret.
Andha kahain ki Srawan pút.
Hunki bharain piawen páni.
Ham na pani piab tuhár.
Go hain Srawán put hamár.
Ubhari laihin piabe páni.
Ki tum rákshas, ke tum bhút.
Ki áho Sarwan kai put.
Na ham rakshas na ham bhút.
Ham to ahain Raghuanshi put.
Mriga ke dekhen ehhara bán.
Srawan keri chhuti gaye prán.
Age áyo Dasaratha Rái.
Katik lewa saráp hamár.
Tum andhe ki lakon mori.
Bát chalat men dareu tori.
Jas mohin darew Srawan soch.
Waise pare Rám kai sóch.

Before entering the womb of his mother he filled the house (in which he was to be born) with a sufficiency of milk and rice. He who is born at the seventh month, is called *satmásá*, and those born at the eighth month do not live. The world is produced in nine months. Srawan was born at the tenth month. He went to the Pandit with a book when he was twelve years old. The Pandit looked into two or four Hindu scriptures, and said: "You will marry a very quarrelsome woman. On the eleventh day of the month perform the ceremony of fixing a date for marriage, and on the twelfth set up your nuptial shed (*mando*); on the thirteenth perform the ceremony of anointing, and on the fourteenth walk round the shed."

Srawan did as he was told, and taking the wife set out for home. Srawan said: "O wife, listen to me. I have at home a blind mother and a blind father. You are to serve them faithfully." The wife replied: "O husband, hear me. Feeding the old is simply robbing. It is very hard to serve the old. You had better go to my mother's house where you can play the king. At my mother's house rice and milk are in abundance. Sitting at home we shall feed on rice cooked in milk and sugar." Srawan at once replied: "May your mother's house be set on fire. I shall serve my parents and gain the reward of undertaking pilgrimages to millions of sacred places at home." Some ten days elapsed, during which the parents had eaten from the hands of Srawan's wife, when she began her mischief. Srawan gave her a sound beating and drove her out of the house. She went to the potter's house at once and requested him to make an earthen pot (*hanri*) with two cases one above the other. She cooked in one case sweet rice and in the other sour rice.

The old people fed on sour rice for about ten days and began to become thin. Srawan felt at heart that something was wrong. Then one day Srawan gave his own dish to his father and took his father's dish himself. The blind man went on eating and blessing him saying: "O son, live a million of years"! Srawan said: "O father, you are blessing me because I am feeding you on sweetened rice. The rice of the last few days was sour." His wife in the meantime went to draw water. Then Srawan looked into the kitchen and found that the earthen pot had two cases. He broke the pot with a blow. He then caught hold of his wife by the hair and gave her five slaps on the back. He drove out his wife. He then went to the carpenter's house and said: "O carpenter, take this gold coin and make me a bhangy (*kamari*). The carpenter at once took up his adze and chisel and cut down a sandal tree. Srawan said: "Make me a bhangy of large size, and make lotus flowers here and there." While the carpenter was making the bhangy, Srawan was making a rope. The bhangy was ready and the rope as well. In one side of the bhangy he seated his blind father and in the other his blind mother. In the middle Srawan put his shoulders against the pole. Taking the bhangy Srawan set out on a pilgrimage—nay, to obtain the salvation of his parents. Taking the bhangy he went to Ajodhyá. His parents felt thirsty. They said "O son, get us water to drink." "Whence can I bring water? I do not see water anywhere. If I put the bhangy down beasts of prey will devour you, and if I put the bhangy above birds of prey will carry you away." He put the bhangy on the tree and went to bring water. The *Jhar kunda* tank was brimful of water. It was guarded by watchmen. Animals were not allowed to drink at it. Srawan dipped his foot into the water, the guard made a noise and his feet sunk into the mud. Dasarathá fired at him, and his arrow at once passed through his body and he fell on the ground with the words "Rám! Rám!" Dasarathá's throne shook. Putting the arrows into the quiver Dasarath went to Srawan and saw him. He said: "O brother, get up, thou art like my sister's son to me. Get up, ride on my shoulders. I will not drink water from a sinner's hand." "You did well in killing. me. You will lose your kingdom and become a sinner. You have become guilty of killing your

sister's son. Do not feel remorse for killing me. Give water to my parents. They are dying of hunger and thirst." Then Rája Dasarath went to Srawan's parents with a jug full of fresh water. He went with hesitating steps to them. The blind woman thought that some evil spirit was making his way towards her. The blind man thought that his son was coming to him. The Rája sobbing tried to make him drink water. The blind parents said: "We will not drink water from thy hands. Our son has gone to bring water. When he brings water we will drink. You are a demon or a cannibal, or you are my son Srawan. Why do you not speak?" The Rája replied: "I am neither a demon nor a cannibal. I am the son of a Raghuvanshi. Taking Srawan for a deer I discharged my arrow. Srawan was killed." To him the parents answered: "Come before us, O Rája Dasarathá, receive our millions of curses. You have broken the old man's staff. Going his way you have killed my son. As you have brought down upon me the grief of my son Srawan's death, so you shall experience grief for Ráma."—*Pandit Rámgharib Chaubé.*

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146. **Hoshyarpur: The Sultaniya Sect.**—Among forms of faith and religious observance which deserve special mention for this district is that of the Sultániya, or followers of Sakhi Sarwar. This is a very curious sect, and it is, as far as I know, confined to the Panjáb. Its adherents are to be found in the plain portion of the district from end to end: they are very numerous and are to be found in almost every village among all castes of the Hindus, and principally the lower, and among a few of the Muhammadan tribes. They worship the Saint Sakhi Sarwar, Sultán of Nigáha. This Saint's name was Sultán. He was originally of Baghdad, and he lived 600 years ago at Sháhkot near Multán. His principal shrine is at Sakhi Sarwar, in the Dera Ghâzi Khan district. Large bodies of pilgrims visit it every year from this and other parts of the Panjáb. These bands of pilgrims are conducted by professional guides called *Bharais.* The worship of Sakhi Sarwar is very common among the Gûjar tribe, and among others of the less educated classes of the Panjáb population. Where the worshippers are numerous there is a small shrine or temple (*maqâm*) erected in the village. It is a small domed building like a Hindu tomb (*samádh*), but it may be distinguished by having at each corner at the base of the dome a small minaret or dwarf spire. Among the observances of Sultániyas is the prohibition of *Jhatka* or animal food slaughtered by beheading according to the rite of the Hindus while *halál* or animal food slaughtered according to the rite of the Musalmáns is allowed. Persons of any persuasion may become Sultániyas without abandoning their own religion. The worship of Sultán is particularly common among the women of the district. Khattránís and even Bráhmans worship him. The commonest form of worshipping Sultán is by sleeping on the ground instead of a bedstead. This is called *chauki bharna.* This cult of Sakhi Sarwar or Sultán is interesting from a scientific point of view as exhibiting an absorption by Hindus into their domestic religion of some of the features of the Muhammadan worship.—*Coldstream in Settlement Report, p.* 32.

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147. **Ludhiana: The Religion of the Jats.**—The two religions of the Játs, *i.e.*, the worship (for such it is) of Sultán and Sikhism, do not really differ very much from each other in practice. The ordinary Sikh of the district is a Hindu, who reverences the Gurus and their scriptures, and in token of this has taken the baptism, and adopts at least some of the signs enjoined by Guru Govind Sinh. The Sultáni is a Hindu who has inherited the worship of Sultán, but the more intelligent of them see the absurdity of this, and really believe in the Gurus as much as the Sikhs do. Sultánís are constantly taking the baptism (*pahul*), and the conversion makes almost no difference to them except that they have to give up smoking. I have often been told by a Sultáni Ját that he did not become a Sikh because his father was not one, and it was not the custom of his family to take the *pahul*, but that his sons would be Sikhs: and he had really no better reason for his own form of religion, which he admitted to be foolish. Such a distinction as the manner in which sheep and goats ought to be killed for food is not likely to affect a people who never touch flesh, and really consider it a sin to kill any annimal. The Málwa Sikh of the present day admits the Hindu gods and follows the Bráhmans in everything. He is very unorthodox in most points, but has taken the *pahul* generally from the hands of some holy man who has visited his village, less often at Amritsar. After this he adds *sinh* to his name, if he has not taken it in anticipation, must renounce smoking and keep three out of the five *K's* enjoined by Guru Govind Sinh, *viz.*, the *kes* or long hair, the *kangha* or wooden comb, and the *kach* or drawers. There is nothing approaching to bigotry in the disposition of the Sikh Ját: and so much of his faith as is not made up of these few external observances, which are, after all, more of a social than a religious character, is the religion of humanity preached by the earlier Gurus. A Sultáni will generally call himself a Sikh: and does not seem to recognise

much difference between himself and the Guru Sikh, except that the latter cannot enjoy his pipe. Sultán is attended to once in the year; and even this is a mere matter of custom. The Sultání will say that he reveres the Sikh Gurus; and no wonder, for the precepts of the *Granth* might belong to the purest form of religion. The real religion of both Sikh and Sultání is a belief in one God, and in every-day life there is blind obedience to the Bráhman or other priests.—*T. G. Walker, Settlement Report, p.* 55 *sq.*

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148. **Behar Musahars and Tree Daubing.**—Mr. H. D. Philips writes:—A European zamindar in the north-east corner of the district gives a local explanation which is connected with the Musahar caste. Their celestial representative is said to have appeared to their priests at their chief temple at Nepal, and told them that a great calamity was threatening their race, and had been caused by the machinations of the Rájput and Bráhman priests; one of the signs was the two eclipses following each other closely in the same month (Chait), and the only way to ward off this impending calamity was to smear all large trees with some puddle and bury or plant pig's hair in it. This is to be done during the most silent part of the night, and the other class must not see them doing it, or it would lose its efficacy. Moreover, the Musahars were to be on their best behaviour and were not to indulge in the license of the Sirna festival, which is held on the 1st of Baisakh, when they smear each other with puddle and dust. This festival is every year celebrated by all Hindús. This year, as a matter of fact, the Musahars have not celebrated it. This theory is corroborated by the fact that a woman has appeared who is believed by the Musahars to be a sort of goddess. She says she was a Musahar woman, but went under ground for six months, and has re-appeared as a Bráhman with the vocation of enhancing the status of the Musahar caste. Stories of this sort are nothing new, but officials never bothered themselves with such matters before. Similarly the circulation of letters for religious purposes is a very old thing. A planter showed me a letter which had been given to his chaukidar. This was an exhortation to take Ganges water and visit the shrine of Jakassessur (not Janakpur). The letter ended with the usual warning that if the person receiving it did *not* circulate it to five other persons, he would be guilty of the sin of killing seven cows. The Pandas and Pariaris of the temple of Jagarnath in Puri, instruct departing pilgrims to exhort others to come, and this exhortation is often carried out by means of "chits." The temples of Gya and Bydanath are advertised in the same way.

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149. **A Case of "Traga" in Kathiawar.**—Though the conditions have changed, and political order has taken the place of anarchy, and the money-lender collects his debts through the civil courts from the decayed Barons of old, the prestige of the Charans has not wholly faded away, writes the *Times of India*:—A recent case before the Chief Court of Criminal Justice in Kathiawar brings into powerful relief the contrast between the ancient and the modern methods, and exhibits in striking colours every feature in a genuine Traga of the extreme type. The facts found by the Court were as follows: A money-lender had made a loan to a shareholder of Jhinjuvada, for the punctual repayment of which a Charan named Saiya stood security. The debtor refused to pay, and the money-lender threatened to sell up the surety. Saiya, accompanied by his younger brother, Daji, and his old mother Kamlibha, set out for Jhinjuvada. They went to the house of the debtor and sent for him into the compound. On his arrival Saiya adjured him to pay the bond; but the Talukdar having had considerable experience of English Courts, and being tainted apparently with a radical spirit of ridicule, at first laughed at the Charan, and told him to seek his remedy in the Civil Courts. But Civil Courts were not for such as he. His creditor should pay him there and then, he said, or he would slay his aged mother at the door and sprinkle the lintels of the accursed house with that martyr blood. The Talukdar grew alarmed and began to temporize. He promised to pay as soon as his wheat crop was got in. But Saiya was obdurate. The bond was broken, the hateful processes of the civil laws had been threatened against a Charan, and now the defaulting debtor should pay or take the consequences. Saiya and Daji drew their swords; their old mother sat with bowed head awaiting the death-stroke. "Wilt thou pay now at once?" was Saiya's ultimatum, but the Talukdar procrastinated and begged the Charans to wait and not to harm their mother. With one sweeping blow Saiya cut off his mother's head, which rolled along the court-yard. Then in his rage he rushed on the Talukdar and inflicted two wounds upon him. The sacred Charan blood was daubed on the house, and the Traga was over. There is little more to tell. The wounded Talukdar refused opium and food. The awful guilt of a Charan's death lay heavy on his soul, and he died a few days later, virtually a suicide. Saiya was sentenced to transportation for life. But what after all was the moral degree of his guilt? This is a question upon which causists might dispute for ever.

ANTHROPOLOGY.

150. **South Mirzapur, N.-W. P.: Wild Tribes: Games of Children.**—In a former issue of *North Indian Notes and Queries* I have given a description of some games that are played by the children of the plains. In this paper I give an account of games that are played by children of the wild tribes of South Mirzápur.

I. *Chhót Gadurrá.*—This game is played by a number of children. Two parties of an equal number of boys are made. They stand at some distance from each other. Each party has a line drawn in front of their position which marks the boundary of their field. Each party has a head of its own. The play begins when all this is arranged. A boy of any party rushes out from his field repeating the lines—

> "*Chál dé chalaní, phataki dé súp ;*
> "*Mari dé mungará lilai gurup—*"

"A sieve strains, and a winnowing fan fans. A pestle strikes and devours quickly"—and tries to catch a member of another party and drag him away from his field. If he succeed in dragging a boy out of his boundary lines the boy becomes a member of the party thenceforth to which the seizer belonged: or if the boy who tries to catch another boy be caught by a member of his rival party and be dragged into the field and he ceases to repeat the lines, he ceases to be a member of his own party forthwith and becomes a member of the rival party. Then a boy of the second party rushes out of his field repeating the lines—

> "*Ainí lágai béní batásh lagai zór ;*
> *Náchai lágai bandará pijará tór.*"

"When a fan is moved a monkey is struck hard by it. He begins to dance and breaks the cage ;" and does the same as the first player of the first party. When the members of any party are caught and made "dead" to their own party, the play comes to an end, otherwise it goes on in this way, that is to say, first a member of one party plays, and when his fate is decided, a member of another party plays.

II. *Bádi khar.*—This is a play which differs from the above game only in this. The parties, when they have been made up, decide, in the following manner, which of them should occupy the field, for there is only one field. They make different marks on a piece of tile for different parties on either side of it. Then they throw the tile upwards. If the tile falls with the mark belonging to one party that party will be in the field. The members of the other party will run round in the field one by one to catch the members of the party in the field. If they succeed in catching any member of the in-party and drag him out the boundary line, that member who has been caught will be considered dead and cease to play. If the boy who was trying to catch the members of the in-party is caught and dragged in, and he ceases to repeat the verse which he was repeating in order to regain his breath, he will be deemed dead. When in this way the members of any party have become all dead, the game comes to an end.

III. *Chháni meni Tikór.*—This game is also played by boys. The number of boys to take part in the game is not fixed. Any number of boys may play it. They fix a reed (*sínk*) in a piece of wood. Then they all stand in a distant place away from the wood. The boys one by one walk towards the wood with their eyes blind-folded and try to touch it. The boy by whose touch the reed falls down becomes a thief. He tries to catch his play-mates by pursuing them. Children when the thief goes in pursuit of one boy touch the wood ; for when the boys have touched the column there is no fear of becoming a thief even if the thief catch a boy. But if the thief catch a boy before he (the boy) has touched the wood, the boy will become a thief in place of the original thief. In this way the play goes on until the thief has caught a boy, or all the boys have touched the wood. When any of these two things has been done the play comes to an end, and it is played anew—*Rámgharíb.*

151. **Mutability of Caste.**—"It is very common for Thákurs to have children by concubines of various low castes, not even excluding Muhammadan prostitutes. These are brought up as Hindus with the legitimate descendants of their father ; intermarry with those whose birth is the same, and often share the property. They are, of course, considered as of inferior caste, and the whole-bred Thákurs will not eat with them, but that is all the distinction. In some case, however, after two or three generations they venture to intermarry with those in whom there is no stain, and having thus formed a party, gradually insinuate themselves, as it were, to whole caste. One most extraordinary instance was brought to my notice. A Thákur of Farrukhabad had three sons by a Muhammadan prostitute. He died when the eldest was about 9 years old. The mother, who retained all her customs and tenets, remained in the house as head of the family, and managed all the agricultural concerns, but brought up three children as Hindus, and they have succeeded to their father's share of the land without any claim on the part of the other members of the family. In another instance a Hindu of the Kayasth class had two legitimate sons and a third by a Musalmán prostitute. When about to die he divided his property among the three, giving, however, a much less portion to the

son than to the other two. These ction in the Civil Court to dispute 't was upheld by the Court, which confirmed by the Sadr Dewani. ..e Daulat Rao Sindhiya, who was of low caste, a Gareriya or shepherd, found no difficulty in getting a high caste Rájpút of Rájwára to give him his daughter in marriage."—*Sir John Shore, Notes on Indian Affairs II*, 484 *sq*.

The following is another instance from Kángra. Till lately the limits of caste do not seem to have been so immutably fixed in the hills as in the plains. The Rája was the fountain of honour, and could do much as he liked. I have heard old men quote instances within their memory in which a Rája promoted a Girth to be a Ráthi, and a Thákur to be a Rájpút for service done or money given: and at the present day the power of admitting back into caste fellowship persons put under a ban for some grave act of defilement is a source of income to the Jágirdár Rájas. I believe that Sir G. Campbell has asserted that there is no such thing as a distinct Rájpút stock: that in former times, before caste distinctions had become crystallised, any tribe or family whose ancestor or head rose to royal rank became in time Rájpút. This is certainly the conclusion to which many facts point with regard to the Rájpúts of these hills. Two of the old royal and essentially Rájpút families of this district, *viz.*, Kotlehr and Bangáhal, are said to be Bráhman by original stock. Mr. Barnes says that in Kángra the son of a Rájpút by a low caste woman takes place as a Ráthi: in Seoráj and other places in the interior of the hills I have met families calling themselves Rájpúts, and growing into general acceptance as Rájpúts, in their own country at least, whose only claim to the title was that their father or grandfather was the offspring of a Kanetni by a foreign Bráhman. On the border line in the Himalayas, between Tibet and India proper, any one can observe caste growing before his eyes: the noble is changing into a Rájpút, the priest into a Bráhman, the peasant into a Ját, and so on down to the bottom of the scale. The same process was, I believe, more or less in force in Kángra proper down to a period not very remote from to-day.—*Kangra Settlement Report, p.* 100.

[It may be worth while collecting into a note some further instances of the mutability of caste. Prishadhra, in consequence of the sin of killing a cow, was degraded to the condition of a Sudra (Wilson, *Vishnu Purana*, Book IV, Chap. I, p. 351). The son of Nabhaga was Nabhaga: his descendant was Rathinara, of whom it is sung—These were Kshatriyas by birth, and the heads of the family of Rathinara were called Angarisas, and were Bráhmans as well as Kshatriyas—(*ibid*, Book IV, Chap. III, p. 375). The son of Garga was Sini, and their descendants, called Gargyas and Sainyas, although Kshatriyas by birth, became Bráhmans—(*ibid*, Book IV, Chap. XIX., p. 451). In the Mahabharata the Arattas and the country of the five rivers are pronounced contemptible, and there a "Báhika born a Bráhman becomes after a Kshatriya, a Vaisya or a Sudra and eventually a barber"—(Atkinson *Himalayan Gazetteer*, II, 376). In the Mahabharata Bhima is married by his brother Yudishthira to the Asura woman Hidimbi, and the marriage rites were regularly performed (Wheeler *History of India*, I, 107 ff.), and Draupadi, a Kshatriya girl, accepts as a husband, at the Swayamvara, Arjuna, who pretends to be a Bráhman (*ibid* 118 ff). King Janaka, a Kshatriya, became a Bráhman (Muir *Ancient Sanskrit Texts* I, 426 ff). The Pandavas assumed the part of Bráhmans. Kakshivat was the son of Dirghatamas by Usij, a female servant of the Queen of the Kalinga Raja, whom her husband had desired to submit to the embraces of the sage, in order that he might beget a son. The Queen substituted her bondmaid Usij. The sage, cognizant of the deception, sanctified Usij and begot by her a son named Kakshivat, who through his affiliation by the Rája was a Kshatriya, but as the son of Dirghatamas was a Bráhman (Wilson *Rig Veda* I, 42 *note*) Viswamitra, a Kshatriya by the force of his austerities, compelled Bráhma to admit him to the Brahmanical order, so that he might be on a level with Vasishtha, with whom he had quarrelled—(*ibid*, II, 319). Also see Muir *Ancient Sanskrit Texts*, *Vol.* I, 2nd ed., 222 ff, 227, 238. Max Müller *Chips from a German Workshop*, II, 330 ff., Wilson *Works* III, 231 ff *idem Vishnu Purana* preface LVII, Max Müller *Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, 58 ff. Buhler *Sacred Laws*, pt. II, 6. On the other side Rajendra Lála Mitra, *Indo-Aryans* II, 266, says:—"The instances of Yajatis' children becoming members of different castes refers to the earliest stage of Hindu society, when caste distinctions did not exist, or were at any rate not very strictly observed: and even then there is no proof to show that those who were degraded were in the habit of calling themselves members of the solar race. Within the last 2,000 years a Bráhman or a Kshatriya condemned to be a Chandala has never been permitted to call himself a Bráhman or a Kshatriya Chandala. The idea is simply ridiculous." For further instances of caste mutability see the following authorities:—Ibbetson *Panjab Ethnography*, p. 174 f. Atkinson *Himalayan Gazetteer* II, 439, 441. Cunningham *Archæological Reports* VIII, 102 ff. Growse *Mathura*, 439. Buchanan *Eastern India* II, 449 f. Nesfield *Brief View of Caste System* 79. *Oudh Gazetteer* I, 395, 365, III, 229. *N.-W. P. Gazetteer* VI, 351 f. VIII pt. III, 49. Sleeman *Journey through Oudh* I, 313. Malcolm *Central India* II, 201. Forsyth *Highlands of Central India*, 8.—ED.]

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152. Pachara Song—Chuhar Mal the Dusadh Hero marrying a Brahman Girl.—This is a very curious legend, which illustrates the condition of things before caste as we see it came into existence—

Sankarí ré kuián patál basai pania ghumuri ghumuri
Resamá bharai nirmal panian.

Káhe kai ghailawá Resamá kahe kai banhaenawá káhe
ké dórí re Resamá bharai nirmal pania.

Sóné kai ghailawa Chuhar Mal rúpé kai badhanawá
pâté kê dórí Malgir bharón re nirmal paniya.

Paniyán bhari kai Resamá dharelesi ghailawá ararwán
ke hu na uthâwai na ho.

Ghorawá charhal áwai bariár ho Chuhar Mal ki rachi
ek ghaila utháwa ho Malgir.

Ek háth Chuhar Mal ghaila utháwén ho dusre háth
Mal gir anchar dharí bilmawalén,

Aré chhóru chhórú Chuhar Mal hamaró ancharawa ki
more ho gharé sasuí daruniyán.

Jo tóré gharé Resamá sasuri daruniyán káhe lági Resamá
páni bharai awa ho Resamá.

Jo náhin chhórabé Malgir hamaró re ancharawa ho ki bhaia ke ágé chugnli lagaibon ho Mal Gir.

Ghaila utaralé re Resamá dháilé ré ghersiriyan ki chali bhaili Resamá bhaia agé chuguli lagáwé ho.

Janghi tor thakabi ré bhaio Ajabi bahian ghunawán lagi ho ki tuharé achhat bahian dhailas hó dusadhawa.

Howai de bihanawa re Resamá pasaré lé hatiyá hó ki kharúwan bisahi ke Resamá charhabon akharwan.

Charna charhawalain ho Ajabi ángé dharia lawalé hó ki chali hó bhailain Ajabi saran akharwán.

Aré maiá tor barjai hó Ajabi báp tor barajái hô ki jani jáhn ho Ajabi Saran akharwán.

Aré ki jiwa rahi hai ho Amak ki jiwa jaehain hó ki ham to jaib ho amma saran akharawan.

Kekari Kahaliyen ho Ajabi ángi dhariya nawalé hó ki Kakari kahalaún sarau charhalo saran akhariyan.

Bahinin kahalin Mal Gir angi dhuriya nawalun ó Resami ke hahalu Mal Gir charhlun akhariyá.

Char na charhawalé hó Mal Gír angi dhuriya nawaléki hokhai yê lagal hó daia Ajabí se báhiyán.

Aré sanjhé kai laral ré bhail bhinásáhárá ho ki rowái ho lágal Ajabi bhabhánáwá.

1. The well was narrow, the water was in the lower regions, and Resamá drew water walking round the well.

2. "What is the pitcher made of, O Resamá? What is the band made of, and what is the rope made of with which you draw water?"

3. (Resamá replied) "The pitcher is made of gold, O Chuhar Mal, the band is made of gold, and the rope is made of silk with which I draw water."

4. Drawing water Resamá put the pitcher on the surrounding brick work (*jagat*), but none could raise it to her head.

5. "O Mal Gir, who hast come here mounted on horseback, raise the pitcher to my head a little, I pray."

6. With one hand Chuhar Mál raised the pitcher, and with the other he took hold of Resamá's robe.

7. Resamá then said:—"O Chuhar Mal, touch not my robe because at my house is a cruel mother-in-law."

8. "If at thy house is a cruel mother-in-law, why dost thou come to draw water?"

9. "If you won't release my robe, O Mal Gir, I shall speak ill of you to my brother."

10. Resamá put the pitcher on her head and went away to her house to complain of Chuhar Mal.

11. She spoke to her brother:—"O brother, have thy thighs been weakened, or your hands eaten by whiteants that in your lifetime the Dusádh took hold of my hands (robbed me of my honour)."

12. Ajabi, her brother, replied:—"Let morning dawn, O Resamá, and the market folk gather; I shall then buy a sword and attack Saran Akhárá."

13. Ajabi tied his loin-cloth up to the thighs and rubbed earth on his body, and attacked Saran Akhárá.

14. The father and the mother of Ajabi warned him not to go into the Saran Akhárá.

15. But Ajabi said:—"Whether I live or die, I will, my mother, go to Saran Akhárá."

16. (When Ajabi went into the Saran Akhárá), Chuhar Mal said:—"At whose instance have you smeared your body with ashes, and at whose bidding, my brother-in-law (a term of abuse), have you come into Saran Akhárá?"

17. Ajabi replied:—"I have smeared my body with ashes, and I have attacked Saran Akhárá at the instance of my sister."

18. Mal Gir then tied his loin-cloth only up to the thighs and smeared his body with earth, and a hand-to-hand fight commenced with Ajabi.

19. The fight lasted up to the dawn, though it commenced in the evening, and Ajabi Bráhman began to cry."

The above rude songs immortalize Chuhar Mal and Ajabi Bráhman. Chuhar Mal was one of the lovers of Rahu-Resamá, the sister of Ajabi, who was drawing water. Chuhar Mal suddenly came there and entered into conversation with her. She drew water, and the pitcher being very heavy, she could not raise it upon her head. She requested Chuhar to help her in doing so. Chuhar complied, but while helping her he took hold of her garment and robbed her of her honour. She returned to her house and complained against Chuhar to her brother. He flew into a passion, and with a drawn sword went to fight a duel with Chuhar. Chuhar defeated Ajabi. Afterwards Ajabi sent his sister to Chuhar, as she was of no use to him, being defiled by a Dusádh. Ajabi at first refused to take her into his family, as she was the cause of the fight, but afterwards accepted her as his wife and took her to Morang. So much is learnt from the above song.—*Rámgharíb Chaubé.*

FOLKTALES.

153. **The Horse of Gold.**—Three fishermen were once fishing by a river bank. The net of one of them got fixed below the water, and the owner dived down in order to release it, when what should he see in the bed of the river but a horse of gold. When he told his companions what he had seen at first they would not believe him; but at last they too dived into the water and saw the golden horse for themselves. They did all they knew to pull it out, but failed. At last they went and told the King, and he came there himself and, letting down an enormous net into the water, after much trouble the golden horse was brought to shore. The King threw a splendid sheet over the horse and sent it to his stable, and told the groom to take the utmost care of it, and show it to no one.

One day, when the King was away from his palace, the Princess, his daughter, came to the stable and asked the groom to show her the horse. "If I do this and the Rája hear of it," he said; "he will surely put me to death."

"Show me the horse," she said. "How will any one know of it?"

So the groom showed her the golden horse, but from the moment the horse saw her, he ceased to eat or drink. When the Rája returned and heard of this, he was sore wrath, and nearly beat the groom to death until he confessed what he had done. Then the Rája called his Pandits and consulted with them whether he should kill his daughter or turn her out of the palace into the jungle. The Pandits said: "It is sinful to take a human life. It were well that she should be turned out and this ill-fated horse with her."

The Rája took their advice, and the Princess and the golden horse were turned out into the jungle. As she sat there under a tree weeping, by the grace of Bhagwán a grand palace was formed, and near it a mighty city with multitudes of merchants and craftsmen of all kinds. So the Princess and the golden horse lived there together.

Now this horse was really the son of Sesá Nága, the lord of the serpents, and by the bewitchments of a witch had been changed from his human form to that of a horse. After he was lost his mother sent spies in all directions to trace him, and one day one of the spies in the guise of a Maniharin, or seller of bangles, came to the palace of the Princess, and the Princess wanting some bangles called her in. When the bargaining was over the spy asked her where Rája Sáhib was. She answered: "There is no Rája here, only this golden horse which I keep with me."

The spy replied: "This is not a horse, but a man: and when you go to sleep every night he resumes his original form and goes to bathe in the river. Now, if you were to keep awake and were to burn his horse-body when he leaves it he would always remain a man."

So the spy went away and told her mistress, the Serpent Ráni, what she had been able to find out. Meanwhile the Princess was waiting for a chance of putting her advice into practice. At last, one day she managed to burn his horse-body when he had left it, and then the golden horse resumed his human shape, and they lived together happily for many a day.

After some time the mother of the Snake Prince sent another spy in the form of a milk woman to search for her son. She came to the Princess and found out all about him. At last she said to the Princess: "Out of what dish does he eat?" "Out of a leaf dish," she answered. "Well," said the old woman, "the next time he is eating you should ask him to let you eat out of the same dish with you, and thus your love for him and his for you will increase."

When next time the Prince went to eat, the Princess did as the old woman had advised her, and he refused. "What caste, then, can you belong to?" she asked. "Come with me and you shall see," he replied.

So he took her to the bank of the river, and he waded in until the water was up to his neck. "If you ask me any more about my caste it will be ill for you," said he. But she would not mind his warning; so he suddenly raised his cobra hood (*phan*) over his neck and, diving down into the water, went to the kingdom of his father.

The Princess sat weeping on the bank, mourning the folly which she had committed. Then the seven goddesses of the river hearing her lamentations came out and asked her the cause of her sorrow. When they heard her story they carried her off to Nágaloka, the land of the snakes, which lay below the waters.

When she saw that all the people there were snakes, the Princess was afraid. By and by she came to a well, and there she saw a tree, up which she climbed. It so happened that the snakes that day had brought the Prince, her husband, to bathe at that well: and when they saw her the snakes were about to devour her, but the Prince saved her life and ordered the snakes to take care of her. One day he said to his mother: "A woman has come down here from the world of men. I desire that you employ her on the meanest work of the household." So the old queen employed her as nurse to herd the young

snakes when they were let out in the morning to pick up their food. She performed her duties so well that the old queen began to place full confidence in her. One day the queen sent her on a message to the house of another snake, but before she went the Prince put his mark upon her that no snake might bite her. As she was on her way a tailless snake tried to bite her, but she showed him the mark and he spared her. After doing her business she returned to the house of the old queen. The Prince then implored his mother to allow him to wed this woman who had proved herself so faithful to him. But his mother would not consent on any terms. So he determined to leave the world of snakes and return to the land of men. So he and the Princess returned to the palace, where they had lived when he was in the form of a horse: and there they lived in perfect happiness for many a year.

(A folktale told by Saligram, Mahapatra, of Karmi, and recorded by Rameswar Puri, Teacher, Khairwa School, Mirzapur district.)

[A good example of the familiar "Curiosity Taboo" Cycle.—ED.]

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154. **The Raja of Lakargarh.**—There was once a wood-cutter who used to earn ten pice a day, and this is how he used to spend it. He would go to a washerman and borrow some rich man's clothes; for two pice he would borrow a pair of shoes; for two pice more he would hire a horse; two pice he would spend on parched grain for himself, and then he would buy two pice worth of sweets. So he would mount the horse and ride to the river bank, and as he rode along he would give a sweetmeat to all the little boys, and they would run before him and cry: "Clear the road, the Rája of Woodfort (Lakargarh) is coming." So he would do every day.

One day when the wood-cutter went into the jungle he found a splendid bracelet, which he tied in his loin-cloth and brought home. He put it on a shelf, and such was the splendour of it, that the whole house was illuminated, and when his mother came home she thought that the whole place was on fire. When she saw it she said: "My son, if you are seen with this you will fall into trouble; you had better throw it away where you found it." "Very well, mother," said he; "I will get rid of it." Then he dressed himself as it was his habit to do, and rode down to the river, and all the little boys ran before him shouting: "Make way for the Rája of Lakargarh." Just then a boat came in, and he asked the sailors where they were going and whence they came. "We are the servants," said they, "of the River Queen (Dariyáí Ráni), and we are going to Gangá Ráni." "Well, take this bracelet," said he, "and give it to Gangá Ráni, and say that it is a present sent to her by the Rája of Lakargarh."

The sailors took the bracelet to Gangá Ráni, and when she saw it she sent for a jeweller and asked what its value might be. "This jewel," he answered, "is beyond price." So she sent for five large earthen jars and filled them with pearls and precious stones and gave them to the sailors, and told them to take them as a present from Ráni Gangá to the Rája of Lakargarh. Then she went into her palace and began to look at the portraits of all the Rájas of the world which were hanging there. But she could nowhere find the picture of the Rája of Lakargarh. "He must be some new Rája," she thought; "and so his picture is not here."

Meanwhile the sailors reached the city, where the wood-cutter dwelt, and as they anchored they heard the little boys shouting as usual: "Make way for the Rája of Lakargarh." So they gave him the five vessels of jewels and said: "The Ráni Gangá has sent these sweetmeats for your Majesty's acceptance." "I have no need for sweetmeats," he answered. "You may have one of these jars for yourselves, and the other four take to Dariyáí Ráni, and say that they are a present from the Raja of Lakargarh."

When the sailors took the jars to her she found the jars full of the most splendid jewels; so she began to think what present she could send which would be worthy of so great a Rája who had sent her such a splendid present, though she was unknown to him. Finally she gave the sailors five horses of the sea *(Dariyáí ghorá)* and told them to take them in her name to the Rája of Lakargarh.

When they came to his city, the wood-cutter saw the horses and said: "Have I no horses that the Ráni has sent me these? Take them to Gangá Ráni and say that they are sent to her by the Rája of Lakargarh." When Gangá Ráni saw the horses she was much pleased, and was thinking what present she could send in return. Meanwhile a messenger from the Mahárája appeared and delivered a challenge for a horse-race, and added that whoever was defeated would lose his kingdom. The Ráni accepted the challenge, and with the aid of one of the horses of the sea came out victorious. So the Mahárája had to give up his kingdom to the Ráni. She then sent a message to the Rája of Lakargarh that on a certain day she would come to pay him a visit. When he heard this news he was in great distress, because he knew that he had no place to receive her: and one day as he was wandering in the jungle he met a force which said that they were the army of Gangá Ráni who was coming to visit the Rája of Lakargarh.

At this he was still more grieved, but as he went on he came upon a party of Fairies who had taken off their clothes and were dancing in the jungle. They asked him to restore their clothes, and he said: "Build me a house of silver and a cottage of gold on the river bank and I will return them to you." The Fairies were obliged to accept his terms, and he selected some of them as attendants who were to be present when the Ráni arrived. The others, not knowing how to perform their promise, went off in grief to Rája Indra, who, seeing their grief, enquired the cause, and when they told him, he promised to do what was necessary.

So the golden palace was built, and when Ráni Gangá came she was so pleased with the magnificence of the Rája of Lakargarh, that she married him and gave him her own kingdom to govern; and he married Dariyái Ráni as well and became a Mahárája and lived in the greatest happiness and glory.

(A folktate told by Bachau Kasera, of Mirzapur.)

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155. **The Troubles of the Pious Raja.**—There was once a Rája who had two sons. He was very charitable, and one day a beggar came to his gate who gave him his blessing. The beggar said: "I have got a daughter to marry. If you give me money I can make her hands yellow (get her married)."

The Rája at once called his treasurer, but the beggar said: "This is the hour for charity: a man's mind is not always the same: confer now on me what you please."

So the Rája put water on his hands and over it he laid his sacred cord and recited the formula of bestowal (*sankalap-ka-mantra*). Then the beggar said: "O Maháráj! you have given me much, because in this thread is tied the key of your treasury, and with it you have given me all that you possess. Now abdicate your throne and let me reign in your stead."

The Rája in his charity did as he said, and, taking his Ráni with him, set out to seek his fortune. On the way he put up at an inn where a merchant was staying, who at once fell in love with the Ráni. Then he went to the Rája and said: "My wife is in the pains of labour: there is no one to tend her: of your charity let your wife come to her for an hour or two: you will thereby earn the merit of saving a life." The Rája fixing his mind upon Bhagwán let the Ráni go with the merchant. As soon as the merchant got the Ráni into his camp he ordered his tents to be struck and took her away with him. The Rája waited for her till next day, and when she did not return he took his two boys with him and set out in search of her. As he went on he came to a river, and making one of the boys sit down on the bank he put the other on his back and waded into the water. When he was half way across the boy who was sitting on the bank was carried away by a wolf. And his foot just then slipped and the other boy was swept away by the current.

The Rája fell senseless on the side of the river, and when he came to himself he could find no trace of the boys. So he set out for a neighbouring city where the Rája had just died. Now it was the custom there that when the Rája died the nobles of the kingdom used to take their seats at the gate of the city, and the first man who appeared before them him they made their Rája. The Rája, in sorrow for the loss of his sons, was the first man to arrive at the city gate, and they gave him the throne.

Meanwhile as the wolf was carrying away the boy a hunter saw him and rescued the boy, and as he was childless he adopted the child as his own. And the second boy as he was swept away by the current was caught in the net of a fisherman who saved him and reared him as his own. The Rája was always mourning the loss of his children, and the thought came into his mind that he would adopt two boys in their stead. By chance his servants brought him these very boys, and though he did not recognise them as his own, he felt a deep affection for them, and always kept them near him.

It so happened that the merchant in his travels came to that same city, and as he and the former Rája were great friends, he paid a visit to his successor. The Rája was pleased to listen to his conversation, and asked him to stay with him for the night. But the merchant excused himself, and said: "My wife is in trouble and is always weeping, and I cannot leave her alone. She says that she has lost her husband and that if within seven years she does not find him she will marry me: and I cannot trust my servants to take care of her." So the Rája sent his own two sons to the camp of the merchant to take care of the lady. As the boys were sitting at night outside her tent they began to talk over their adventures, and she recognised them for her sons. She ran out and fell on their necks and wept. Some of the Rája's people who were there came and told him what had happened, and he sent for the lady, whom he knew to be his Ráni. The merchant he hanged, and he and the Ráni and his sons lived in the utmost happiness.

(A folktale told by Shyam Lal, Orderly, Etah district.)

[We have the custom of selecting a Rája by chance in the *Katha Sarit Sdgara* (Tawney II, 102), where an elephant makes the selection. In the *Arabian Nights* (Ali Shar and Zamurrud: Lady Burton's edition III, 82) we have as follows:—"For know thou, it is the custom of the citizens when their king deceaseth leaving no son, that the troops sally forth to the suburbs and sojourn for three days: and whoever cometh from the quarter whence thou hast come, him they make king over them."—Ed.]

LOCAL HISTORY.

156. **The Battle of Bharatpur—A Popular Ballad.**—The battle between the English and the Ját Rájá of Bharatpur is popularly sung in the neighbouring districts. The following has been recorded from the lips of Shyám Lál, Bráhman of Etah :—

Kalkatté mén baithi ké maskant karí bhái ;
Sab mil ké angrézón né ek arzí banái.

The English arrived at a plan by consultation among themselves at Calcutta. All of them conjointly made an application.

Bolé ki rawánah karó chitthi kó shitábi ;
Jo is par hukm jaldi se ho áwai kitábí.

They said : "Despatch the letter at once so that the orders on it may come soon."

Likh kar arzi ké tain náwa mén dálá ;
Jab náwa lagí pár to arzi ko nikálá.

They wrote the letter and put it in the boat.

When the boat crossed the ocean they took out the letter.

Jise kampní kahaté hain usé arzi sunái ;
Arzi sun ké bahut dil mén saráhi.

They read the letter to her who is called the "Company." She praised the petition much when she heard it.

Mansubá lage karne sun ke phirangí.
Tayyár karó fauj jahán tak hai ki jangí.

The English began to form their plans then.
They ordered : "Make all the armies ready."

Parwáná lé harkáré taraf cháró kó chhute ;
Sab fauj jamá hóké gayá tarón se túté.

Runners with letters were despatched in all directions. All the armies gathering together arrived as fast as falling stars descend.

Kalkatté mén sab fauj jamá hogaí ákar ;
Tab Lát Governor né kahí kúnch ki jákar.

All the armies formed a rendezvous at Calcutta. Then the Governor-General ordered them to march.

Sáhab né kahá jáwa fajir kúnch kí thaharí ;
Tab róné tilangón ki lagín má an meharí.

The General ordered : "Go, to-morrow is the day fixed for the march." Then the mothers and sisters of the soldiers began to cry :—

Ahibát méré chutiyón ki rákhó gusaián ;
Jo án milai mujhko mérá jaldi sé saián.

O Bhagwán, Lord, God! preserve our married state. May our husbands return to us soon.

Ahibát gayá háth méré rah gaín duáián ;
Tab lóg kahaingé sabhi bát mén randiya.

When married life ceases our hands will be without bangles.

They will call us widows.

Lai líhain dó dhái bardá jét ké khaihain ;
Is bahan ki bur chakarí kí bandúk na dharihain.

We shall buy two oxen or two oxen and-a-half and support ourselves by cultivation. Cursed be these guns, we shall never wield them."

Sun sun ké khabar unké té chútá pháté ;
Jo kháté khorákón kó haté háthí ké sé páthé.

Hearing the news they were extremely terrified, those who were eating food like a young elephant.

Antágurgar né karí pahalé charhái ;
Ján sé játá rahá par fatah na pái.

Antágurgur attacked the fort of Bharatpur.

He sacrificed his life, but could gain no victory.

Malúm nahín kis tarah pahunchá thá kilé par ;
Aur tóp kó jaldi sé golandáz né bhar kar.

It is not known how he got at the fort.
The gunners loaded guns at once.

Is qadar golandáz né golé sé uráyá ;
Logón né uráyá dhundhá tó kahin khoj na páyá.

Gunners fired at men in such a way, that they were blown away and could not be found when search was made for them.

Au phir kar karí kilé Bharatpúr ki tayárí ;
Ká jánain, ab kaisí karain Baldéo Behárí.

Then again he made preparations against the fort of Bharatpur. It is not known what Baldeo and Krishna, the guardian deities, are doing.

Sáhab né kahá santri, "Well, tum na daregá ;
Jab yónhí qazá ái té kyá main an maregá !"

The General said: "Well, sentry, you need not fear. When death will come shall I not die!"

Ek sínk sé jháró to kahá jharatá hai yáró;
Sau sinkó sé jháró tó pahrón kó baháró.

O friends, can you sweep with a single reed? Sweep with a hundred reeds, and you can sweep away mountains.

Jidhar sunó mardón kó udhar namwarí hai;
Hijron ne bhí talwár kahín ran mén karí hai.
In every direction you hear the fame of heroes.
Have eunuchs ever wielded swords in fight?
Gargar gargar ki garagará gárgar gargar;
Tambúr bajá dinh pakar janua par dhar kar.

They put drums on their knees and sounded them "*gargar gargar.*"

Lashkar mén ukhar né lagín tambu o kanátén;
Kitné sipáhíyón ki lagín chhipné kí ghátén.

In the camp tents began to be taken down; many soldiers began to make arrangements for concealing themselves.

Jo bhágé só pakaré hawalát mén dínhé;
Au bét lagé dérh sau har ek mahiné.

Those who fled were caught and put into custody. In every month they were given one hundred and fifty stripes.

Har ek sipáhí par bikat paharâ au chauki;
Maddat sé talab khátẹ rahé áth au naukí.
On every soldier strong guards were put.
They each were costing eight or nine rupees a month.

Muddat sé khiláyá hai tumhén apná khazáná;
Ab waqt larái ké batáté ho baháná.

"I have fed you," thundered the General, from my treasury for long. Now, at the time of fight, you are making pretences."

Phir kúnch huá fauj ká dal tírí sá sájạ;
Táqat nahín aisi jó fateh páwé wah Rájạ.

Then the army which was arranged like a swarm of locusts marched. The Rájạ had no power to get victory over that army.

Din rát chalín faujain kahín thaharné na páín;
Dillị au Mirath kí wahán chháwani áin.

The army was marching night and day. They were not allowed to halt anywhere. They reached the cantonments of Meerut and Delhi.

Sab gheri qilá cháró taraf par gaín faujain;
Faujón sé uthané lagín daryá kí sí maujain.

The army was quartered around the fort. From the army waves like those of rivers began to rise.

Rájá né charh kar qilá apné sé dekhá;
Bé ginti pari faujain kuchh bhir ká na lekhá.

The Rájá climbed up to the top and looked around him. He found innumerable men quartered and the crowd was uncountable.

Rájá kó charé taraf Phirangi nazar áyé;
Tab Rájá né sab apné golandáz buláé;
The Rájá saw Europeans on all sides. Then he called his gunners.
Sáhab se kahó hat kar Kalkatté kó jáwai;
Gar barsón larai taubhi qilé kó nahin páwai.
"Tell the General to go back to Calcutta.
If he will fight for years he cannot get the fort.
Tum né tó kiyá aké móti jhíl par derá;
Málum huá hamkó tumhain maut né gherá.

You encamped at Mótí tank. I have come to know that death has surrounded you.

Jab nau sau nawási kí pakari charkhí maróón;
Tab gore Phrangi ki tain ek na chhoron.

When I shall turn the nine hundred and ninety nine engines I shall leave no European alive.

Yah jáno ki ek lahmén mén bhuchál machegá;
Hathi au ghorá kahín sábit na bachegá.

Be sure that in a moment there will be an earthquake. Not a single horse or elephant will remain unhurt.

Tum logon ki parchháín na kabhí déwégi dikhái;
Lát ká sir kát kár phirai ját ki dohái.

Even your shadows will not be seen anywhere. Cutting off the head of the Governor-General I will make proclamation of the reign of the Ját."

Tab Lát Governor né kahá: "Sun ré abhimáni;
Málum huá mujhko terí maut to láni."

Then the Governor said: "O proud fellow, listen to me. I have come to know that thy death has come."

Yah kampú hamáre hain gayá barrai ké chhatté ;
Ek lamahén men karte hain qilá már kar latté.

This camp of mine is like a nest of wasps. They will dismantle the fort in a moment by firing.

Marain hain qilé bích men yah taul kar golé ;
Girté hain bádal se jyon jhár bándh kar golé.

They fire at the centre of the fort weighing the balls well. They fall like the showers that fall from the clouds continuously.

Kursi ko bichhá dúngá mahal bích men jákar ;
Do ghari to árám karún háziri khákar.

I shall set my chairs in the interior of the fortress and eat and take rest for two hours."

Hote hi hukm chalné lagá golá par golá ;
Tab Lát Governor golandáz sé bolá.

Just as orders were given firing commenced hotly. Then the Governor spoke to the gunners.

Idhar se tumhárá bhí chalai bamb ká golá ;
Hamko diyá Jawáhar né yah áke dolá.

You may also fire from this side. Jawáhar came to me and practised this deception.

Ek arzi likhta hún Phirangi ko banái ;
Jo dang rahai sun kar kyon dhúm machái.

" I write a letter to the English, by reading which he may be terrified and stop the confusion he has made," so said Jawáhar.

Phir likh ke Jawáhar ne jo ek bích se arzi ;
Us hi men to maz múm thí khud apní gharzi.

Jawáhar then wrote a letter the contents of which were selfishness.

Yah shart hai kói na tambúr bajáwai ;
Phir ján sé wah óhin márá jáwai.

" The condition is that none will be allowed to sound the drum, and he who shall sound the drum will be killed then and there." These were the contents.

Barh kar angrezón né tambúr bajáyá ;
Rájá né kahá háya : Phirangi dhas áyá."

The English advanced and sounded the drum. The Rájá then exclaimed : " The English have entered, alas ! "

Mar jaihó jab haitak kiya jisné yah sakhá ;
Wahán áp milá jáya mujhé bát mén rakha.

May he die who cheated me in this way (meaning Jawáhar). He joined the English and kept me from doing so by words.

Jab líni Patháнón ne wahán myán sé mangi ;
Au chauk men ghabrá gáe sab góre Phirangi :

When the Patháns drew their swords the English in the square were confused in mind.

Kát ke sab goron au Phirangí wahán dále ;
Aur khun ke bahne lage naddi o nále.

They cut down all the white men and Europeans. The streams and streamlets of blood were flowing.

Phir pichhe se saj kar jo ek kampani ái ;
Tab dekhi Patháпon ki wahán maut si ái.

A company of soldiers then came, seeing whom the Patháns were as terrified as if their death has come.

Tamburchi tambúr lagé dhúm se majane ;
Súr lage ran men kalá nat ki sikháne.

Drummers began to play on drums ; brave men began to show agility in the fight.

Bal khá gae akar gaye ho gae lakká ;
Ná mard sipáhiyon ko lage marne dhakha.

They were rendered immovable on account of terror. They began to dash against impotent men.

Sad áfrin kariye ki kari namak halálí ;
Mar gaye par háth se talwár na dálí.

Thousands of praises are due to them as they stood faithful to the salt they had eaten. They were killed, but they never put down their swords.

Git bit git bit se angrezi men kuchh bát sunái ;
Tab goron ne bandúkon par sanginain charhái.

Englishmen said something in English and the white men then fixed bayonets on their muskets.

Le lín Bharatpúr ká qila, ho gayá hallá ;
Jyon linhi Bibhikhan ne Ráwan se Lanká.

The cry filled the air. " The English have taken the fort of Bharatpur as Bibhikhan took Ceylon from Ráwan."

Tab pakar Jawáhar ke taín qaid karáyá ;
Well, tujhsá harámí ham ne kahin na páyá.

Then the English captured Jawáhar and imprisoned him, saying, " Well, I have never found such a dishonest fellow as thou art."—*Rámgharib Chaubé.*

MISCELLANEA.

157. **Marriage and Martyrdom of Ghazi Miyan.**—Long had Sahu Salar bethought him to marry Ghazi Miyan to Zuhra, daughter of Sayyid Umar at Rudauli. Yet, well knowing the curse of the Prophet, he shrank from speaking to Mamla. "At least," cried Mamla one morning, "let me see my son wedded, though it pleaseth God to destroy him." She laughed as she gazed upon the wedding canopy and wept as she thought upon the words of the Prophet. So the Brahman soothsayer consulted the auspices, and fixed the first Sunday in *Jeth*, saying : Up, Sahu ! send forth the nuptial garments and sweetmeats (bari dali) to Sayyid Umar and claim from him thy signet and kerchief (chhap rumali).

Yet when Sayyid Umar erected his wedding canopy, princess Zuhra was sorrowful. She sat apart reading the Holy Volume. On a sudden, she started up, crying : "Break me down these silken tent ropes : wherefore speak ye of my wedding ! For it is written that the warrior shall forget his bride, and shall hurry away to the battle, and there he shall fall a martyr. A barren stock was I and a barren stock shall I remain?" All marvelled at the damsel's utterance.

None the less, the procession was starting gaily from the bridegroom's doorstep. The seven instruments sounded, and the mare Lilli whinnied with delight. "Ghazi Miyan ! Ghazi Miyan !" cried an ominous voice, and the aged Jaso, wife of cowherd Nanda, tottered into the pavilion. "Speak, mother, what wouldst thou ?" asked the Saint. "Rescue the kine (*gayya guhar*) !" she quavered, "King Sohaldal's spearmen have laid hands on thy cattle, and Nanda, with 700 cowherds, lies cold and stark on the hill-side ?" Then Ghazi Miyan tore his flowery head-piece (*sihra*) and plaited his top-knot. He called for his sword and his lance and his poignard. "Forgive me the milk I cost thee," he spoke to his weeping mother, as he vaulted on the mare Lilli, "unloose me my nuptial bracelet. On comrades ! to the rescue of the kine."

"Rescue the kine !" so rang the battle-cry as Ghazi Miyan, with his horsemen, swept down upon King Sohaldal and his cow-stealers. The infidels broke and scattered as chaff before the whirl-wind, and one thwack from the iron chain of Birahna laid the haughty Sohaldal lifeless. Then as the clarions sounded the triumph Ghazi Miyan sought shelter from the noonday sun in a coppice. An arrow, unloosed from some bow unseen, pierced his head and he sank dead upon Birahna's bosom. They buried his body at Bahraich. At night Mamla stole down to the tomb-stone, and silently heaped upon it his wedding presents (*palang pirhi*) as a last offering. In memory of that event, the pilgrim who visits the shrine on the first Sunday in *Jeth*, offers up a settle and a bedstead, for the kindly Saint gives eyes to the blind, and children to the barren, and limbs to the leprous.—R. Greevan.

158. **Magic Stone for Rain.**—Under *sang-i-yadah* Anand Rám (Mukhlis), in his *Mirát-ul-Istiláh*, fol. 170 a., tells us that the Turks (*i. e.* men from Bukhárá), with the aid of this stone, by using incantations, can bring clouds and wind and rain in abundance. Once when Abdus-Samad Khan [D. 10 Rabi, II, 1150 H.=7th July, 1737] was governor of Multán, a Turk who knew this secret had recently arrived from Turkestan. By the Nawab's order he performed the miracle and produced clouds, from which fell rain and hail. The official reporter (*wakí'ah-nigár*) and the news-writer (*suwánih-nigar*) entered the fact in their reports. Muhammad Sháh directed that the man should be forwarded to Delhi. Anand Rám (who was the Governor's wakíl) sent the order, but before it arrived, the Turk, satisfied by the gifts received from the Nawáb, had already gone, and thus he was never brought to Court. [Steingass, Persian Dict., 1529; *Yadah*, the magic production of an appearance of snow or rain by a certain stone; this stone itself. The word seems, however, to be Chaghtáe Turkish, meaning an incantation, see Pavet de Courteille, *Dict. Turk-Oriental*, Paris, 1870, p. 519.]—*Wm. Irvine.*

159. **Handling Money Lucky on Certaian Days.**—It is a custom (in Irán ?) on New Year's day, as the sun enters a new sign of the zodiac, to hold a gold amulet in the hand. In a similar manner the Hindus of Hindustan consider it lucky to hold gold in their hands on the night of the Dewálí, and to occupy their time in handling it. This is the origin of the custom. But fearing that they might not keep awake the whole night while simply turning over coin, they have instituted gambling on that night, so that they may not go to sleep—Anand Rám (Mukhlis) in the *Mirát-ul-Istiláh* (1156 H.), B. M. 1813 fol. 133 a.—*Wm. Irvine.*

160. **Theft.—Mode of investigating**—Anand Rám (*Mírát-ul-Istiláh*, fol. 141 a.), on coming to the proverbial expression, *Durd nán girán Khurad*, "a thief swallows the bread with difficulty," tells us that when anything is lost a prayer is said over a piece of bread, and a morsel thereof is given to every person in the house. It is found that the thief cannot swallow his piece. In Hindustan the flour is kneaded with water, and they mix in it berries (Habub) of *banah*? [Steingass, 52, *Habb-ul-banah*, Persian turpentine seeds.] Anand Rám has seen a thief unable to get the berry down his throat, and if he persisted, he began to bleed from the mouth.—*Wm. Irvine.*

161. **Kabul: Former Mode of Welcoming a Governor.**—The population of Kábul are accustomed to come out to greet a new Governor (Subahdár). At their head is a buffoon, his body all covered with cotton wool, who dances and beats a drum. The writer was told this by men who had seen it. The buffoon is called the *Pahlwan-i-pumbah*, "the cotton-wool strong-man" ; and probably the name of his dance is *zé pumbah*.—Anand Rám (Mukhlis) *Mirat-ul-Istiláh*, B. M. No. 1813, fol. 142 a.—*Wm. Irvine.*

162. **Dreams.**—Anand Rám (Mukhlis) in his *Mirat-ul-Istiláh* (fol. 1256), finished in 1158 or 1159 H. (1745, 1746), informs us that if a dream has not been told to any one during the day, it is thought improper to relate it at night. If, by any chance, this rule is transgressed, the narrator, to prevent any evil result, adds—"I am telling it to the lamp," *Barae chiragh mé goyam.* Muhsin, Tásír, applies the words in the following quatrain :

> Dúr az tú, nayár-am, ba nazar i gulshan-o-bágh,
> Har sabzah mirá ba tú búd búe dimágh,
> Gul rá bínam, hadís-i-rúe tú kunam ;
> Mánind kase kih khwáb goyad ba chirágh.

[Far from thee, my beloved, walking in a garden,
Each green thing renews my longing desire for thee,
I see a rose and I tell it the story of thy face,
Like one who tells his dream to the lamp.]

Wm. Irvine.

163. **Indian Customs.—Peculiarities of**—Following up Mr. W. Cockburn's ingenious argument that in India nearly every action is performed the reverse way from the European practice, I forward one or two notes showing how the peculiar usages of India have, in former times, struck men from other countries, even though themselves Asiatics. I find in Pavet de Courteille's "Dictionnaire Turc-Oriental," Paris, 1870, p. 214, under the word *Taskari, i. e.*, anything done the reverse way, the following speech attributed to Taimur, by the poet Hatifi in his *Zafar-namah* :—

Chah tarsé, Khartúm-i-pélán-i-mast?
Kih ú astín ast Khálí az dast,
Dume dárad az pesh, Khartúm nám ;
Búd waz-gún kár-i-Hindí Famám.

[Why fearest thou of mad elephants the trunk?
For it is but a sleeve without any arm,
His tail he has in front, a trunk 'tis called;
In India is every kind of thing upside down.]

The Turk invaders noticed, among many other things, four points of difference from themselves: (1) The Indian wore simple muslin cloths, put on sometimes one way, sometimes another; (2) they wound on their turbans the reverse way; (3) kings and their principal advisers took counsel together at night; (4) when Indians mounted they went to the right side of the horse and put their right foot in the stirrup.

The practice of the *Júhar*, or immolation of women to save them from falling into an enemy's hand, has also been adduced by the Mahomedans as another instance of Indian oddity. In his *Mirát-ul-Istiláh* [B. Museum, Oriental, 11 p., 1813, fol. 113 b.] Anand Rám (Mukhlis) in explaining the expression *Halali khwastan* (to give a due return for a mother's care) quotes from the *Badshah-námah* a verse of Tálib Kalim. When the Imperial army was in pursuit of Jujhár Singh, Bundelah, this chief put his own mother to death, following the custom of *Júhar*. On this poet the writes—

Ba já áward hakk-i-mádiri-rá!
Namúd az júhar-ash bé-johari-rá!
Chú hangám-i-halálé Khwástan búd,
Bad ín gúnah halálé khwást, mardúd;
'Ajab na búd agar, ín gúnah báshad,
Kih kár-i-Hindúán wazúnah báshad.

[He carried out the obligations of a son,
By killing (Júhar) his mother he proved his want of spirit (be-johari).
As the moment of repaying her cares had come,
In this form he repaid her, the reprobate;
What wonder if things like this occur,
For is not whatever a Hindu does topsy-turvy?]

Wm. Irvine.

164. **Superstition about the Fingers.**

"*Ihán kónhar batiyá kón náhín;*
Jó tarjani dékhat mar jáhín."

This is a verse from the Rámáyana. It means "Here there is none who is like an unripe fruit of *kónhará* (a kind of vegetable) that will be dead being touched by the *tarjani* or the forefinger."

I have given this verse simply to illustrate the long-established superstition that anything which is, in its infancy, touched by the forefinger will die an unnatural death before attaining maturity. According to some, *Madhyamá* or the middle finger is *Dain* or the witch. The superstition about it is that any child or animal touched with this finger will die within six months. Rings are not worn on this finger from a fear of snakes, and also a belief that all the blood of a brother would dry up. The first idea is a favourite of men and the second of women in the eastern districts. The second superstition is especially current among Mágádhi women or the women of Víhar, the present Behár. This phrase is common with them—

"*Móré putwá ké dáin ungari sé*
Chhú délak okar putwá marai!"

"She touched my son with the middle finger; may her son die!"—*Rámgharíb Chaubé.*

165. **Disfiguring the Statue of the Queen-Empress.**—The Inspector of Police in charge of the Triplicane Division, says the *Madras Mail*, has reported on the marks daubed on the statue of the Queen-Empress at Chepauk. It appears the marks are those of the Vishnuvite sect of Bráhmins, being two white lines running parallel (known as *namakatti*) with a red line in the middle (called *thirchoornom*). These marks are in three places—on the forehead, neck, and breast. The Inspector says that the daubing must be the work of some Hindu, and was done in a spirit of *puja* or worship. He avers that no other interpretation can be placed on the act. This is not the first time that such smearing has taken place. Some time ago a carpenter was caught garlanding the statue, and marks similar to those now found on the figure were detected then. The man explained that he was worshipping the great Maharani, who, he expected, would protect him and give him plenty of work. Mr. Fleming, the present Inspector of Triplicane, in whose division the Chepauk Park is situated, says that he himself has noticed people burning incense and breaking cocoanuts before the statue, prostrating themselves and doing *puja* generally to it. He has told them to desist and to go about their business. Apparently, therefore, the present marks (made with powder which the natives call "beauty powder") have not been put on with any intention of showing disloyalty or disrespect to the sovereign of the land, but just the contrary.

166. **A Superstition regarding Horses.**—A horse which moves its head constantly, or at short intervals, to right from left, is regarded very unlucky. The consequence is supposed to be the ruin of the owner and rider.—*Chandra Bali Sukul.*

167. **Superstition about Lamps.**—Among the Hindús light is regarded as the representative of Lakshmi (the goddess of wealth). In the evening when a lamp is first lighted they salute it and pray for the prosperity of the family. It is believed that the goddess visits every house in the evening and pronounces her blessing or curse on the inmates of the houses which are lighted or gloomy respectively.—*Rámgharib Chaubē*

168. **Crows.—Taking Omens from**—Hindús take omens from the cawing of crows. The usual method of interpretation is the following :—

When you hear the caw of a crow, then measure the shadow of your feet; add 13 to the length of the shadow and divide the result by 6. If the remainder be 1, it bodes gain; if the remainder be 2, it bodes sorrow; if

the remainder be 3, it bodes happiness, and if the remainder be 4, it bodes that the hearer of the caw will get food; if the remainder be 5, it bodes that the hearer will gain wealth, and the remainder being cipher it bodes good to the hearer of the caw.—*Rámgharib Chaubé.*

169. **Faizabad: Tribal Worship by the Sakarwar Rajputs.**—When the Sakarwár Rájputs had taken the place of the subdued Bhárs, the former clan brought their hereditary idol, a stone image of Karré Deo, and set it up in the village of Abeta: and to this day offerings are regularly made to it on all occasions of marriages, births and rejoicings generally, by both the Hindú and Musalmán branches of the Sakarwár clan. There is an annual fair held on the first Tuesday after the 15th of Jeth, more especially to do honour to the idol.—*Settlement Report, p.* 146.

170. **Purashcharana, or charm used to kill an enemy.**—Of all the charms that are practised by the magicians and Tántrik Pandits, the charm abovenamed is very popular and most dreaded. Claimants for the throne, plaintiffs seeking a decree, Brahmans to extort money from rich men, and a host of malignant people practise this charm by themselves or get it practised by others, who are skilled in these matters, daily, to annihilate their enemies.

Om namo Hanumant balwant.
Mátá anjani putra hal halant.
Ao charhant âo garh killâ torant.
Ao Lanka jâl bâl bhasm kari âo.
Le lanbâ langur te laptâi sumirte pat kâo.
Chandi chandrâwali chawâni mili gáwen mangal chár.
Jite Râm Lakshman Hanumân ji âo ji, tum âo.
Sât pán kâ birá chábhat mastak sendur charhâo.
Ao Mandodari ke sinhâsan dulania.
Ao yahân âo Hanuman máya jag ten.
Nri Sinh maya agen Bhairon kil kilay.
Upar Hanumant gaje durjan ko dor dusht ko már sanhar.
Raja hamare sat guru ham sat guru ke balak.
Meri bhakti guru ki shakti.
Phuro mantra Ishwaro báchá.

I invoke the aid of Hanumán, who is the powerful son of Anjani and himself a shaker. Come along, O thou, reducer of forts; come along, O thou, the burner of Lanka with all that it contained, entrap the enemy with your long tail at my call.

Chandi and Chandráwali join in the chorus of rejoicing. Rám and Lakshman have become victorious. Come along, O thou, come along. Come along chewing a packet of seven betel leaves and with your forehead besmeared with red lead. Come along, O thou the shaker of Mandodari's throne. Come along, come here, O Hanumán, who is alive to the delusion of the world. Nrisinhá and his delusion are in the van and Bhairo roars. Hanumán roars above. He throws down the evil persons and annihilates them. The True Preceptor is my king. I am the son of the True Preceptor. My devotion and the power of my religious guide. The charm is true; for it is said by Ishwar.

Repeat this charm 10,000 times for 40 or 21 or 7 days. On Tuesdays offer to Mahábír 7 sweets (laddús), and on other days only one packet of betel-leaves and 7 sweets (batáshás). Daily worship Mahábír with the offering of burnt sacrifice. In the end offer red lead, making a lump of it, and also flowers. Again make a figure of the enemy on the ground and write on every joint the word Hra and on the breast the name of the enemy. Then repeat the *mantra* and strike at your head with your shoes. By this the head of the enemy will be broken, and he will go mad.

Again, if you wish to do greater harm to the enemy make a figure of the enemy of wax and write on the joints the word *Hri*; write the name of the enemy on the breast and fix a piece of a dead man's bone in the breast. Then bury the figure in the burning ground and cover it with the ashes of the dead. Then the enemy will go mad, run away from home, be taken ill dangerously and, pining away, gradually die in the long run if you do not take the figure out.—*Rámgharib Chaubé.*

171. **Object-realizing Animals.**—There is a custom among Hindus, which is almost universal, that whenever they get into a difficulty they invoke the blessings of ants and fish. This they do in two different ways, which are given below:—

In mid summer they prepare a mixture of parched and powdered barley and gram and mix it with sugar. After bathing and worshipping one of the deities of the Hindu triad, they tie in the lock of hair on the head (*choti*) a twig of *bél* tree having three leaves only. Some upon it tie a dedicated piece of yellow cloth and others tie on the head a turban of cloth on which the name of Rám is printed in several rows. At noon, when the sun shines bright and the ground is burning hot, the distressed person with the mixture of *sattu* and sugar in a corner of his long handkerchief hunts for the ants along the road side. He sprinkles a little of the mixture on and about the ant-hills. If on the occasion of their next visit to the hills they find that the supply given at the former visit has been consumed wholly, they believe it an auspicious omen. They continue this distribution of food among ants at their holes until the object has been realized or the difficulty and distress removed. The reason which leads them to regard ants more sacred than other animals is this: they think the smaller red ants—called by natives *chinti* to distinguish from larger black ants called *chánta*—wives of Bráhmans who, though devoted and pious wives, have been born in the present life ants owing to some neglect of religious duty in their former life. As it is not easy to feed a number of Bráhman women daily for any period of time, the Hindus feed ants, who are, in their opinion, Bráhman women in the form of ants.

As smaller ants are considered Bràhman women, so are black ants considered Chamár women. There is nothing to gain from feeding black ants.

Illustrations of this idea of the Bráhmans are repeatedly found in folktales.

Like ants, fish also realize objects. To them the Hindus give small balls of kneaded flour in which a very small piece of paper on which is written the name of Rám in sandal and in saffron sometimes with a pen of sandal on *bél* wood is put. The man who wishes to get his objects realized vows to give to the fish a certain number of balls, which number is generally ten thousand or any of its multiples. The reason why fish are considered so is possibly this: Vishnu was once incarnated as a fish. They expect the same good from fish which they do from Vishnu.—*Rámgharib Chaubé.*

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POPULAR RELIGION.

172. **Saharanpur—Worship of Sakambari Devi.**—One of the most famous shrines in the Western Districts of the North-Western Provinces is that of Sakambari Devi, whose name means "the protector of herbs." It is situated on the Shirkot Hill, about forty miles from the city of Saharanpur. With the image of the goddess are associated those of three other goddesses—Satakshi, Bhima and Bhramari. The local legend as told by the priests of the shrine runs as follows:—In the golden age Siva was married to Sati, the daughter of Daksha Rishi. It so happened that one day the Rishi invited all his sons to his house. When they were sitting down and Daksha came in, all rose to receive him except Siva, who was an ascetic, and was at the time absorbed in devotion. Daksha was enraged at the slight, and, summoning the other gods, he made them promise that in future Siva should receive no share of the offerings made to the divinities. After some time Daksha held a sacrifice and invited all the gods but Siva. Sati, who was sitting with her spouse on the Kailása mountain, saw all the deities flying through the sky to attend the feast. She asked her husband why he too was not going there. He said that he had not been invited. So Sati went by herself and found that a seat was allotted to all the deities except her husband. She sent a demon to inform Siva, and he in his wrath tore out one of his locks, and the divine Virabhadra was formed from it and stood before him with clasped hands ready to do his bidding. So Siva sent him to destroy the sacrifice of Daksha and to punish the other gods who were present. Virabhadra killed Daksha and chastised the gods who attended the feast. Sati had through rage burnt herself, and Siva went to the place and collected what remained of her body. With these on his shoulder he commenced to wander through the world lamenting his dear wife. By degrees portions of her body fell in various places, and one of them fell on the Shirkot Hill, where the shrine of Sakambari Devi now stands.

Once upon a time famine raged in the land and lasted for a hundred years, so that all the inhabitants of the world were destroyed. The Rishis and the Munis were also suffering sorely from want; so they went to the Shirkot Hill and implored protection from Devi. She in answer to their prayers produced various kinds of herbs for their support, and hence her present title.

The legend of Satakshi is thus told: One time demons so troubled the gods, Rishis and Munis, that they all went to Shirkot and prayed the aid of Devi. So she appeared in the form of Satakshi, "she of the hundred eyes," so that she might be able to see all the demons.

The shrine itself is said to have been established by Sankaracharya, who placed images of Siva and Devi in all those places with which according to the Sástras they were connected. At the time of the Muhammadan invasion the shrine was destroyed, and some time after a very pious Gaur Bráhman saw in a dream that he should search for the images and restore the shrine. The Bráhman searched long in vain for the images. One day he met a Gujar, who told him that while he was searching for his cow in the jungle he had seen the images. So the Bráhman went there and found the images and with them many vessels full of gold and silver coins. The name of the Bráhman is said to have been Rámji Misra. He endeavoured to restore the shrine, but the place was so inaccessible and covered with jungle, that he was unable to do anything. He was succeeded by his son Múlráj, who was such an enthusiastic votary of Devi, that he never touched food without singing her praises. So she appeared to him in a dream and ordered him to start a fair in her honour on the Shirkot Hill. Múlráj was a noted physician, and it so happened that a woman of the Pírzáda family of Behat, a town in the Saharanpur district, was afflicted with a sore disease. The Muhammadan physicians failed to cure her and Múlráj was called in. He told the Pírzáda that he could cure the lady by the aid of Devi, if a fair were started in her honour. The lady accordingly recovered. Soon after the Rána of Jasmaur, in the same neighbourhood, fell ill and by the aid of the Devi Múlráj cured him. The fame of these miracles made him famous, and then he asked the goddess on which date a fair should be held.

She answered that the fair should be held on the days usually sacred to her, but Múlráj objected that some special day should be selected. Accordingly the goddess left the selection of the date of the fair to Múlráj himself, and he fixed the date from the second to the fifteenth lunar day of Kuár, these being days on which no other festival occurs. The fair was then started by the aid of the Pírzáda of Behat and the Rána of Jasmaur.

The following offerings were fixed by Múlráj:—Small umbrellas of gold and silver, cocoanuts, rupees and gold-mohars, boddices, tents, drums, bells, cakes and sweetmeats. The help of the Rána of Jasmaur was necessary to escort the pilgrims and protect them from the violence of the Marhattas who then held this part of the country. At the outset the Rána, the Pírzáda and the Gujar, who had pointed out where the images were concealed, claimed a share in the offerings. Múlráj then arranged that the shares were to be divided as follows:—To the Pírzáda, 4½ annas in the rupee; the Rána, 3 annas; the Gujar, 3 annas; the Panda or officiating priest, 4 annas. These shares exist to the present day; but the Pírzáda now takes no share, as he found that certain members of his family used to die prematurely, and he attributed this to being a Muhammadan gaining advantage from a Hindu shrine. The Gujar sold his share, and the owners now are the Panda and the Rána, who are constantly at law about their rights. All the food offered is distributed by the Panda among the poor.

The worship of this goddess is in the Vaishnava form and no blood sacrifices are offered to her, as is the case with most of the other famous Devis.—*Pandit Rámgháríb Chaubé.*

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173. **The Saint and the Widow.**—(*A legend of Ghausu-s-Saqlain.*)

Muhammad ke pyáre, Sayyid-i-abrár lá-sání,
Khudá ne pyár se apne kahá Mahbúb Subhání,
Walí ho mahram-i-asrár-i-Haqq ráz-i-Khudá-dání,
Hai mi'ráj men sab auliyá kí tumko sultání,
Musháikh ho i'bádat men, sharah men shaikh, khirqání.

Muaddib ho tumhin se mángtá hún, yá mere rahbar,
Wuhi kijiyo mere haqq men ki jis men ho sabhi bihtar,
Mere wali, tumhári zát ká sáya rahe sar par,
Hamárí dast-girí ke tumhí ho awwal o ákhir
Gunáhgáránko apní kijiyo, sáhib, mihrbání

'Ajáib bát ek dekhí, suno, kahtá hun, ai yáro.
Khudá ke ládle ek din gae the sair daryá ko,
Jo dekhá kiyá, ki ék burhyá bahut sar pittí ro ro,
Musíbat ká bayán kartí thí apní ján ko kho kho:
"Mitá de kaun hai aisá merá hál-i-pareshání?"

Suná usne to farmáyá: "Tujhe kyá be-qarárí hai?
"Tú aisá kis-liye rotí hai? mushkil kaun bhárí hai?"
Wuh bolí: "Kyá kahún? majh-dhar men kashtí hamárí hai;
"Charhá thá byáhne betá, bahú, barát sárí hai;
"Wuh sab is nahr men dube, mujhe hai gham kí tughyání.

"Yahán roti húí jab se mujhe bárah baras bíte,
"Qalaq játá náhín dil se, ga, e sab rúbarú jíte:
"Jai muddat guzar mujhko yahán khuní jigar píte,
"Mere armán sáre rah ga, e jo jí ke the chíte:
"Musíbat hai nipat bhárí, suno is dukh kí hairání.

"*Charhá thá byahne betá merá jisdam, thí main shádán,*
"*Khushi mujhko 'azíz o aqribá o dost o mihmán;*
"*Kahá játa náhín mujhse bane ká thá jo kuchh sámán.*
"*Rangíla áp aur sáthi the uske ham—'umar eksán;*
"*Gaya thá byáhne sab sab sáth lekar merá wuh jáni.*

"*Mujhe bete ká gham bas dam badam phir yád hai átá,*
"*Wuh ánkhon tale phirtá hai; mujhko kuchh nahin bhátá.*
"*Mere khurshed-rú ko dekhkar mahtáb sharmátá.*
"*Siwá is gham ke ab mujh se náhín kuchh bhí kahá játá;*
"*Gayá thá jis tarah ús waqt men Sháh-i-Badakhsháni.*"

Musíbat uskí sab sunkar, yih farmáyá: "*Na ro gham se.*
"*Wuh kashti ab nikal áwe, tú hogí kuchh khushi hamse?*"
Lágí ro roke wuh kahne: "*Yih kyonkar hogá ádam se?*
"*Unhen muddat hú, í dúbe, wuh niklen kıs tarah yam se?*
"*Bahut mushkil hai kashtí ab samundaryá baráni*"

Kahá us-se ki Burhyá! Khudá ko yád kar dil men;
"*Wuh kashtí ab nikal áwe, jo dúbí áb o gil men.*
"*Terá betá nikal áwe, dulhin ko leke mahmil men;*
"*Dobárá phir khushí se já, e wuh shádí ke mahfil men,*"
Yih kahkar us-se shághil hoga, e dar yád-i-Haqq-i-qání.

Nafil parhkar kí, e sijda du'á mánge ki: "*Yá dáwar.*
"*Hamárí iltijá fi-l-faur bar láná mere qadar,*"
Nidá-e-ghá, ib jo áí: "*Tumhárá dhyán kidhár?*
"*Unhen muddat húi dúbe, sabhanko khá ga, e janwar:*
"*Barát us ná, o kí jákar hú, í magronki mihmání.*

"*Na wuh dulhá dulhin báqí barátí hai na wuh berá.*
"*Na sábit ustukhwán unke, ná ek jápar chiram herá.*
"*Nahín lázim tumhen hai, yih 'abas mat kíjiye jhagrá.*
"*Yih bát achhchhí nahen, jiske táin hai apne chherá.*
"*Kaho aisá, ki jismen hon rawá ahkam-i-rabbání*

Suná Mahbúb ne jisdam, kiyá ekbáragi jazba,
Kahá: "*Bar haqq Khudá hai, wuh hamárá cháhnewálá.*
"*Wuh kashtí phir abhí sábit chale áwe liye daryá.*
"*Kiyá ek 'Kun' men sab tumne, tumhárá hukm. hai aisá:*
"*Abhí kar de use paidá kunind,a e fazl-i-rabbáni.*

Suná Mahbúb se jis din Khudá ne, hukm farmáyá,
Malá,ik jo muqarrar the, sabhonko hukm yih áyá:
"*Unhen jákar yih samjhádo, merá dildár machláyá,*
"*Isí súrat se tum samjh,á, iyo, jo main ne samjháyá;*
"*Qadam par unke tum rakh díjiyo sab apní pesháni.*"

Malá,ik sab hú,e házir, Khudá ki jab hú,í marzí,
Jahán baithe the Sayyid jí, matálib ke hú,e 'arzí.
Qadam-bosí unhon ne pahile kí, píchhe kiyá 'arzí:
"*Shikasta jo hú,á jáma, use kyonkar sí,e darzí?*
"*Nahín lázim zabardastí Khudá par yád farmání.*

"*Payám Alláh ká lá,e the, jo tum se kahá sárá.*
"*Nahín chaltá Khudá ke hukm men insán ká chárá.*"
Yih sunte hi kiyá jazba, zamín par háth de márá.
Hile chaudah tabaq, laghzish hú,í 'arsh-i-mu'azzam-rá,
"*Na thámın us gharí Maulá, na hotí phir yih amání.*

Maláik phir ga,e aur 'arz kí Khaliq se: "*Yá Bárí*
"*Nahín kuchh mánte hain, js gharí karte hain qahhárí.*"
Hú,á phir hukm un sab par: "*Karo jaldí se tayyárí.*
"*Mere pyáre se káh díjiyo:*" *Na kíjiyo girya o zárí.*
"'*Abhí sábit chale áte hain, jo daryá men hain fání.*'"

Malá,ik dam badam salwát parhte hain khare ekjá;
Hú,á hukm-i-Khudá, fauran wohín kashtí hú,í paidá.
Kahá khush hoke burhyá se: "*Tú le já ab pisar apná.*"
Dobárá khush hú,í burhyá, basáyá jáke ghar apná,—
Milí jaise murád uskí, merí kar dúr hairání.

Tumhí Mahbúb Subhání, tumhí ho Sháh Jílání.
Karámat men Khudá ne kardiyá hai tumko lásání.
Tumhí auláđ-i-Ahmad ho, Khudá ke dostí ho jání.
Tumhí sab auliyá kí Haqq ne bakhshi hai jo sultání,
Qiyámat men tumhí ko hogí bandon, kí nigahbání.

Ghulámom men tumháre kam tarín banda hú,a ek'ási,
Bayán kí is hikáyat men, Sháhá, ta 'ríf hai terí.
Tasadduq-i-ahl i-bait aur sab imámon ka, mere walí:
Khudá se 'arz kar kuchh bhí hamáre waste,
Ki jis men sab gharíbi dúr ho, aur mushkil ho asání.

PARAPHRASE.

Friend of the Prophet! that no rival knowest,
Whom, of his love, the Lord His own hath called;
Chief Thou of men, all secrets that may know,
For, of heav'n's ladder, on the topmost rung
Thron'st Thou, in pray'r and lore a patriarch.

My ruler Thou! to Thee I plead, my guide.
Nought grant me, save whereby the weal of all
Be steaded—On mine head Thy shadow rest!
For none save Thou my drowning hand may grasp
Lord! e'en to them that sin Thy mercy show.

A thing of wonder saw I—List, my friends !
As by the river walked the Lord's Belov'd,
A wrinkled dame beheld He, that her head
Beat wailing, till her heart seemed nigh to break,
As cried she : " This my woe can none wipe out ? "
Scarce heard this cry, outspake the saint : " What woe
" Bids thee thus weep ? Thy burden tell me true."
To whom the good-wife : " In midstream a boat
" Lies buried--with his bride and wedding-throng,
" There sank my son—E'en now that storm-wave chokes me !
" Twelve years have fled, here while I weep. Yet woe
" Mine heart o'erfilleth, e'en as, 'fore mine eyes,
" When sank they all together. Since that hour
" I sorrow, and afar life's joy hath ebbed,
" For over-great my burden—Nay, give heed.
" So happy was I, when my son embarked,
" His bride to bear him homeward ! Happy too
" That throng of guests—Tongue cannot tell, how brave
" We all had decked us. Bright the bridegroom smiled,
" Andsmiled his playmates, as he went to woo.
" Aye, for my son, not e'en one span, my woe
" May I forget—Before mine eyes he walketh.
All else is loathly. Why, the very moon
Turns shame-flushed, when my sunny lad she seeth.
" Enough ! the Prince seemed he of Ruby-land."
To whom the saint : " Nay, mother, dry thy tears.
" E'en now if rise that pinnace, will that make
" Thee happy ? " Then she sobbed, and spake : " Hath man
" Such pow'r ? how from the death, where over-long
" Have they lain buried, shall that skiff be raised ? "
" Nay," cried the seer, "fix thou on God thine heart,
" And from its bed of ooze that skiff shall rise,
" Aye. and thy son too, that once more his bride
" Shall lead, in joy and triumph, to thy hearth,"
So spake he, and in prayer straight was lost.
In prayer, 'gainst the earth, his brow he smote,
Crying: " Great Judge ! vouchsafe me this my suit."
Lo ! from the world unseen a voice outspake :
" Where roam thy thoughts ? long since the crocodiles
" Unto those guests did prove them hosts o'er eager.'
" Nought of that bride and bridegroom now abideth,
" Nor of the guests one bone or shred of flesh ;
" With suit unfitting cease to harry me ;
" For, in good sooth, thy pray'r be seems the ill ;
" Beg not, save whatso fitly God may grant !"
Scarce heard these words, outspake in sudden wrath
The Prophet : " God is truth ! and His my prayer.
" Unto the strand unbroken drive the stream
" That pinnace ! Worlds Thy *Be it so* created :
" Now but one pinnace let it call to life"
What time His Loved One's voice the Maker heard,
Full straightly charged he all His angel-host :
" Go ye, and reason with my wayward darling ;
" Yet only as I reasoned, reason ye,
" Nay, to his feet, I pray you, bow your heads."
Then thronged, as 'twas the Maker's hest, the host
Of heaven, where the Prophet sate, and kissed
His feet, ere spake they : " Prithee, tell us, sir,
" How shall the tailor patch a coat in tatters ?
" Think thou on God, nor seek His pow'r to force.
" God's message in its fulness have we spoken ;
" Know, 'gainst His hest nought vail the shifts of man."
Straight, with fierce fist, the Prophet smote the earth,
Till twice sev'n spheres were shaken—Scarce upheld
The Maker's hand His Throne, that reeled and tottered.
Then fled the angels, crying : " Master, hear !
" He will not hearken. Nay, his wrath is great."
To whom the Lord : " Up, hasten once again,
And bid my darling dry his tears. E'en now,
" What 'neath the waves lay withered breathes anew."
Uprising spake the seraph-choir His praises,
And straight, as at His hest uprose the skiff,
Right gladsome spake the Prophet : " Take thy sons, "
And once more smiled the good-wife, as her hearth
She peopled—Grant such hearing in my need !
Beloved thou of God ! mid saints a King !
In wonder-pow'r without a peer the Lord
Hath made thee, scion of the Prophet, that
The Heart Divine doth cherish. High enthroned,
'Tis thine on Judgment Day us slaves to guide.
Of those poor slaves the vilest, and a sinner,
Have I, O King, thy praises made my theme,
For my poor house an off'ring, and its priests,
Yet with the Lord, I prithee, plead a little,
That this my load be lightened, that I bear.

—*R. Greeven*,

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174. **A Strange Superstition.**—A correspondent writes from Arrah, Bengal, to a bi-weekly of Lucknow :—

A popular belief is fast spreading. Large numbers of men are seen begging from village to village in this district. They are chiefly cultivators and low-caste people. Little villages are swarmed with them, and sometimes lanes and streets are stocked with these so-called beggars. Villages which they go to catch their infection

and the folks of those villages also take to begging. The number is hourly increasing by round numbers. It is believed that on a certain Sunday a Jogi appeared before a man cultivating his field. The Jogi begged of him not to cultivate the field on Sundays. The cultivator turned a deaf ear to his beseeching words, whereupon the Jogi suddenly disappeared. The cultivator and the oxen breathed their last on the next day. The master of the oxen dreamt that very night: "That I, Shiva, in the garb of a Yogi, to-day forbade your servant not to cultivate the field on Sundays. But as he did not act up to what I said, I destroyed him and your oxen. Tell your neighbours and friends to do the same. To appease my wrath they should for the present beg ten pies, out of which they should prepare three breads, one to be buried in the ground, one to be eaten, and one to be given to the oxen."

Poor people are simply acting on the popular belief to appease the wrath of Shiva. "Arrah M. B. S."—*Rámgháríb Chaubé.*

175. **South Mirzapur—N.-W. P.—Aboriginal Tribes—Zorband Deota.**—Zórband Deotá is the god of hunting. He is invoked also when anything is missed or when an ox does not go in the plough. He is a very powerful godling, and if you invoke his protection you can never fail in hunting. If a thing be lost, and this god be invoked, and a vow be made to worship him, the lost thing is recovered. If an ox does not go in the plough and sits down, a vow is made to worship Zórband and the beast becomes manageable. The object being realized, the god is worshipped in the forest under a tree named *Chhíndí.* To him are offered the sacrifices of fowls and pigs. Burnt-offerings are not offered to him. If anybody happen to see his worship going on he must join in worshipping the god; for the god pursues the spectators. If he do not worship the god the spectator will suffer the loss of person and property and the members of his family will die. Zôrband has two more names—Lakhanparihá and Dakhinahá.—*Pandit Rámgháríb Chaubé.*

176. **Fasting on Sunday in honour of the Sun.**—Those who fast in honour of the Sun on Sundays adopt the following rules: They bathe early in the morning and dress themselves in clean clothes. Then they make a seat for the Sun on a piece of ground carefully plastered to the east of the house. Next they repeat the formula *Dhyeyas sada* ("always worshipful") eighteen times. Then they emblematically wash the feet of the Sun as he is supposed to sit on the platform by sprinkling water upon it, repeating the words *Grahpatye namah* ("I salute the lord of the planets"). Then they take a sip of water, saying *Mitrayanamah*: "I salute the friends of the Sun." Next they pour a libation in his honour, saying *Trailokyandh tamo hantre nanah*: "I salute him who destroys the darkness of the three worlds." Then they make a form of bathing the Sun and offer to him a sheet, a Brahmanical cord, incense, washed rice, a lighted lamp, some ghi, sugar and fruits. The articles thus offered are called collectively Naivedya. Next betel is offered with camphor, and they walk round the platform saluting him and making a libation of water mixed with red sandal. That day the food eaten must not contain oil pickles. The best food is the grain of the wild tank rice (*tinni*) with curds. Pious people fast every Sunday in this way.—*Pándit Rámgháríb Chaubé.*

177. **Bengal—Arrah—The Demon Hari Ram Brahma.**—At a place called Mairwa, in the Arrah district, there is a very powerful demon known as Hari Rám Bráhma. Many people from all parts of the country visit his shrine and procure the realisation of their desires. Lepers, men suffering from all kinds of chronic diseases, barren women, impotent men, and lunatics, visit his shrine in thousands and obtain relief. When a patient comes to the shrine the attendant priest orders him to remain there until he is allowed by the demon to depart. Generally, within a day or two, the demon appears to the sufferer or to the priest in a dream and directs him to feed some Bráhmans and to distribute alms among the poor. This done, the sufferer gives a present to the priest and returns home. In the course of a few months he recovers.

The legend of Hari Rám is thus told: He was a very pious Bráhman who never ate grain, but lived on the milk of his cow, which was the most beautiful creature in the world. One day as he was feeding his cow the Rája of the place passed by mounted on an elephant. He admired the Bráhman's cow and offered to buy her. The Bráhman refused to part with her. The Rája seized the cow by force and drove her off to his palace, the Bráhman following him. He sat at the gate of the palace and abstained from food. The Rája ordered him several times to go away, but he refused. When he had been there in this way the Rája was wrath and had him beaten and thrown into the pen of the swine. At midnight the Rája's daughter heard that the Bráhman was at the point of death, so she came to the swine-pen and poured some milk down his throat. He opened his eyes and asked who she was. When he heard that she was the daughter of the Rája, he said: "You have deceived me. The Rája shall be destroyed, but your seed shall remain." So saying, he died. The Rája and his family were destroyed, root and branch, but his daughter prospered, and she erected the present shrine in his honour close to the palace.—*Hari Mohan Chakravarti.*

ANTHROPOLOGY.

178. **Rural Charms for Cure of various Diseases.**—To cure headache write on a piece of birch bark (*bhojpatra*) the numbers 6,7,6,8. Bury one piece in some saltish earth and tie another on the head of the patient. When the ache is only in one half of the head, then tie it on the top-knot (*choti*) and on the affected part the root of a plant called Adhkapári, a term usually applied to a pair of Areca nuts, tied on the head for this purpose. Some people cure headache by repeating some verses of the Durga Path, a poem in honour of the goddess Durga Bhawani, and at the end of each verse they blow on the head of the patient. While the repetition is going on they hold the head of the patient with the right hand. After five or seven repetitions the pain disappears. Some read for the same purpose the Hanumán Báhuk, a book in praise of the monkey godling Hamumán. The spell must be read in the case of chronic headache every day after bathing with a clean loincloth on and before taking a meal.

There are various kinds of boils. One of them is called Golaka Maiya. It is a large boil full of white pus and white outside. This is cured by applying a yellowish earth mixed with water or the earth from the house granary (*dehri*). During the cure the patient must not touch a low-caste person, and when it is cured sweets are distributed among the girls of the family and neighbourhood.

Smaller boils are known as Kajiya Pajiya or, more properly, Qaziya Pajiya. They are cured by the friends of the patient moving some treacle and parched wheat over the part affected and distributing it among some Bráhman boys.

There are various cures for fever. The oldest woman of the family grinds up some cloves with water and then moves the jug containing the mixture over the head of the sick person. She then goes to a place where four roads cross and, pouring the contents of the vessel there, returns home. She must not look back to the place where she has poured the clove-water. If any one asks her on the way where she is going, and what she is doing, the effect of the charm is lost. Hence the charm is done at midnight, and as she pours the clove-water on the ground she utters the name of Bhawani.

Another method is for the oldest woman of the family to put in a basket some curds in an earthen saucer (*kosa*), some Rakasawa konhra or bhatua, a kind of pumpkin, some red-lead, flowers, turmeric, and one pice. These she takes to the place where four roads cross. She puts the pumpkin on the ground and cuts it into two parts with a piece of iron. Near the pieces of pumpkin she lays the other contents of the basket. Neither the patient nor the woman making the offering must look in the direction where the offering is made. And if any one asks her what she is doing, or where she is going, the efficacy of the charm is lost. The first charm is known as Dhár and the other as the Utára, and both are of the scapegoat type. (See *Introduction to Popular Religion and Folklore*, 107.)

Fits or epilepsy known as Mirgi are cured by laying the shoes of the patient or of some member of the family on his nose. This brings him to his senses. To effect a permanent cure they get the dry dung of the wild pigeon, powder it, and mix it with a little of the juice of the Madar plant (*Asolepias gigantea*). This mixture is put on a piece of the skin or flesh of the porcupine and the patient is made to smell it. The following incantation is also used in such cases :—*Om namo Sri Rám. Uthi, uthi. Dhanukh charháwa, charháwa, mrig már, már, om thah thah swáha* ("I salute Ráma. Shoot the deer or epilepsy "). Get up, get up, get up; repeat this incantation twelve times and move an arrow over the head of the patient. This should be done twelve times to secure complete recovery.

In case of cholera the following method is used :—They take some sugar and curds with two packets of betel. The sugar is mixed with water and made into *sherbet*, which is strained through a cloth. Some incense, flowers, lighted lamps and betel are offered on the cloth used for straining the *sherbet*. Some ghi is then put in a small brass vessel and a fragment of gold is thrown into it. The oldest male member of the family is made to look at the reflection of his face in the ghi; then the next to him in age, and so on. The *sherbet* is given to a Bráhman to drink, and he receives the piece of gold. Incense is then burnt in the name of Mahamái, the cholera goddess, and they call out *Dohai, Mahamái kí. Kalyán kai de* ("I acknowledge the supremacy of the great Mother, the propitious Mother"). When the Bráhman has drunk the *sherbet*, lay your head at his feet and give him some wheat as alms. By so doing the cholera leaves the village or quarter of the town in which it has been prevailing.

Another charm with the same object is as follows :—Plaster the whole house with yellowish earth. Hang to the doorway a bunch of onions soaked in vinegar and to the door post fix a branch of the thorny Senhur plant. Some keep a fire always burning at the door while cholera prevails. Gugal incense is also burnt and a *Hom* sacrifice is made at the shrine of the village godling. Bráhmans are fed with *sattu* or parched gram ground to powder.

When a person is attacked with cholera they put five metals—gold, silver, copper, iron and brass—into an earthen vessel and with it a piece of cloth which has been worn by the patient. This vessel is moved over his head and then carried at midnight outside the boundaries of the village and thrown away. If any one interrupt the performance of the charm its efficacy is lost. When cholera generally prevails every household does the same. As they throw away the vessels they cry at the pitch of their voices: *Dohai, Mahamái ki* ("Mercy, great Mother)." When they return home they do a fire-sacrifice and feed Bráhmans. The cost of the rite is defrayed by a general subscription. This often gives rise to rows when they try to send the cholera to another village. This mode of charming the disease is known as Chauwa.

To remove stomach-ache, there are various incantations. One is: *Om namo adesh Guru ko. Syám Guru, parbat Syám. Guru parbat men bar. Bare men kuán. Kuan men tin suba. Bay suba. zahr suba, pir suba. Bhaj bhaj be zahar. Aya gajat Hanumnt. Mar karega bhasmant. Phuro mantra Iswaro bacha.* ("I salute the precepts of the religious guide. The religious guide is black and so is the mountain. In the mountain of the Guru is a banyan tree. In the banyan tree is a well. In the well are three governors—wind, poison and pain. Poison be off. Hanumant comes roaring. He will burn you up. The incantation is true as it comes from the Almighty.") Repeat this spell, blow seven times over water and make the patient drink it. Then the stomach-ache will go away. There are many other charms of the same kind.

To remove the pains at parturition many charms are used. The husband of the woman is made to draw water from a well, using his right hand only for the purpose. When the patient drinks the water her pains are removed. Another charm is as follows:—The root of the Chichhra plant is tied with a piece of raw thread round the waist of the patient, and a picture of the Chakrabyuh fort is made on a dish with red sandal and shown to her. This is washed off in water and given to her to drink.

To cure bleeding from the nose, get some thread spun by an unmarried girl. Measure the patient with it from head to toe. Then fold the thread seven times that length and, rolling it up again, tie it round his head. This will cause the bleeding to cease.

Another method is the following:—Pluck a branch of the Sahdei plant on a Tuesday or Sunday, powder it with water, mix it with cow ghi and make the patient snuff it up through his nostrils. It is essential that the Sahdei plant should be the variety with white flowers, and the person plucking it should stand facing the east.

Toothache is cured by incantations such as are known as *jhár-phúnk*. Charms are not so commonly used. The following is one of these charms:—

He danta tum kyún kulta?
Ham se tum se kaun jhagra?
Ham aksar tum ho battís.
Hamari tumari kaun se ris?
Ham kamayán, tum baithe kháo.
Mrityu ki biriyan sange jáo.

"O tooth, why are you quarrelling with me? What is the dispute between you and me? I am only one and you are thirty-two. What is the misunderstanding between you and me? I am the earner and you can sit at home and eat. You will have to go with me in the hour of death." When you are washing your teeth take some water in your hand and repeat this spell. Then spit out the water, and do so repeating the spell seven times.

Besides this there are other remedies. One is to fill the ear on the side on which the tooth aches with ghi, and two hours after put ghi on the other ear. Then you will be free from pain, as the ghi kills the worms in the tooth which cause the aching. Another plan is to rub cow-dung on the aching tooth.

For cramp the most common remedy is as follows:—Get a person who has been born in the unusual way, that is to say, by the feet presentation. Tell him to rub your back with his knees and the pain will be removed.

Another plan is to boil some rice in an earthen vessel. Then, when it is boiled, put it in a saucer and place some curds over it. Move the vessel over the head of the patient. Then put the vessel with its contents in the hollow of a pípal tree. This removes the cramp and the process is hastened if the crows eat it.

For rheumatism the best plan is to put some meat in an earthen pot. Over it lay some urd pulse, and over urd some curds, lay flowers over all till the vessel is full. Last of all add some cloves. Then wave it over the head of the patient and place it secretly, where two roads meet, at twilight.

If the eyes are weak put some powdered catechu in them night and morning. They will become strong. But if you are sure that the weakness is caused by some demon or by the evil eye, put a root of turmeric, five cloves, five flowers and some sugar in a cup made of leaves. Move it over the head of the patient seven times and put it secretly at twilight on a place where three roads meet. Then before going to sleep grind a root of turmeric and some ajwain and rub the eyes with it.

For rupture the patient should be fed in the day time. Grind the cast-skin of a snake and mix it in water. Apply it to the affected part. Let him sleep till the application gets dry; when this is done seven times the rupture will be cured. Another remedy is to cut a branch of the bakain tree while it is green. Burn it and extinguish the flame with earth; powder the charcoal; rub it to the affected part, and do this seven times, applying a little oil each time. This produces a perfect cure.—*W. Crooke.*

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179. **Hindu Domestic Rites.**—The following notes on the domestic rites among high-class Hindús of the Western Districts of the North-Western Provinces are taken from a book entitled *Aínah Rasum*, by Pandit Mangal Sen:—

During pregnancy women often eat charcoal and earth from the house oven. They also eat sour and spicy food. During pregnancy in the family it is considered unlucky for the male members to go out in rich dress in the moonlight, for they believe that this attracts the paris or fairies who would come back with them and trouble the pregnant woman. To avoid this a flower made of gold or silver is hung round the neck of the woman. This protects her and her child from the attacks of ghosts, demons and fairies. The use of excessively strong purgatives known as *janamghoti* for the child immediately after birth is common and is certainly injurious. When a boy is born the women of the clan assemble and sing songs known as Bhayayi gána, some of which are obscene. The mother is kept in a dark, closed room; a net is hung at the door to keep out demons, and the woman's bed should be old and broken. Just as the child is born a Bráhman and a barber come into the house with some blades of grass, for which they receive a present. The idea is that as the grass grows and flourishes of itself, so may the child grow and flourish.

In some families it is the custom when a child is born for a drummer to go round the streets and proclaim the fact. He calls out: "In so-and-so's house a thief has come. Do not allow him to go away." By this it is believed that the messengers of Yama, the god of death, will think that the child is a thief and will not take him away.

After the Chhathi or sixth-day rite a name is given to the child. The custom of giving opprobrious names to children in order to baffle the evil eye is common. If the child be born in the asterism of Mul, a special propitiatory rite known as Mulsant is necessary.

When a child is born the maternal uncle sends fruits, sweets, &c., to the mother. This is called in the villages *Khichari bhejne ki rasm.* Those in the cities call it *Sádhki rasm.* When a child falls ill an exorcisor or Sayána is called in to expel the demon which causes the illness. No medicine can be used by a pious Hindú in the case of small-pox. Water is offered to a kíkar or acacia tree, and round the platform at its base some gram is sprinkled. Milk and water are also sprinkled on both door-posts. Songs are sung in honour of the goddess Mátá.

No high-caste Hindú will eat or drink in the house of his son-in-law. Some will not even drink the water of a well in his village.

The marriage-shed (*mándo*) is made of seven reeds tied together, and to each reed four earthen cups, one above another, are tied with twine. Sometimes this imitation of the marriage-shed is hung from the wall.

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180. **Punjab Frontier—Manners and Customs of the Kafirs.**—Mr. G. S. Robertson contributes a very interesting paper on Kafiristan to the *Geographical Journal.* In the course of his description of his journey through that country, he says that the religion of the Kafirs is idolatry, with traces also of ancestor worship. Imra is the creator of all things, and there are a large number of secondary deities, both male and female, whom Persian-speaking Kafirs have described to me as "prophets." Of these, Moni appears to be the most ancient, and Gish, the war-god, the most popular. There are a large number of other minor deities also, who preside over women and children, who must be sacrificed to for wealth, and who give fruitful harvests, &c. Special animals have to be sacrificed to particular gods; thus, Imra receives cows, Gish male goats, Dizani, a goddess, sheep, &c.; but we shall only speak of Gish, the war-god. He is believed by the Kafirs to have been created in a miraculous way by Imra. He was a marvellous warrior and slayer of man. They assert that he it was who killed Hassan and Hussein, cut off their heads, and then played polo with them, just as the Chitrali princes play the game at the present day. After he died, or rather after he quitted this world, his followers divided into two companies. If you are an Englishman, you will be politely assured that the upper classes went to "London," and the lower orders settled in Kafiristan. Gish has shrines in every true Kafir village, and the corners of his small temples are not unfrequently ornamented with war-trophies stuck on the end of poles. The object worshipped is either a plain stone or a wooden head and face, carved in a

conventional manner. On these the priest casts flour, &c., and the blood of the sacrifice. A great feature in the war system of the Kafirs is the sending out of young men in couples or in small parties, who penetrate stealthily into the enemy's country, and there try to waylay, or murder in their sleep, men, women and children. As soon as they have succeeded in their object, they race back to their village with the utmost speed of which they are capable, being often closely followed up for a part of the distance by avenging Patháns. It is always known when one of these successful raiding-parties has arrived, by the songs of triumph they sing when they halt some little distance from the village. If they come back in the evening they generally camp outside all night, singing their song at intervals and receiving the congratulations of their friends. In the morning, arrayed in much finery, with dancing-axes in their hands, they proceed to the dancing-platform, and if they have been lucky enough to bring away some murdered clothing with them, they cast it on the ground in front of the rude altar, which is always placed conveniently near. Then, in company with all the women of their family, they start dancing in honour of great Gish. In the intervals of the dance the women shower wheat-grains upon the heroes. The music is supplied by drums alone, as pipes must not play at these Gish observances. If a large raiding-party, a small army, sets out and is successful, there is no dancing to Gish afterwards; nor does it ever take place if the fight has been with fellow-Kafirs; nor if any of the raiding-party have been slain. If you wish to compliment a Kafir, you compare him to Gish; while the prettiest thing you can say to a Kafir woman is to call her "Gish Istri," which means Gish's wife.

Some Quaint Beliefs.

Besides gods, the Kafirs believe in fairies, and also in devils, who have to be propitiated in order that the crops may not be destroyed. I on one occasion, while making some particular inquiries about Yush, the chief of the devils, found that my friends were very chary about describing him to me. The more my inquiries concerned his appearance, the more embarrassed the spokesman became. At last a thought struck me, and I asked if Yush resembled me—if he were of my colour. "Oh, no," was the polite and tactful reply; "he is not like you; he is like the private English soldier in India." It was in this way that I learned that the Kafir devil is of a reddish colour. There is a hell in the Kafir theology, where wicked people burn. It is situated below the ground, and the aperture which opens into it is guarded by a custodian named Aramallick, who permits none to pass him. The spirit of a dead man becomes a shade, a mere shape like the phantoms we see in a dream. The religious stories told me were mostly of an infantile description, although some of them were undoubtedly curious. As a rule, however, they are most inconsequential. Kashmir is the most sacred place in the world, because it was the first created country. There is a story of how the world was populated from Kashmir, which is not without interest. A confusion of tongues came upon a number of brothers and sisters, the children of Baba (Father) Adam and his wife, who were all sleeping together, so that on waking in the morning a man could only understand the speech of one particular woman; so the company told themselves off in couples who could understand one another, and then wandered away in different directions to populate the world. Wooden effigies, or a long single stone placed on end, are erected to the memory of dead relations, and although ancestor-worship is denied by the people, I have seen these effigies and monoliths sprinkled with the blood of sacrifices offered by those of the same family who were suffering from sickness, while at a particular festival food is presented to the family effigies, and placed round the house for the use of departed shades. There are no human sacrifices under any circumstances in Kafiristan, except that prisoners taken in war are sometimes stabbed in front of the coffins to satisfy the indignant ghost of a dead warrior. Kafirs are never melancholy, and suicide is not only unknown among them, but when they are told about it they are unfeignedly surprised. There is nothing in the shape of prayers; the substitutes are religious dances, sacred songs and sacrifices.

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181. **Kamdesh Priests.**—The sacrifices are carried out by the "utah" or priest; the "debilala," the singer of the praises of the gods; and the "pshur," who is supposed to be temporarily inspired on all such occasions; but no goat or other animal is ever killed for food in Kafiristan except in the orthodox way and with the appropriate ceremonies. At such time any one may officiate. The priest—the Kamdesh priest is the seventh of his line in regular descent—is a very important personage. He is allowed to sit on the stool in the open air, whether he has gone through the necessary banqueting or not. He is always a man of wealth and the head of a clan. He gets a double share of each animal whose sacrifice he presides over, and has other rights and perquisites. On the march and elsewhere, he takes precedence of every one. For some particular reason he must not go near the receptacles for the dead, nor even traverse certain paths which lead to those places. Slaves may not approach the hearth of any house he may possess, nor come too near any of the shrines.

is also a man held in high res- the praises of the god in whose rifice is being made, and at the dances in the spring time he has a signed him in the centre of the perfor... alongside of the priest. He also is debarred from using certain pathways supposed to be "impure." The "pshur" is the individual who becomes temporarily inspired during sacrifices and on other occasions, when he frequently behaves most violently, and is sometimes not soothed before some of the headmen have specially appealed to Imra on his behalf.

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182. **Funeral Customs.**—The mode the Kafirs have of disposing of their dead is peculiar. They are not buried nor burned, but are deposited in large boxes placed either on the hillside or in some more or less secluded spot. In some few places, notably in Lutdeh, these coffers for the dead are placed just above and close to the village on the level ground and alongside the road. When the wi d blows from that particular direction the result is simply appalling. The boxes are very large, and usually body after body is put into them, as long as the wood resists the natural decay due to time and weather. Certain great men are occasionally, I think, given a box all to themselves. Only in one or two instances have I seen flags placed by the boxes, or pieces of bright-coloured cloth draped on them. The lid generally has several largish stones placed on it, possibly to prevent its warping and exposing the contents of the coffer. Ornaments, silver earrings, &c., and bright-coloured clothing are sometimes deposited with the dead, as are also wooden bowls containing bread broken up in clarified butter. When through age the wood work decays, the bones of the dead are exposed, and very little attention is paid to the circumstance. The funeral ceremonies are most elaborate in certain instances. A little girl who died at Kamdesh was dressed in decent cotton grave-clothes, her relations being wealthy people, and the body was simply carried in a blanket by four men to the cemetery without any ceremony of any kind; a string of weeping women followed behind in pairs or single, the nearer relations being supported by female friends. The dead wife of a headman, who had herself gone through the ceremony of banqueting the people, was treated with much greater honour. Placed on an ordinary Eastern bed, and decked out with all the finery the family could muster, with festoons of wheat ears to indicate her liberality during life, the body was held shoulder high by slaves, while the nearest female relatives sat wailing on he ground beneath it One of them—the only daughter—stood with one hand on the bed addressing her dead mother. Then the band struck up, and a curious dancing scene was presented. Immediately round the corpse was a circle of women, who edged round from right to left, giving a funereal gesture with the hands shoulder high. This gesture is made with the hands upright, the fingers extended. It consists in jerking the hands rapidly, so that the palms are at one instant directed towards the dead body and the next towards the performer; its meaning is supposed to be, "she has gone from us." Outside the circle of women was a circle of men, dancing singly, but much more energetically, and also going sideways. They made a similar gesture to that used by the women, except that the hands, instead of being held at the level of the shoulder, were whirled round at the level of the brows. Outside the second circle were ordinary men-dancers, stamping round mostly in pairs, with arms round each other's shoulders. In the intervals of the music the bed was placed on the ground; the chief mourner, sitting on its edge, looked into her dead mother's face and filled the air with lamentations. She could hardly be prevailed upon to stop sufficiently long for one of the tribal orators to shout out breathlessly staccato sentences praising the dead woman, her liberality, and the family to which she belonged. All the time wine and food were being handed round to all the spectators, Afterwards the band would strike up again, and the dancing be resumed, and so on all day.

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183. **Rajputana: Marriage Customs.**—At the marriage of the minor Raja of Jeypore (Vizagapatam district) to the daughter of the Raja of Udaipur, a curious custom prevalent in Udaipur was observed by Mr. Marsh, the tutor of the minor Raja, who proceeded with the latter and his party to Udaipur. The minor was accompanied by his mother, but she was unable to witness the marriage of her son, as women on the occasion of a marriage are not allowed to enter the town. The Patta Maha Devi was consequently left behind at a town called Sithara. Another curious custom was for both men and women to use the coarsest language as what they consider chaff. The young Raja is reported to have felt this keenly, as he complained frequently of what he had to suffer in his father-in-law's house from the coarse chaff of especially the ladies and female servants. Another curious custom that came to notice was that the Udaipur Raja's father-in-law did not come into Udaipur, but kept behind in Kharsia, as it is not lawful for a father-in-law to eat or drink in his son-in-law's country.—*Madras Times.*

FOLKTALES.

184. **The Tale of Bali Sinh.**—There was once a man named Bali Sinh, who was half an idiot, and used to wander about the village like a fool. One day a barber passed through, and being hungry asked for help.

"Go," said the people in fun, "to Bali Sinh and tell him that his wife has had a child and that you are coming from his father's house with the news." The barber went to Bali Sinh and told him this story, at which he was much pleased, and called all the women to sing the birth song,* and this is what they sang:

"O, younger brother of my husband! my liver aches. Whom may I awake?

"My mother-in-law sleeps in the upper room; my husband's sister sleeps on the back of the elephant; my husband sleeps at the door! Whom can I dare to awaken?"†

As they sang, Bali Sinh had food prepared for the barber, and said to him:

"Wait for a couple of days, until I have some clothes and jewelry made, and then we will take them for the baby."

When the things were ready Bali Sinh and the barber set off together. The barber began to get uneasy lest Bali Sinh should find out the trick: but he remembered that it was a custom for women to wear yellow clothes when they had finished the ceremony after their child was born.‡ Just then he saw a woman in yellow drawing water from a well.

"There is your wife," said the barber. "I will just go and see my family and return by and bye." The barber disppeared, and, following the woman to her house, sat down at the door. The woman's husband was away and she and her mother-in-law were alone in the house. They supposed Bali Sinh to be some distant relative, and asked him in to bathe and eat.

Just as he came in the baby happened to cry. Bali Sinh gave the mother a couple of slaps, and said:

"You, wretch! why don't you take care of the baby? You are more occupied about cooking than about the child, which is the only cause of my having taken such a long journey."

* *Sohar.*

† *A ri devará uthat hai karejwá men pir. Main kehí ré iagáún na ho?*

Aré sásu mori sutalin atariyah nund gaj úpar ho.
Saiyán sutal dhaurahra main kehi re jagaún ho?

‡ This is often used in the form of turmeric, which is rubbed on the mother, *e. g.*, among the Gonds; see Hislop *Papers on Aboriginal Tribes*, Appendices I—IV. Yellow is a special scarer of evil spirits.

The woman was angry at his violence, and asked her mother-in-law who he could be. They thought he must be some unknown relative. By and bye the real husband came back, and when he heard what had happened, he was wrath and shouted to all his clansmen. They all rushed up with their bludgeons and beset the door, when Bali Sinh ran out and cut off the head of the unfortunate husband with his sword.

The villagers ran away in fear, and Bali Sinh took up his quarters in the house and kept the widow as his wife. He lived in idleness, and after a while all their grain was spent. At last his wife said to Bali Sinh:

"You had better go and earn something."

He went to the Rája and asked for employment.

"There is a graveyard here sixteen *bíghas* in area.§ You may have it to till, if you please."

Bali Sinh agreed, and when he went there began to dig the freshest grave. The dead man's ghost‖ appeared, and angrily asked:

"What do you mean by digging my grave?"

"Why should I not dig it?" said Bali Sinh, "and what's more, it will produce me a thousand maunds of rice."

"If you let it alone, I will give you that much rice," said the ghost.

Bali Sinh agreed, and let the grave remain undisturbed, and the ghost used to bring him a thousand maunds of rice every harvest.

After a while the ghost, in his anxiety to collect the tribute of rice, began to get weaker and weaker.

One day his sister's son came to see him, and said:

"Uncle, what is making you so thin?"

When he heard about the rice he encouraged him—

"Don't fret; I will go and kill Bali Sinh."

That night the young ghost came to his house and tried to get in through the house drain. Bali Sinh heard him and, thinking it was a thieving cat, stood over the mouth of the drain with his bludgeon in his hand. When the ghost put his head inside, Bali Sinh began to whack him.

"Have pity on me!" cried the ghost.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I only came to ask," said the ghost, "whether you would have the tribute in paddy or husked rice."¶

§ Ten acres.

‖ *Bhút.*

¶ *Dhan* is unhusked paddy: *cháwal*, cleaned rice.

"Well, yes!" said Bali Sinh. "I may as well have rice, as it will save me the trouble of husking it."

So the ghost had to keep him in rice all the days of his life, and Bali Sinh prospered.

(A folktale told by Padárath Lál, Village Accountant, of Dharmpur, Mirzápur district.)

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185. **The Grasshopper and the Dung-Beetle.**—Once upon a time a grasshopper made friends with a dung-beetle.* One day the grasshopper remained till late in a tank sucking the juice of the lotus flowers, and it was too late to go home. So he went to his friend the dung-beetle, and asked him to give him shelter for the night. Said the beetle:

"Friend! you are quite welcome to put up with me. But you must remember that I live in a dung-heap, and you, who live in a lotus, may not like the smell of my quarters."

"No matter! it cannot be helped," said the grasshopper.

So they went off to the beetle's house, and though the grasshopper did not like the smell of his room, he was too polite to say anything. Next morning the beetle took his friend back to the tank, and there they sat all day on the lotus flowers enjoying the perfume. Towards evening the grasshopper flew away home and the beetle remained in the lotus flower, which at night closed its petals round him, so that he could not get out.

Next morning the Rája's gardener came to the tank to collect some lotus flowers for an offering to Mahádevá. With the other blossoms he plucked that which held the beetle and gave them to the Ráni, who took them and laid them on the image of the god. She then poured a *lotá* full of water over him and he died and attained the salvation of the blessed.

When the grasshopper heard of the end of his friend, he sang—

"Make friends with the great, and honoured shalt thou be."

The beetle sat on the head of Mahádevá and with him bathed in the Ganges."†

(A folktale told by Súryabali, Village Accountant, of Jungail, Mirzápur district: recorded by Pandit Rámgharíb Chaubé.)

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* *Patingá* is the grasshopper, *gubraundá*, the beetle which lives in cow-dung, and may be seen rolling little balls of it along roads.

† In the original—*Sangat kijai baran ki, barhat, barhat barhi jáé, mastak charhé Mahesh ke, sanmukh Gang naháé.*

186. **The Prince and the Fairy.**—A Prince once loved a Fairy*, and she made him promise that he would never marry anyone but herself. But his father forced him to marry a Princess, and soon after he met the Fairy in the jungle.

"Why have you broken your promise?" she asked.

"I forgot your words. Pardon me," he answered.

"Well, you can go and tell your father and mother that you will be dead in twelve days."

When the Prince gave this message to his father, he said: "Are you mad?"

The Prince said nothing, but on the twelfth day he died. His parents mourned him and, having washed his body and covered it with a sheet, laid it on a cot in the garden.

Then the Fairy used to come every night. She gave food and drink to the Prince, revived him and lay down beside him till dawn, when she left him and he became a corpse as before. This went on for some time, when a man saw her and told the King. That night the King himself went to the garden; and when the Fairy had left his son he went to look at him and found on the cot two blocks of wood, one at the foot and one at the head of the corpse. The King changed the position of the blocks of wood and his son revived and embraced him. Then he said to his father:

"Leave me here, and when the Fairy comes tell her that you have made a great mistake in marrying me, and that you hope she will take pity on you, as I am your only son."

The King did as his son had said, and the Fairy took pity on him and brought the Prince to life. She said:

"I have no more claim upon you."

So the King and the Prince went home and lived happily ever after.

(A folktale told by Rámanandan Lál, Village Accountant, of Rámpur, Mirzápur district: recorded by Pandit Rámgharíb Chaubé.)

[This idea of resuscitation appears in many of the common tales. Very often it is affected in the case of the heroine by changing her bangle from one wrist to another. Various parallels are given by Temple: *Wideawake Stories*, 416 *sqq.*—Ed.]

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187. **The Raja and his Kamkar Servant.**—Once upon a time a beggar went into a city and called out:

"I will sell four pieces of good advice for four hundred rupees."

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* *Pari.*

No one would accept his terms, until at last the Rája heard him and called him in. The Rája offered to buy his good advice.

"I must have cash down," said the beggar. When he was paid, he said:

"My maxims are—

"Never be rude to a self-made man of low birth.

"Control your anger at the beginning.

"Never dismiss an old servant for his first fault.

"Never publish a man's sin if you can help it."

The Rája had these maxims engraved on a copper-plate which he hung near his bed. By and bye the Rája lost his wealth and all his servants left him. One of them, a Kamkar by caste,* went to a neighbouring city in search of service. Just then the King of that place had died without issue. So, as was the custom, the people put "the garland of victory"† in the trunk of one of the royal elephants and let her loose, agreeing that on whosoever she hung the garland he should be their King.

By chance the elephant met the Kamkar, hung the garland on him and he became King.

Meanwhile the Rája, his master, came to beg in that city, and, seeing the new King passing by in procession on an elephant, he remembered him; but he followed the advice of the beggar and saluted him respectfully. The King answered his salute and next day the Rája went to court; he was roughly treated by the guards. But he again followed the beggar's advice and kept back his anger. At last the King made him gate-keeper on five rupees a month.

Soon after he discovered that the Queen was in love with her groom. He saw them together, but said nothing. The Queen knowing she was found out went to the King and said:

"The door-keeper is a villain. He tried to dishonour me."

So the King called him and gave him a letter to the Chief of the police.—‡

"Let the bearer be put to death."

As he was taking the letter he met the groom, who said:

"Why do you trouble yourself, Jamadár Sáhib? Let me take the letter."

* The Kamkars are a class of domestic servants in the Eastern Districts of the North-West Provinces.

† *Jayamála.*

‡ *Kōtwál.*

When the groom took the letter to the Chief of Police, he was hanged at once.

When the King saw the Rája at the gate as usual, he was astounded and asked him what had happened. The Rája told him the whole story, and how the Queen was false to him. When the Kamkar recognised his master and heard the tale, he said:

"Take my kingdom and let me be as before thy servant."

Thus the Rája retrieved his fortune by following the beggar's advice.

May Paramesar restore all of us as he restored the Rája!

(A folktale told by Akbar Sháh, Mánjhi of Manbasa, Dudhi, Mirzápur district: recorded by Pandit Rámgháríb Chaubé.)

[This story brings together a number of familiar incidents. The false accusation made by the Queen is as old as Joseph, and constantly appears in the folktales. We have the letter of death in the legend of Bellerophon, and in Somadeva's tale of Sivavarman (Tawney, *Katha Sarit Sigara*, I, 27), Mr. Jacobs (*Folklore Congress Report*, 1891, p. 93) quotes Köhler in Gonzenbach, *Sizilianische Marchen*, 220; and see Temple, *Wideawake Stories*, 410, who refers to *Wideawake Stories*, 103, sqq. Lal Behari De: *Folktales of Bengal*, 120: *Indian Fairy Tales*, 53 sqq. 184 sqq. *Indian Antiquary*, XI 85: III, 321. We find it again in "Ahmed, the Orphan," of the Seven Vazirs, and for additional parallels, see Clouston: *Book of Sindibád*, p. 291 sqq.—Ed.]

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188. **The Nawab and the Brahman Beggar.**—There was once upon a time a poor Bráhman who made his living by begging. One day his wife said to him:

"The children are starving and you must make money somehow. What you make to-morrow we will spend in pens, paper and ink."

Next day the Bráhman bought these things and handed them to his wife, who wrote five sayings—"The father of a worthy son:" "The mother of an undutiful son:" "A Bráhman in prosperity:" "A friend in poverty:" "He who lies awake, gains; he who sleeps, loses."*

She gave this paper over to her husband, and said:

"Take it to the market-place and sell it for two lakhs of rupees."

The Bráhman hawked it all over the place and could get no one to buy it. At last the Nawáb of the place came out for an airing and, asking the price of the paper, was told "two lakhs of rupees." He bought it at once and ordered his treasurer to pay the price.

* *Sapút ká báp: Kapút ki má: Hoti ká Bráhman: Anhoji ká yár: jágé so pávê; sová so khové.*

The Nawáb determined to put these principles to a test; he showed the paper to his father, who said: "What a fool you are! you had better leave the house." Having tested the first precept he went to his mother; she said:

"If your father has given such an order there is no help for it. But here is a jewel worth nine lakhs of rupees. Take this with you in case you want money."

Having tried two precepts, he went to the town where his sister was married. He sent a message to her by her maid-servant. His sister enquired how many attendants were with him, and when she heard that he had come on foot alone and in poverty she said:

"He can put up with the potter. When I have time I will see him."

In the evening she sent for him and scolded him.

"Why did you come in this miserable state. You have disgraced me before my neighbours. Go away at once."

Thus three precepts were tested. Then he came to a village where lived a friend of his. When he heard of the Nawáb's approach he hastened to meet his friend and gave him food and a change of raiment. He pressed him to stay so eagerly, that at last he had to go away by stealth. He then came to his father-in-law's house, where his wife was still with her father. There he passed himself off as a faqír and sat before a fire close by.

One day he saw a horseman with a number of attendants riding by, and he asked some one who this was.

"This is the Chief Constable† of the city, and he is in love with the daughter of the man who lives opposite."

The Nawáb was stunned at this news, and when he saw the Chief Constable making his second visit he attracted his attention, and was sent by him to bring a pice worth of betel from the bázár. He arranged the leaves into packets,‡ and in one packet he put his ring and placed that packet below all the others. His wife found the ring with the name of her husband on it, and in her anger she wrote to the Chief Constable to have her husband put to death. He was delivered to the executioners, who were ordered to put out his eyes.

† *Kótwál.*

‡ *Bírá.*

As they were about to kill him, he said: "Take this jewel, which is worth nine lakhs of rupees and spare my life."

The executioners took the jewel and liberated him, and having killed a deer took its eyes to the Chief Constable and pretended that they were the eyes of the Nawáb. He sent them to his paramour.

Next day the Nawáb came to the city of Jhunjhanapur, which was ruled by a Princess. It was her custom that whoever first passed by her palace in the morning was allowed to sit on the throne that day and share her couch at night. But whoever did so always died, and his body used to be thrown next morning into the river. By chance the Nawáb was the first man to pass the palace and was selected. He ruled for one day and at night went to the room of the Princess. He kept walking about to prevent himself from falling asleep, and at midnight he saw two female snakes come out of her nostrils and creep about on the couch where they used to find their victim. He drew his dagger and slew them, and covering them with a piece of cloth placed them under the couch. He lay awake all night through fear, and in the morning when the Princess woke and found him alive, she was astonished, and asked how his life had been spared.

When the news spread, all the people praised his bravery, and he was married to the Princess and ruled the kingdom.

He then started for home, and was suitably entertained at the house of his father-in-law and sister: and when he convinced his father of the truth of the Bráhman's precepts, he ordered that they should be painted on the wall of his chamber as a perpetual memorial.

(A folktale told by Matabadal, Barber of Robertsganj, Mirzápur district: recorded by Pandit Rámghárib Chaubé.)

[We have here a number of familiar incidents combined. The woman whose lovers die every night is like those of Sara in Tobit, who were killed by Asmodeus.—Ed.]

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189. **The Brahman's Riddle.**—There was once a Bráhman who was very poor, but who had a very clever wife. One day she said to him:

"We must really do some thing to live. I hear that Rája Bhoj gives a lakh of rupees for a good Sanskrit verse. Why don't you compose one?"*

* Rája Bhoj is the great Indian Mœcenas. He was King of Dhár and flourished in the 11th century *A. D.*

"But I can't," he answered. "Well," said his wife, "I will write one, and if he asks for the interpretation, let him come to me for it."

And this was the riddle she made—

"It has no legs, yet it walks.

It terrifies the world.

It is fair-complexioned and dark.

It always rests on the earth.†

The Bráhman took this to the court of Rája Bhoj and made it over to a gate-keeper. He determined to appropriate it himself, but he had to go away and handed it to his companion, who gave it to a third. So when the riddle was read there were four claimants, and all four were asked for their interpretation.

The first gate-keeper said:

"The meaning is a snake. It has no legs, but it walks. It frightens the world. It is black above and white beneath. It always rests on the ground."

The second said:

"It is the cloud. It has no legs, but it moves. It roars with the tempest. It is white and it is black. It feeds on the mountains as the sheep pasture."‡

The third said:—

"It is the water which moves, though it has no feet: roars in the torrent: is white and black, and rests upon the earth."

At last the Bráhman was asked:

"Your Majesty must go to my wife for the answer," he replied.

So the Rája went to the Bráhmini.

"The answer is my poverty," she answered.

"It has no legs, yet it has come to me. My clothes were once white; now they are black. It is fearful, because it drives away my friends: and it ever lives on earth."

† In the original—

Apayá pad sanyuk tá sarb lok bhayankari:

Swet varnashch Krishnángá sada bhumin awalambite.

‡ See Gubernatis's *Zoological Mythology*, I., *sqq*.

The Rája was pleased and gave her a present double that he conferred on the other interpreters.

(A folktale told by Hazári Lál, Village Accountant, of Chopan, Mirzápur district: recorded by Pandit Rámgháríb Chaubé.)

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190. **Bihar—A Folktale.**—From Saropatti are visible the ruins of the fort of Rája Sahay, on the banks of the Bághmati River. The place is now in ruins, but it is surrounded by an enormous number of palm-trees, about which the following tale is told:—The Rája had a lovely daughter named Sabaldai. She took a vow that she would marry no one but he who could count the palm-trees within view of her father's palace. Many suitors tried and failed, until at last a Dusádh named Nonachár began and tied a string round each tree and then taking the strings off counted them and found out the correct number. This Nonachár was himself a wizard and used to take his swine every day to drink in the Ganges, which is 150 miles away. When the Princess found that she must either break her vow or give herself over to a low-caste lover, she prayed to Mother Earth to open and receive her into her bosom. The earth opened and the Princess was just disappearing, when Nonachár succeeded in marking her forehead with vermilion, and thus accomplished the most important part of the Hindu marriage rite. The earth would not allow this shameful marriage to be consummated, so she turned the Princess into a stone, which is said still to lie in the fort protected from human touch by a number of enormous snakes. Subsequently a Muhammadan devotee, named Jabbar Sháh, took up his post there and acquired magical power. On one occasion a fellow-devotee of his came to see him mounted on a tiger, and then Jabbar Sháh rode on the wall on which he was sitting to receive him.—*Babu Rae Krishna Bahadur.*

[For riding on a wall, see the legend of the Saint Bo'Ali Qalandar: *Introduction to Popular Religion*, 138.—Ed.]

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191. **The Purbiya and the Rupee.**—There is a common proverb: "*Mar jaihon to jaihon, tumhen na bhajaihon.*" (I would die rather than change you.) The story runs, that a Purbiya once got a rupee and went into the bázár to buy something. He went to various shops, but at each the banya asked some commission for changing it. This the Purbiya would not give. At last he got very hot and, opening his hand to see if his rupee was all right, he found it covered with perspiration. When he saw this he began to weep, and said: "My dear! you are crying at leaving me. I will never change you."

MISCELLANEA.

192. **Note 470, Volume III—Sikh Priests: A Singular Vow.**—Sir Alexander Burnes's description of the old Bedi is not quite accurate. In the first place, he was not a priest. He was simply a descendant of Guru Amar Dás, and as such was held in reverence by the Sikhs. In the next place, his singular habit was not due to any vow. I knew him well. He died at a good old age at Ráwalpindi about the year 1858. He told me that in his youth he used to stammer very much, and that he was advised by a Bráhman to pause when he could not bring out a word, and to fill up the pause by repeating the holy name of Bishn two or three times slowly to himself, and that by doing this he would be cured of stuttering. From that time he followed the Bráhman's advice strictly, and had got rid of the impediment in his speech, but had acquired the odd habit of using the words Bishn! Bishn! as an expletive after every two or three words of a sentence spoken by him. I noticed, however, that he never pronounced Bishn! Bishn! at the end, but only in the beginning or middle of a sentence. So I believed that the ejaculations were really lugged in to avoid a stutter.

This strange habit gained him the nickname of Bába Bishn! Bishn! I am sure I never heard him called by any other name by either European or native. He had been a *Kardar* (District Officer) of Ráwalpindi during the reign of Máhárája Ranjit Singh.—*J. G. Delmerick.*

193. **Local History: Hoshyarpur: Punjab.**—"When Bábar came the fifth time to India, in 1525 *A. D.*, Daulat Khán was at Lahore with 40,000 men and in the service of the brother of the Emperor, but he fled as Bábar pressed forward, and, of course, he took refuge in Malet, a miserable looking village on the border of hills to the east of Hoshyárpur. The fort of Malet, extensive ruins of which still exist to testify to its former greatness, was the chief stronghold of the Pathán Kings, and was built of Bahlul Lódí. And, Bábar not liking to leave such a fire band in the Punjáb behind him, followed him to his mountain stronghold and invested it. Bábar, we know, had artillery, which he afterwards used with great effect at Pánípat. A few discharges would be sufficient. Malet fell and Bábar took possession of Daulat Khán and whatsoever else the fort contained. Daulat Khán had boasted that he would destroy Bábar, and had put on two swords to show how effectually he would do it. Bábar now ordered these two swords to be hung round his neck, and in this manner Daulat was brought into the presence, and of course honoured and forgiven, for Bábar was nothing unless he was generous. In the fort was found a noble library—books on philosophy and poetry. Of these Bábar retained some for his own use, sent some to Kamrán, who was in Kabul, and kept the rest for Humáyun, his eldest son. Nothing could have delighted Bábar more than the plunder of Malet fort."—*Tribune, Lahore.*

194. **Ludhiana: Belief in Supernatural Agency.**—The belief in ghosts and other supernatural agents is universal and shared by Hindús and Muhammadans alike. The malevolent spirits usually recognised are the *bhút* and the *churél*. A *bhút* is said to be the spirit of a man who has died *avghat*, i. e., not on the ground and according to the proper ceremonies, while a *churél* is the spirit of a woman who has died within 40 days of child-birth or *avghat* as in the case of a man. Funeral ceremonies performed at Pehoa set the spirit at rest. If an evil spirit is offended, it takes possession of the offender and works ills, bodily and mental. It may be expelled by a piece of red pepper put in the nose of the sufferer, or by inhaling the smoke of burnt rags. If this does not succeed, the patient may be taken to the shrine of Pír Banohi at Sunám and the spirit exorcised. Another form of exorcisim is that a lamp is moulded of dough, filled with oil and kept burning near the patient. A girl sits feeding the lamp, and is asked what she sees in the lamp from time to time. She invents several things, and then she says that she sees a Darbár, with people sitting in it, and amongst them the *churél*. On this the oil is carefully poured into a jar or bottle and corked up, the *churél* being of course in it. Men and women are said to have the power by repeating a certain charm, which few happily know, of extracting the liver from a child, thus causing its death. Such an unpleasant person is called a *dain*, and if he or she looks at a child, death is the result. A *deo* is an ordinary spirit, who haunts old wells, *pípal* trees and dark places generally. He is an orthodox ghost apparently, and many weird stories are told of him.—*T. G. Walker, Settlement Report*, p. 63.

195. **Visits of Condolence, para. 1073, Volume I.**—Among Muhammadans visits of condolence are never made on Saturdays, Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Visits for the purpose of making enquiries about the state of health of sick persons among Muhammadans are never made after sunset and on Thursdays.—*M. M. Beg.*

196. **Kumaon: Visits of Condolence.**—Tuesday and Saturday are the proper days for paying visits of condolence. The other days of the week are considered unlucky. In Garhwál, however, no days are fixed, but on the 2nd, 4th, 6th and 8th day of death no such visits are allowed. I have further ascertained that Saturday and Tuesday are considered very unlucky to visit sick people.—*Aziz-ud-din Ahmed.*

197. **To Bewitch Mankind: A Charm.**—Bring the tongue of the owl on Sunday and two-and-a-half leaves of the *ním* tree. Powder them together with water and then apply the powder like antimony to your eyes. Then look on any man or woman you please and you will be able to bewitch them.—*Pandit Rámgharib Chaubé.*

198. **Benares: Human Sacrifice.**—The following is from the *Morning Post* of Allahabad:—The Government of these Provinces has ordered an inquiry into one of the most ghastly occurrences that has come to light in this part of India for years. It appears that in a village near Benares the priests so worked on the feelings of the people, that a Bráhman family was induced to permit one of its members being sacrificed to the god Káli. In the presence of a large assemblage the victim, a fine lad of sixteen, was led forth, and after the usual invocations to the deity, the chief priest cut the boy's throat and sprinkled the warm blood over the idol. The principal actors in this gruesome tragedy have been arrested, and an investigation is being conducted with a view to ascertain, if possible, why the police did not interfere to prevent a crime that has created a sensation throughout the Benares district.

199. **Chhatarpur : Cholera.**—It is thought that Hulká Bhawání brings cholera, but the *Nontás* (persons who have spirits in their power) sometimes appease her and thus protect the town from the disease. One year Hulká Bhawání came, but the *Nontás* requested her to withdraw through the tank and all the fish in the tank died.—*Bhagwán Dás.*

200. **Eastern Districts, N.-W. P.: Folklore of Oxen.**—

Chhadar kaha:—" Main áon jáon ."
Sakdar kahai :—" Main gusaian kháon :"
Nawdar kahai :—" Nau disi khún,
Hít, kutumb, uprohit dhún."
Saunakh kahai :—" Dekh mor kala,
Bin mehari ke karihon ghara."

The ox with six teeth says :—" I come and go." (Such oxen are inauspicious and so pass from one master to another.)

The ox with seven teeth says:—" I devour my master." (Such oxen are also unlucky.)

The ox with nine teeth says:—" There will be bloodshed in the nine directions. The relatives, next of kin and family priest of the owner of such a brute will be ruined."

The ox with the curl between its eyes says:—"Look at my power ! I can deprive the house of its mistress."

All the oxen described above are of evil omen and a wise man will not keep such animals.—*Lakshmi Narayan.*

201. **Tree-marking in Kulu.**—Tree-marking is a common practice in Kulu. It is supposed to place the tree under the protection of the nearest *deo*, who guards it against lightning and, if a fruit tree, gives it good crops. It should, by rights, be marked with an equilateral triangle cut in the bark, or, as that is too much trouble, with simply a horizontal cut, and the piece of bark above sliced out. This dedication in nowise prevents the owner of the tree from cutting it down whenever he wants it, without any previous reference to the *deo*. As many of the larger alders that were uprooted and swept away by the late floods were dedicated in this fashion, it is to be feared that the *deos* were sadly remiss in their protective duties, or possibly, as these alders were Government property, they thought it was no affair of theirs—the Sarkar might just look after its own trees.

202. **Montgomery: Use of Camel Bones.**—In a disease to which melons are subject, called *hadda*, camels' bones burnt to windward of the field are a fine remedy. —*W. E. Purser, Settlement Report, p. 73.*

[In parts of the N.-W. P., camels' bones hung up in a house are said to keep off rats, mice and white-ants. They are, I believe, used for other purposes also. Can any one give any further information ?—Ed.]

203. **Eastern Districts, N.-W. P.: Harvest Festival.**—After the threshing of the crops the women play what is known as *Dána pání*. In the evening they assemble at some selected place and headed by the village Darshaniya and Gauhán they sprinkle some barley and water round a neighbouring field. When this is done for four days a castor-oil plant post is set up as a Holika on the south side of the village, and after five or six days, when sufficient wood is collected, it is burnt. This is quite different from the regular Holi. Then comes the *Paráwan*, when all the people leave their houses and go and stay for three days in a neighbouring grove. Then they return home. In cities people perform the same ceremony by changing their kitchen and bed rooms.—*Lakshmi Narayan Dubé.*

[Can any one give any further account of these customs ?—Ed.]

204. **A Tragedy in the Ghazipur District.**
A popular verse runs—

Maulaví Abdul Rahmán ké ái baratíyá,
Nausau nauási ádmi jal gayé ratíyá.

"The night on which the wedding party of Abdul Rahmán Maulaví arrived nine hundred and eighty-nine persons were burnt." This commemorates the death of this number of persons by an accidental explosion of fireworks at the village of Pahitiya, about seventy years ago. —*Muhammad Núr.*

205. **A Charm to Cure Headache.**—

10	17	2	7
6	3	14	13
16	11	8	1
4	5	12	15

Write it on a piece of paper and wear it on the head. You will soon find relief.—*Pandit Rámgháríb Chaubé.*

206. **A Mahabharata Legend.**—It is recorded in the Mahabhárata that the Kauravas built a house of lac in which they burnt up the Pándavas. The traditional site of this event is in Allahabad district, on the left bank of the Ganges, 3 miles south of Handia Táhsíl. The village of Lachagarh (*Laksha*=lac) is said to take its name from this event. It stands on a bank of the river which is never cut away by the stream. This is said to be due to the melted lac which keeps the earth together. People come to bathe on the Somwati Amáwas when the new moon falls on a Monday. Jhúsi or Pratishtapur, the capital of the Chandravansi Rájas, is 24 miles from there.—*Bálkrishna Lál.*

207. **The Brahmanical Thread : Savya *vs.* Apasavya.**—The *Yagyopavítra* or Bráhmanical thread is called *Savya* if it is worn, as it generally is, over the left shoulder and below the right arm ; but if its position be reversed, that is to say, if it be worn over the right shoulder and below the left arm, it is called *Apasavya*. In performing all religious rights, in making religious gifts (*dána*), the person who performs these rites faces the east and wears his sacred thread Savya ; but in making offerings to the manes of the dead, he faces the south and wears his sacred thread Apasavya. The domains of Yama, the God of Death, are believed to lie towards the south.—*Muzaffarnagar : Kási Náth.*

208. **A Rain Song.**—

"*Kampû ban bâgain : Kadam Kapân : thârhê Sûbêdâr Sâhib samîr sar sâyo hai.*
Kahain Padmâkar—Tilang bhring bhir dhîr, mâjor tamarchî mayûr gun gâyo hai.
Bhek kî ararahat ghatân ghûrarâhat so û hararrahat arrabin ko chhâyo hai.
Mân mad bhangi sen sangi, khûb jangi, liyé rangi, ritu pâwas firangi bani âyo hai."

The forest and the groves are like a cantonment. Among them stands the *Kadam* tree as Captain. The rainy wind is in drill order like the native officers, says Padmâkar : "The buzzing bees appearing in crowds are like the sepoys : the peacocks act as Drum-Major. The croaking of the frogs and the rattling of the passing clouds are the neighing of the chargers. To defeat the pride of Cupid comes the happy rainy season like a Birtish Field Officer accompanied by his strong army of fighting men."—*Bhân Prâtâp Tiwârî.*

209. **Basti and Gorakhpur: A Charm against the Evil-Eye.**—Illness of children is attributed to the effects of the evil-eye, and in the houses of men of rank and position the following charm is practised daily in the evening :—

The nurse, taking a quantity of *rai, sarson*, the husks of wheat, salt, and chillies in her right hand, moves them over the head of every child under her care some five or seven times, reciting the following. She then throws the contents of her hand behind between her legs :—

1. *Râi, non, sarson, bana je chitwen se khâen apânâ.*
2. *Atael, batael, kuiyan paniharin, mâe, bahiniân, sag pitianiyân, arosin parosin je more bachchâ ke take tuke tekar phutai donon ankh.*
3. *Kâl Bhairon rahshâ karen diyâ ke nahîn bhubhut baren*

1. Rai, salt, and sarson (be) the dress. May those who cast an (evil) eye devour their own (children).

2. Way-farers and passers-by, water-bearing females of the well, mother, sister, aunt, and neighbours, whosoever may cast an evil look upon my darling, may both their eyes be destroyed.

3. May *Kâl Bhairon* protect (thee) and thou shinest like the dazzling lamp.—*Chandra Bali Sukul.*

210. **Arresting the progress of a Flood.**—A "Bawa" of Bombhola has, according to a correspondent of the *Kathiawar Times*, succeeded in arresting the waters of the river Ramdhro with a wand. Our correspondent says :—During the late floods the bridge over the river Ramdhro was submerged, and it was feared that a Hindú temple, in which several people had taken refuge, would be swept away. The "Bawa" of the temple seeing this, lighted a fire on a grave in the temple compound, and poured some incense on it ; he then with a wand drew a circle round the temple and the waters advanced no further, though the temple stood on lower ground than the bridge. All the people who took refuge there were saved.

211. **Teething of Children.**—If a child commences teething within a month of its birth it will die ; if in the second month, its elder brother will die ; if in the third month, it will destroy its sister ; if in the fourth, its mother will die ; if in the fifth, its elder brother will die. From the sixth to the ninth month it is a good omen. If all the teeth in the upper jaw appear before the lower, its parents will surely die. To obviate these evils the child should be mounted on an elephant and washed in water in which a hundred varieties of plants have been soaked. If this cannot be done, the child should be seated on the platform of some deity, and a vessel containing water and plants of one hundred varieties placed before it. Then incense should be burnt and the five products of the cow and earth from seven holy places sprinkled near it. The water should be poured over its head and Brâhma worshipped every day for seven days. On the eighth day Brâhmans should be fed and presented with gifts.—*Pândit Râmghârib Chaubé.*

212. **Sitapur : A Sacred Tank.**—At Jurgawan a fair is held every March in honour of an ancient King of the Solar dynasty of Ajudhya, who having the misfortune to lose both his hands, had them miraculously restored to him by bathing in this tank. Its name Karjora is said to mean "hand-joining" and Jurgawan, "the village of the joining". Karauna and Karkila neighbouring villages are supposed to mean "places of the hand."—*Settlement Report, p.* 98.

213. **The Jack Fruit and the Bamboo** (Vol. III, 120 IV, 3).—Hindú women think the *Kathal* or Jack-fruit very unlucky, as the fruit is plucked while green. Such a tree planted near the house brings ill-luck on the family. The bamboo is also unlucky. A verse runs :—

Bichchu, bâns aur kâns,
Apne janam le nás.

"The scorpion, bamboo and *kâns* grass die when they produce offspring.'

Every one believes that the bamboo dies when it seeds, and hence it is very unlucky to children to plant it near the house.—*Pandit Râmghârib Chaubé.*

214. **How to select the site for a Well.**—If a man sinks a well in the centre of the enclosure of his house he will lose his wealth ; if in the north-east corner, his family will be strengthened ; if to the east, his household will flourish ; if to the south-east, he will lose his son ; if in the south, his wife will die ; if in the south-west, his house will be destroyed ; if to the west, he will get richer and richer day by day ; if to the north, his enemies will overcome him ; if to the north, he will become happier daily.—*Pandit Râmghârib Chaubé.*

215. **Superstition as to the use of Babul and Ber Wood.**—The people hold it unlucky or uncanny to have any portion of the buildings made of *babûl* or *bér* wood. (Partabgarh : *Settlement Report*, p. 10.) I remember some years ago when one of our beds was broken in camp some *babûl* wood was produced for its repairs. An old bearer strongly objected to its use. "Whoever sleeps on it will certainly have bad dreams," said he, but if you keep it only for the use of Padrés who come to visit you, it does not matter." He apparently thought that the sanctity of a Padré protected him from the danger to which ordinary people were exposed.—*W. Crooke.*

216. **A Muhammadan Superstition.**—It is the belief of Muhammadan women that if a man touches the nose of another with his hand, either intentionally or accidently, the man whose nose is thus touched will soon fall ill ; but if in return the latter be allowed to touch the nose of the former, both will be saved.—*K. Mohammad Zafer.*

North Indian Notes and Queries:

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POPULAR RELIGION.

217. **Marriage of a Brahman Girl to a Dog.**—There is a legend current among high-caste Hindus that once upon a time a Bráhman girl was married to a dog. A Bráhman had a very lovely and accomplished daughter, and he was so poor that he could not find a suitable husband for her. So he consulted his Guru, who said: "Outside the temple of Siva, where I worship, sits a dog who was once a god, and for some fault was reduced to his present degraded condition. Marry your daughter to him." The Bráhman did so, and for some years the dog-bridegroom lived in the house with the girl and her parents. At last the time of his punishment was over and he was about to become a god again. So he went to his father-in-law and said: "I am going to Bhagwán. I give you a stick. When you wish to see me you have only to place this stick in the sea and it will bear you to me."

The dog went off to Bhagwán and became a god, and Bhagwán made him the Rája of an island beyond the sea. After he came to his kingdom he bethought himself of his wife; so he came in a flying chariot and took her away with him.

By and by, the Bráhman thought he would like to see his daughter. So he went to the shore of the sea and placing the stick in the water, mounted on it and was carried to the house of his daughter. She was then engaged in cooking rice for her husband and delayed to meet her father. He was wrath and went away in anger. On the way he saw a heavenly palace, but its gate was ruined. When he asked the people the cause, they said: "This palace was built for a Bráhman, but it has fallen into ruins, because he went away in anger because his daughter attended to the wants of her husband before his." The Bráhman was overcome with remorse. He went on a little farther and saw three women eating the flesh of a corpse. He asked them why they were doing this, and they answered: "We are doing so because in the former life he ate our flesh in a time of famine. We were his daughters in that life. This place is the Swarga Paradise, and as a man sows so shall he reap." The Bráhman went home sadly, but when he was dead he was admitted into the palace reserved for him in heaven.—*Pándit Rámgharíb Chaubé*

218. **Saharanpur: The Hoi, a woman's festival.**—The Hoi festival takes place on the

seventh of the dark fortnight of the month of Kartik. All women who are blessed with children fast that day for their benefit. Most women keep a string, to which they add a bead every year. This is called Siyau. Every bead which is added is supposed to give another child. With the beads a little image of one of the goddesses usually worshipped by women is also kept, and this ornament is specially worn at the festival of the Hoi. They whitewash a wall and paint on it the image of the goddess Mátá, the deity of small-pox, and of her children, who are known as Hua. In the evening women worship these figures and pray for the welfare of their children.

By another account the Hoi is devoted to the worship of the Jhiwarni or Kahárin, the woman who draws water for the household. One story is that Prithivi Rája asked Narada Muni how he accounted for the Hoi feast. He said that at the beginning of the Kálivuga death and famine devastated the land. The Bráhmans prayed to the gods, but in vain, and were about to give up their supplications when a Jhiwarni came among them and encouraged them to continue their prayers. Then Káli, in the form of Chamunda Devi, appeared carrying her head in her hands, and said that the troubles which afflicted mankind were due to their impiety. The way to appease her is to fast at the Hoi.

By another account a Hindú girl who was being forcibly converted to Islám took refuge with a Jhiwarni and sank into the ground to avoid her persecutors. Hence she became a goddess, and has been worshipped since.

The whole series of legends is very obscure, and it would be very interesting to discover what the real significance of the feast is.—*W. Crooke.*

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219. **Hamirpur District: Local Worship of Danu-Manu.**—To the south of Hamírpur, at a distance of 48 miles, there is a large town known as Ráth. It is famous for its grain market and *sarráfi* (the profession of exchanging money) as well: the reason of the latter being that in this part of the country, besides the Government coins, the following old *Marhatta* coins are also still current:—*Srí-Nagri*, *Bálá-Sháhi*, *Maddhu-Sháhí* and *Tegá-Sháhí*. It is situated between two historic places, Máhoba, the capital of Rája Parmál, and Orai, the capital of Rája Máhil, each lying at a distance of 24 miles from it.

Ráth, though less important in the history of Alhá than the two abovenamed places, yet is much more ancient, being the capital of Rája Birát who played an important part in the epoch of the *Mahábhárata*, and in whose court the Pándavas, when exiled by Maharája Duryodhana, sought refuge. Its old name is Birátpuri, after the name of Rája Birát, of which Rát or Ráth is a corruption.

The Khíchaks, the sons of Rája Birát who were put to death by the Pándavas for the sake of Draupadí (who also accompanied them and was employed as a maid-servant in the palace of Rája Birát), are now worshipped by the people of the town as deified heroes. They are now called Dánu-Mánu, and are represented by two idols of stones placed on a platform in Muhalla Budhauliánpura.

They are ordinarily worshipped with water, rice, flowers, and burnt offerings.

The popular belief about these deities is that they protect the town from such calamities as cholera and small-pox. When the evil spirits or goddesses who cause these epidemics want to find their way into the town with a train of these diseases, they drive them away after a bloody encounter with them. On such occasions stains of blood are found all over the images, and the small cavities or holes which they contain, being made of unpolished stones, seem to be bleeding.

Although it is nothing but a trick of some priest, yet the ignorant masses believe that their deities have been wounded while fighting with the evil goddesses for their cause.

At this time it is the duty of the townsfolk to worship the idols with milk. Some of them bathe the images with milk while others dip some cotton into the milk and put some part thereof on the head of each image and some part into the holes and cavities.—*Chandrakali Shukul.*

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220. **Hydrophobia.—Hereditary Curers of—** "I have been informed of three places in the Punjáb where prevention of hydrophobia is practised. One of them is in this, Muzaflargarh district, a hamlet about three miles from the headquarters of Tahsil Alípur, where a family of Sayyids practise the cure. I went to Alípur in April last and sent for the grandfather of the family, Sayyid Bandeh Sháh, an old man of about 60 years. He said they were Bokharí Sayyids. To this place he said his grandfather emigrated from Derá Ghází Khán. His ancestors, when they first came into India, resided in a village called Veláit, about 30 miles north of Derá Ismáil Khán. Seven generations before him one of the family, Sayyid Sukher Sháh, then a baby, was sleeping in a cradle close to his mother, who was combing her hair, when a mad jackal came and bit the boy or baby on his arm. The mother with great difficulty drove away the jackal, and concluded the animal to be rabid, because a sane one would not have dared to come and deliberately bite the child in the day time. She began to despair for the safety of the boy, when her

maternal uncle, Sháh Isá Sáhib, came in. He consoled her with cheering words, caught hold of a bit of the baby's right ear near the top and recited the last "Surat" of their sacred book the Qurán seven times; and for the same number of times another "Surat." He then told her that not only would her child be saved, but when any one who passed under his or any one of his descendant's leg, when he was reciting the above named Surat after being bitten by any rabid animal or reptile, would never suffer from the ill-effects of such a bite.

And now-a-days when any one suffering from snake or other bite comes, he or his grandson makes him pass under his leg seven times when he is reciting the Surats.

One more point worth mentioning: He showed me a notch on the upper part of the margin of his right ear. This, he said, is the impression of the fingers of Sháh Isá Sáhib on the ear of the baby who was treated by him, and that every member of his family shows more or less this impression on his right ear.—*J. Bhojépotra Veyá in the Theosophist.*

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221. **The Govind Singhi Sect.**—Govind Singhís are of two kinds—regular ascetics and those who lead a worldly life. Govind Singh was a follower of Guru Nanak, and he came to the Gaddi nine generations after Nanak. Nanak once made the prophecy that there should be ten generations of the house of Bábar and ten of Bábá Nanak. So the Emperor Alamgír, who was the foe of Govind, and Govind were each the tenth in descent. There are two kinds of Govind Singhís, Khulásas, who are like Nanakshábís, and the Khálsa. The latter never shave during their whole lives and wear blue clothes. They consider iron to be very sacred, and always keep a piece of this metal with them. When they eat they always first dip this piece of iron in the food. All the four Varnás or divisions of Hindús can join the sect and eat together.

They worship the Granth or sacred book daily. They worship no idols. Since they have grown wealthy, they pass their time in ease and luxury. The above account is mainly taken from the Kasinama of Sital Prásád. A full account of them is given in Mr. Maclagan's *Punjab Census Report*, p. 164 *eff.*

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222. **Horse-shoe Worshipping.**—In the Siválá quarter of Benares, I have been a constant witness of horse-shoe worship. On the first day of the month of Muharram, a curved piece of iron, rather larger than an ordinary horse-shoe, but exactly resembling one, is worshipped by the low castes of the Muhammadan community, consisting chiefly of the vegetable sellers, water-bearers, butchers, &c., but both the Sunni and Shiáh sects. The horse-shoe is tied to the top of a bamboo about two yards long. It is decorated with red cloth and garlands of flowers. For the first six days benzoin is burnt before the horse-shoe, and sweetmeats are distributed. On the sixth day one of the worshippers is chosen, the choice falling on the most pious. On the eighth day the man thus elected fasts, and towards the evening he bathes, wears new or at least clean clothes, and puts a turban on his head; in short, he is attired like a Muhammadan bridegroom, and is therefore called a *dúlah* (bridegroom). He grasps the piece of bamboo rather tightly, taking care to keep it upright in front of his nose, bearing the horse-shoe upward, about two feet high from his head. The *dúlah* becomes, or at least looks, like one under the influence of a spirit as soon as he takes hold of the horse-shoe. Three or four stout worshippers hold him in their arms. Some, at his back, pull the cords tied to the top of the bamboo, just below the horse-shoe. This party or the *sawári*, as it is called, goes from one *táziá* to another, shouting *Dúlah! dulah!! dúlah!!!* When before the táziá the worshippers get more and more excited and shout louder than before. After this frenzy, which lasts for two or three hours, the party returns to the place whence it started, and the *dúlah* is laid down flat on the ground to recover his senses. On the evening of the ninth day, which is the last procession, the party is again formed in the same manner. A circular hole two feet deep and about two yards in diameter is dug in the ground and fire is put to the fuel in it. When well burnt the coals are spread all round the hole or *aláo*. The *sawári* begins shouting *Dúlah! dúlah!!* and as it becomes more and more energetic, treads, rather swiftly, with bare foot on the burning coals, and at intervals jumps into the hole as well.

It is said that the above horse-shoe is made of the Imám Husain's horse-shoe or of the iron touched with the same. I hear this worship is common in South India and prevails very much among the *Mahráttas*. A similar practice was noticed by me at Sewaith, Tahsil Soran, District Allahabad. It has nothing to do with the worship of the horse-shoe. On the night of the ninth day of Muharram the Shiáh Sayyids walk bare footed on the burning coals, treading over them till extinguished. It is believed that if a pretender Sayyid were to walk on the coals he is sure to burn his feet.—*Muhammad Zafar.*

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223. **The Vilutha Chaturdasi Fast.**—High-caste Hindús believe on the authority of the Puránás that if on the fourteenth of Kartik any one makes with his own hands a lingam of Máhádeva of earth, and an image of Bhawáni, and bathes at the Manikarnika Ghat at Benáres, he will go

heaven on his death. On this day the the bél tree should be offered to Máhá- th *dhatúra* flowers and *bhang*. The wor- should fast and the night should be spent ship and singing the praises of Máhádeva Párvati. In the morning he should bathe and smear his whole body with ashes, put on a necklace of Rudráksha beads and mark his forehead with the Tripund mark, three half concentric circles of ashes. Then he should again worship Máhádeva and Párvati and feed some poor votaries of these deities.—*Pandit Rámgharíb Chaubé.*

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224. **The Offering of the First-born to Deities.**—Our folktales abound in instances of the offering of the first-born to the deities in order to propitiate them and have an object realized by them. That this was a general custom with the ancients is proved by the following, which is an extract from Wilson's translation of the *Rigveda* quoted by Bholá Náth Chunder in his *Travels of a Hindu*, Vol. I, p. 227:

"Rájá Harísh Chandra had no sons, and worshipped Varuna, in order to obtain a son, promising to sacrifice to him his first-born. He had a son in consequence, named Rohita; but when Varuna claimed his victim, the king delayed the sacrifice under various pretexts, from time to time, until Rohita attained adolescence, when his father communicated to him the fate for which he was destined. Rohita refused submission, and spent several years in the forests, away from home. He at last met there with Ajigarth, a Ríshi (Saint) in great distress and persuaded him to part with his second son, Suneshepas, to be substituted for Rohita, as an offering to Varuna. The bargain was concluded and Suneshepas was about to be sacrificed, when, by the advice of Viswámitra, one of the officiating priests, he appealed to the gods and was ultimately liberated."—*Rámgharíb Chaubé.*

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225. **The Cocoanut Festival.**—On Thursday the Hindús of Bombay celebrated the Shráwani or Narial Purnimá festival, commonly known as the Cocoanut holiday, on which the stormy part of the rainy season is supposed to be at an end. The date of the festival varies in different years, but it generally occurs in the middle or latter part of the month of August. Early in the morning of the day, the Hindús, young and old, dress themselves in holiday attire and pass their time in festivities and friendly greetings. In the afternoon children and adults, with the elder members of their families, take their way towards the sea in Mody Bay or Black Bay with cocoanuts and flowers in their hands. It seems to be a dogma of the Hindú creed that the deity presiding over the sea should on this day be propitiated with the offerings of cocoanuts and flowers, or woe to those or their belongings who trust themselves or their goods and merchandise to its mercy during the rest of the year! Arrived at the sea-shore, the pious Hindú, assisted by one of the Bráhman priests he finds there, throws his cocoanuts and flowers into the water after much ceremony. The Bráhman then daubs his finger in a dish that looks like a rouge plate and makes a poojah mark with the paint on his disciple's brow. The latter then takes his way homeward, or mixes with the throngs about the fair which is held on the Esplanade on the Cruickshank Road. Booths were erected in long lines along the verge of the road for the sale of trinkets and sweetmeats, and did a formidable business. The crowds kept pouring in from different directions, and all seemed to thoroughly enjoy the pleasure of the hour.—*The Week's News*, August 25, 1894.

[Cf. Gangapujaia in Northern India.]

226. **Eastern Districts: Small-pox Worship.**—Basiaura is the name of the annual worship of Sitala and her sisters, who in the Eastern Districts are called Phulmati, Durga, Káli, Mahakáli, Bhadra Káli and Chamariya. Of these Sitala, Phulmati and Chamariya afflict children, and spare them only when a vow is made to wear a gold image of one of the sisters and to perform the annual worship. The worship is confined to women, and is done so secretly that it is very difficult to obtain full details. Three or four days before the middle of the month of Chait the whole house is fresh plastered with earth. The floor is cleaned with cowdung and the cookhouse, where the worship is done, is purified with particular care. The women have all their clothes washed, and until the worship is over the food of the family is cooked in a temporary fireplace erected outside. On the day of the worship all the old earthen pots used in the house are replaced, and in addition the potter supplies as many new jars as there are children to be protected from the disease. In addition the mother plucks twigs of the ním tree and flowers of the arhul, which are twined into garlands. A number of leaf dishes, some cloves, camphor and spices, turmeric and new cloth are bought, and the cloth is dyed with turmeric. She puts these things in the cookhouse and allows no one to touch them who has not been purified by bathing and putting on clean clothes. During the day the men are fed and sent out of the house so that they may not witness the proceedings. When night falls she makes rich cakes, rice boiled with sugar, and cakes of urad flour. When these are ready she and the other women go to the well and draw water, but in doing this only the right hand must be used. She fills the pitchers in the house, which represent each of her

children, and in the mouth of each she puts a twig of the mango. Over each she lays a saucer, which she fills with barley, and on each saucer a lamp lighted with ghi. These pitchers she arranges on the sides of the cookhouse; but none are put near the south wall, because this is the direction of the kingdom of Yama, the lord of the dead. Near each pitcher she places the twigs of ním, a tree which has a special connection with smallpox. Each pitcher which represents one of the sisters is presented with an offering, and she dips her hand in flour and makes a mark of the spread hand on the wall. She then goes out and makes an oblation in the name of Sitala at the village shrine which is dedicated to her, and also wherever two roads cross. When the sun rises the children are bathed and made to worship each of the pitchers in succession, and are given a bit of the sacred cloth and some of the food which has been offered. If any man sees this being done, the whole worship is a failure.—*W. Crooke.*

227. **Gorakhpur: Teliya Nala at Bisara, Gopalpur: Ghosts of Oilmen.**—It is a well-known fact that the ghosts of oilmen become very powerful malevolent demons. They are found in almost all the important villages of this district. One of them is the terror of the people who go amarketting to Golá, an important market town of this Dhuriyápár Pargana. He lives in a channel of the Sarju river, which is midway between Golá and Gopálpur, and after him the channel has been named. He has made many timid people mad and kills some unfortunate men yearly. This is at least the belief of the masses. He sometimes sits on a tamarind tree which stands close by the channel, which is his permanent abode. Many men of a special class of Bráhmans, who live in my village, and being hereditary priests to the wealthy Baniás of Golá, have often occasion to stay in that town till a very late hour in the evening, have seen him. He does not hurt them because they offer to him when they meet him some rich cakes and sweets, which they daily bring from feasts, and also repeat the Gayatri Mantra, which is said to be a powerful weapon against demons. We have another oilman as a demon in a village near mine called Chanauli. This demon once threw into the fire a Dúbé Bráhman who was one of the landlords of the village and who had aroused his indignation by attempting to cut off the branches of the tree in which he lives. The Dúbé is still lame and mutilated.—*Pandit Rám Bakhsh Chaubé.*

228. **The Fat of a Frog.**—In the district of Gorakhpur, in almost all the towns which are the capital of the local rájas, a kind of rural play is performed every year in the month of Phalgun. The play is named Jogira. It commences on the 13th day of Phalgun, which day is the Sheo Ratri festival, and ends on the Holi day. This play is done as follows: A number of low-caste men, who are noted for their powers of magic and witchcraft, assume the guise of religious mendicants by smearing their bodies with ashes and powdered charcoal and wearing false hair of extraordinary length. They equip themselves then with rural musical instruments, drums, &c., namely the *khajari*, *manjira*, *chikara* and *dhol* and *kartál*. Then they hire a low-caste lad with long hair and who has a dark complexion. The boy must be one who knows dancing and singing. They make him assume the guise of a witch (*dain*, female demon). With him they go to the shrines of the malevolent goddesses, demons and witches. There they make the lad sing and dance, and they assist him in singing and dancing and play on the musical instruments, assuming the air of being possessed. They commence the performance by singing the following line:—

" *Teliya nálá, bahai powárá;*
Rájghat ki kái;
Jó jógin ké nazar lagái, kha Kalika Mai."
i.e.

" The Teliya channel pours down its waters and with the scum of Rajghat (at Benares). He who casts an evil eye on the witch (the lad who represents the witch) shall be devoured by Kali Mata." The demon of the Teliya nala is described in the last note. After propitiating the demon they go to the Court of the local Rája and commence their performance. When they complete it they perform some extraordinary feats of magic. For instance, they rub a hot iron chain with the hands without being burnt; pierce their cheeks with needles, and they put a thread in one eye and take it out by the other. They perform many other tricks of the same kind. The popular belief is that they can do all this through the help of the fat of frogs. It will be interesting to know if the fat of frogs is used any where else or is said to be used in any other country in magic.—*Rámgharib Chaubé.*

[As regards the magical influence of frogs, it may be noted that in North-East Scotland "a cure for red water, a disease in cows, was to thrust a live frog down the animal's throat. The larger and yellower the frog the more certain and speedy the cure. If a frog is caught alive and its eyes licked with the tongue, the power of curing eye disease lies in that tongue. The cure is effected by licking the diseased eyes." (*Gregor Folklore of the North-East of Scotland*, 144.) "The frog," says Mr. Campbell, "jumps in and out of the house in a way-ward, at-home way, and so it is believed that an ancestor has come in the frog. So Buddha was a frog. The female frog is believed by the Hindús to be the spirit of Mandodari, the wife of Ravana, the mythical king of Lanka. The fat of a frog is, according to the Hindú Tantras or books of magic and witchcraft, proof against fire, and credulous Hindús believe that if a person applies the fat of a frog to his feet he can walk on fire without being injured." When a Zulu is possessed by an ancestral spirit, they put some of the man's blood in a frog's body. (Tylor *Primitive Culture*, II 147.—ED.]

ANTHROPOLOGY.

229. **Saharanpur—Snake Charmers.**—There is in Saharanpur and the neighbourhood a class of snake charmers usually known as Sanperas. They go about dressed in ochre-coloured garments like those of the ordinary Jogís. They belong to various castes, such as Chauhán or Panwár Rájpúts, Ahírs, Gujars or Játs. They say that they are the disciples of one Kanhipaunáth. According to them there are nine Náthas—Muchhandranáth, Gorakhnáth, Jalandharnáth, Párasnáth, Nemnáth, Kanhipaunáth, Híranáth, Bhaironáth, and Ramnáth. The enumeration of these Náths is very uncertain. One list gives the names of the twelve guides of the Jogí sub-divisions as Satnáth, Dharamnáth, Kayanáth, Adhnáth, Mastnáth, Abhapanthi, Kalepa, Dhajpanthi, Handibirang, Ramke, Lachhmanke, Daryanáth. Another gives them as Aipanthe, Ramke, Bhartari, Satnáth, Gangnáth, Kanibaki (disciples of Jalandharnáth, of whom spring the Saperas). A third list gives them as Santnáth, Ramnáth, Abhangnáth, Bharangnáth, Dharnáth, Ganagainath, Dhajanáth, Jalandharnáth, Darpanáth, Kankanath, Nemnáth, and Nágnáth. For them see Maclagan : *Panjab Census Report*, 114; *Panjab Notes and Queries*, II—297; *Dabistan*, II—128.

One legend these Saperas tell as follows:—Once upon a time all the Náths, Yogís and Siddhas were present at the palace of Rája Gopi Chandra. He was being persuaded by his mother to become a Jogi and the disciple of Jalandharnáth. He said if Jalandharnáth would go into a well and allow a number of large stones to be thrown upon him, he would agree. So Jalandharnáth went into the well, and they covered him up with stones. When they thought that he was dead they took his body out and threw it into the jungle. Next day they went to see what had become of him, and found him sitting under a tree with his disciples. Then Rája Gopi Chandra brought him home, and was initiated. At the feast which followed Kanhipaunáth left the assembly and, going into the forest, caught nine hundred snakes, the poison of which he extracted. He brought it back with him and told the others to eat the food which had been prepared, but that he would eat the poison. They tried to dissuade him, but he insisted on taking the poison. He was unaffected with it. Then the other Náths gave him a blessing that whoever would become his disciple would be protected against death by snake bite. These men then who are the disciples of Kanhipaunáth consider themselves proof against snakes.

Like the disciples of Gorakhnáth they wear earrings, but while those worn by the disciples of Gorakhnáth are made of rhinoceros horn, those of the Sanperas are of the skin of a variety of snake known as Sálu. This becomes hard like shell. They carry the flute (*tumri, bín*) just like the snake charmers of the Eastern districts. They are family men and marry only among themselves. They are initiated by one of their own Gurus. Until initiation they are not allowed to go about begging. They are harmless people, but much addicted to the smoking of *ganja* and *charas*.—*W. Crooke.*

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230. **South Mirzapur, N. W. P.—Aboriginal Tribes—Games.**—

Sat Lakariya.—This game is played by eight boys. One of them bends forward with his hands behind his back. The remaining seven boys raise the first boy with the help of their forefingers, which they put under his arms. This they do seven times. Each time they raise him as far as their breasts. When they have done so to one boy another boy bends in the same manner and the remaining boys raise him. While they raise the boy they sing the following songs:—

Gund gundári gundari—anból.
Lápat ghusá hôí ?
Panch kahain to kas ná hôí.

The rake, the friend of the rake and the girl are silent. Will you beat them with your fists?
If five elders tell us to do so, why not ?

Bhalmatta.—A number of boys play this game. All of them sit down forming a circle, except one, who sits in the centre. Then other boys of the circle make knots in the hair of the centre boy. Then all the boys pat the head of the central boy, saying—

Ammá tarí kai lakarí ;
Baherá tarái kai dhúr.
Matre re Bhalu andha dándh.
Sticks from under the mango,
Dust from under the *baherá* tree,
O bear, become mad with rage.

The bear-boy who sits in the middle then begins to shake and the others run away. The bear pursues them. When the bear comes near them the boys conceal themselves in the bushes and cry *mén mén*, like the sound of a goat's bleat. The bear-boy then becomes mad with rage; the others then try to cure him. They catch him suddenly and make him lie down on the ground and smell a pair of shoes. He is then cured.

Supal delwa.—This is an amusing game among girls. They tie a winnowing fan to a stick and run from one place to another making it move round and round over their head. While they run they go on singing—

Jájá páni.
Supalí delwá khelat já.
Bijaurá dánd thárh hôbé, thárh hôbé.

O rain, go away.
Go away as we play the game *Supalí delwá.*
Stop at Bijaurá dánd, stop át Bijaurá dánd.

Pandukiya ghutukiya —This is a game played by girls. Some girls sit on a rock. They swing to and fro and say—

Ghuguti —puristél,
Utha putá — puristel.
Bhitón kai pet—puristel.
Uth didí mis dé,
Ghughuti—puristél.

O my daughter, the linseed is now ready.
O daughter get up, the linseed is ready.
My daughter, my stomach aches.
O daughter, get up, and rub oil on it.
O my daughter, the linseed is made up."

This game is connected, according to tradition, with an accident that took place in former times. Once upon a time a female turtle-dove found some stalks of linseed. She picked the seeds from them and putting them in charge of her daughter went away in search of food. The daughter ate some of it. The mother returned and pecked her daughter with the bill so that she died. It so happened that when she died the linseed again became as much as it was before. Then the mother became very sorry and began to try to wake the daughter from the sleep of death. The girls sing in memory of this.

Churuik Maunīya.—Several girls assemble in a plain. Each one of them makes a house of dust. Then they make cakes of dust to present to others whom, for the time being, they consider their relatives. They take these to another girl's house of dust to present them. The girl to whose house a girl goes holds the visitor's head and weeps. Then she washes the visitor's feet and feeds her with the cakes of dust. She then enquires after the health and welfare of her family. All the girls do so one after another. Then they make boys and girls of sticks and celebrate their birth and marriage, &c.

Chak Cheridh.—Children fix a pole in the ground. Upon it they put a large and thick piece of timber with a hole in the middle so as to make one-half of it on one side and the other half on the other side. Then one boy sits on the first half and the other boy sits on the other half. Then they make it revolve, and they enjoy it heartily.—*Rámgharib Chaiervedí.*

231. **Panjab: Dharmsala.**—The following ethnological notes by the late Mr. E O'Brien, of the Bengal Civil Service, which have been kindly communicated by his son, will be read with interest. Mr. O'Brien, who compiled a valuable glossary of the Multáni dialect, was one of the most accomplished scholars in Northern India.

Sale of women.—Názkú, a Rájpút woman, widow of Thakaru, who had been for six years in the harem of Rája Amar Chanda, Rája of Nadáon, was sold by his successor Rája N[illegible] Chand to one Bijú, Rájpút, for Rs. 125. Bijú [illegible] Rs. 125 to Bhág Singh, jemadar of the Rája. Then Bijú sold Názkú for Rs. 225 to one Narain Khatri, of Tappagarhi. Bijú and Narain reported the second sale and the foregoing facts. At the Jowálá Mukhi Police Station on 16th October, 1890, I ordered the police (Mr. Christie, C.I.E.) to inquire whether the woman had consented to the sales.

Sale of women.—Crown *vs.*. Gorja *vs.*, Jaidial, 21, Gurmukh; 3, Siknun; 4, Nikka and 5, Birju. Birjú sold Gorja, his wife, a girl of 14, to Nikka for Rs. 190, of which only Rs. 80 were paid in cash. Nikka sold Gorja to Jaidial, Gurmukh and Siknun. The latter three took Gorja against her will to Amritsar, kept her in confinement there and brought men and women to see Gorja in order to sell her. Jaidial and Gurmukh had connection with Gorja by force while she was in confinement at Amritsar. The three refused an offer of Rs. 700 for Gorja; the disappointed purchaser denounced them to the police. All five were convicted and sentenced to terms of imprisonment up to 8 years. Birju was a resident of the Mandi State; the other accused were residents of Ugiatta, in tehsil Hamirpur, district Kangra. Jaidial, Gurmukh and Siknun were Bráhmans, and the sale to them was made publicly in the Hamirpur bazar. I tried and convicted the accused.—18th October, 1891.

Destruction of cattle by wild animals.—Two goats, 5 sheep, 3 cows were destroyed by leopards during the week ending 28th November, 1891, in the Kangra district.

Selling a wife—February, 1893.—Saudágar, caste Rathi, resident of Tika Nagéhar, village Baijnáth, sold his wife, named Ramiu, aged 20, for Rs. 120 to Indar, a Kanauria Rathi. Police reported to me on 7th March, 1893.

Favourite gods of the Gaddis.—Bakhínd, Gaddi of Dharamsala, tells me that the gods most worshipped by the Gaddis are Shiv and the Snake gods (Nág).—12th March, 1893.

Offerings to Nágs or Snake gods.—Bakhínd, Gaddi of Dharamsala, tells me that bee-stings (ahrí), kids (chhallu), the young grains (ora) of wheat, barley, rice and maize, frankincense (dhup), saffron, small cakes (pújá), are usually offered to Nágs.

Brahman selling his daughter and the intervention of a professional match-maker called Kuri Panch,—Case No. 31 *of* 1889,—Ramkishan *vs.* Ramsaran and Kanda.

Ramkishan, Bráhman of Nari, in Hamirpur tehsil, deposed:—"I sold my daughter Sundari to Beli Bráhman for Rs 450 Kunda asked me for Rs. 40 out of the price, because he claimed to be Kuri Panch."

This statement was proved in full. Out of revenge for not getting the Rs. 40 Kunda burnt down Ramkishan's shop. Kunda was found guilty of burning down the shop and was sentenced to 4

years' rigorous imprisonment and 200 rupees fine on January 20th, 1890, by me as District Magistrate of Kangra.

Marks of mourning for the dead.—The Rája of Nadáon died on 20th February, 1890. The people residing in Nadáon and those residing elsewhere who were in any way connected with the Rája showed their mourning in the following way:—The men shaved their heads and beards. The women left off wearing their nose-rings, bálú, and the lower parts of their petticoats, which is embroidered.—*Nadáon, February 27th,* 1891

Custom in Native States.—When Rája Bije Sain, of Mandi, married a lady of the Suket States, he gave orders that no one should marry in the Mandi States, until further orders. Rai Nathu Ram, the British official, deputed to conduct the census of 1881 in Mandi, told me this.—*2nd March,* 1890.

Marriage with a leper.—In November, 1889, Koklo, a Háli Gaddí woman of Tika Dharamkot, village Dharamsala, sold her daughter Sawarno, aged 12, to a leper called Shama, residing in the Chamba State; a ceremony of marriage was performed between Sawarno and Shama. Sawarno and her aunt came to me to entreat that Sawarno should not be compelled to live with her husband. Shama has a wife already. He paid 45 rupees to Koklo for Sawarno.

Birth customs.—After child-birth the placenta are buried under the bed on which the accouchee lies. Observed among Gaddis.—*Dr. Clark, Civil Surgeon, Dharamsala.*

Among Hálís the placenta, which is called "so," is buried in the room where the accouchee lies.—*Mussammat Sawarno Hálí of Dharamsala.*

Tne Doru (a long rope-shaped girdle of black wool) is used as a binder after child-birth. Same observers.

Wife buying.—Gangu of Phaklo, Tahsil Dera, sold his wife Kokán to Sardha of Mohinua in Hoshiarpur District for Rs. 95. Kokán refused to be sold or to be taken away by Sardha. Gangu was convicted of abetment of abduction and Sarand his party of abduction and sentenced to imprisonment and fine. Both parties were Lohars by caste.—*March* 15, 1893.

Co-wives.—Jangi, by caste a Dhangri, had three wives, Phanku, Bijjo, and Nazku. Nazku is a girl of eight. On 22nd February, Phanku told Nazku to go and fetch the goats. Nazku refused, because it was raining On this Jangi seized Nazku and held her down on the ground while Phanku burned Nazku with a red-hot tongs about the anus and vagina so badly, that when a native doctor examined Nazku thirteen days after, there were five wounds, the longest of which was 5½" long and 1½" broad, still full of matter. Phanku and Jangi sentenced to 7 years' rigorous imprisonment and Rs. 50 fine. *17th March,* 1893.

232. **Modesty in young married women.**—You will sometimes see a young married woman walking along with her face uncovered, and she suddenly covers it with her veil for no apparent reason. On enquiring it will be found that as long as she is in the muhalla or quarter of the town in which her mother's house is situated, she keeps her face open: but when she comes into the quarter where is her *sasural* or the house of her husband, she veils herself.—*Pándit Rámgharíb Chaubé.*

233. **Indian Folk-Beliefs about the Tiger.**—In two previous papers entitled *On the Indian Folk-Beliefs about the Tiger* * and *On some Additional Folk-Beliefs about the Tiger* †, contributed by me to the *Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay*, I have shewn that the tiger, which is one of the much-dreaded animals peculiar to the Indian fauna, is held in great superstitious awe by many Indian races, not only on account of its larger size, but also of its ferocity and fearful depredations, and that this animal is worshipped by many aboriginal tribes of India, the tiger-demon being one of their recognized deities, under the impression that by doing so their own lives and their domesticated animals would be safe from the ravages of these animals. The Kisans of Palamow, Sirguja and Jashpur, the Gonds of Central India, the Santals of the Santal Parganas, the Khonds and the Oraons of Orissa, the Canarese people of Southern India, the Moondahs of Chota Nagpur and Singbhum, the Katodis, the Kakhyens living in the hills to the east of Burma, and the Burmese worship a tiger-deity and entertain more or less superstitious beliefs about this beast. I have also shewn that this animal is worshiped in Gaya under the name of the deity Bághesri and that there is a temple dedicated to it in that town. In this paper I wish to adduce additional evidence which will shew that the worship of the tiger is more or less prevalent among other aboriginal races inhabiting Central India and among some of the Mongaloid races inhabiting the hills of south-eastern India and Burma.

The Garos—an aboriginal tribe of the Mongaloid race, living in the hills (the Garo Hills) and rocky fastnesses of Assam and south-eastern India—have many superstitious beliefs ‡ about the "King of the Indian Forest." They believe that when a man has been killed by a tiger, he appears in a dream, bidding his relatives change their names, whereupon his parents and brothers and sisters adopt new names. Their object in doing so is to prevent the tiger from discovering the kindred of the man he has slain, and thus attacking them too. The Garos hold

* *Vide* Vol. III, pp. 45—60.
† *Idem*, pp. 158—163.
‡ *Vide* the *Indian Antiquary*, Vol. IX (1880), p. 105.

superstitious beliefs about various parts of the tiger's body, notably, the nose. The Garo women wear the tiger's nose as an amulet in order to facilitate child-birth.

The Kois, a wild tribe living in the Bhadrachellam and Rekapalli Taluqas of the Madras Presidency, believe in a deity called the *Korra Rázu*, who is supposed to have supreme control over tigers and in whose honour rude temples are erected. The Rev. John Cain, in an article on *The Bhadrachellam and Rekapalli Taluqas* * (the Kois), says: "The Korra Rázu is supposed to be the deity who has supreme control over tigers, and the abovementioned friend of mine once saw a *small temple devoted to his worship*, a few miles from the large village of Gollapali, Bástar, but it did not seem to be held in very great respect."

The Chetties, who are descended from the Nairs of the Western Coast (Madras Presidency) and inhabit certain parts of the Wynaad, celebrate a religious festival whenever a tiger happens to be netted. The following account of this festival is given under the title of *Tiger Spearing in the Wynaad* † by a correspondent rejoicing in the *nom de plume* of Muntjac in the *Asian* (Calcutta):—

"Before describing this exciting religious festival of the Chetties—one which is celebrated as often as a tiger has the misfortune to be netted—a word or two about the people concerned will not be amiss.

"The Chetties, who inhabit a portion of the Wynaad, are descendants of the Nairs of the Western Coast. They speak a sort of sing-song language called Malayalam, a language which will never do in pressing cases, as it takes about five minutes to express anything in this vernacular which in English would only occupy one. These people, without doubt, are the cleanest of all natives. This is no expansion of the truth. Their villages consist of about 20 to 30 houses, picturesquely situated in a grove of sago palm, mango, and plantain trees, surrounded by a neat fence of plaited bamboo about four feet high. All is spruce and clean within. One can safely go through a village without coming in contact with anything offensive; no sudden dives for pocket handkerchiefs necessary.

"A special feature about their houses is that they are built on elevated platforms of sand about three or four feet high, with neat steps leading up to them. The walls are smoothly plastered with cow-dung of a light grey colour, decorated with charcoal drawings. Their temple, a picture of neatness, stands in the middle of the village, and is decorated in the same fashion, but with the addition of white and red. The drawings are of the usual artistic Indian pattern.

"Their pursuits are purely agricultural, chiefly rice and coffee. Their slaves, the Panniars, do all the necessary work, and are not very particular how they increase their master's crops; they have very confused notions on the important matter of *meum* and *tuum*; surrounding planters know this to their cost. All are ardent sportsmen—adepts with bow and arrow; they seldom use fire-arms. For sport they surround a piece of heavy scrub, and beat with their well-trained dogs of the genus "Pie," and every living creature that breaks cover falls a victim to their skill.

"Now for the tiger-spearing. As soon as *khabar* of a kill is ascertained, men are posted off to track the tiger; this is generally done early in the morning, when the dew is still on the grass. The headmen of the villages then assemble in solemn conclave to consult the wishes of their god regarding the tiger. In the meanwhile, news is sent to the neighbouring villages, which spreads like wild-fire, and in less than no time hundreds and hundreds of villagers flock in from all directions, each man bringing a piece of net, kept ready for the purpose, about 15 feet long and 6 feet wide, made of strong fibre ropes. They commence by enclosing a thick piece of scrub, from half a mile to a mile in length, near the kill, by joining the nets together and raising them on poles. Sometimes an open space is enclosed, and brushwood thrown in to form a sort of cover. As soon as the whereabouts of the beast is ascertained, men are sent out to watch, and a small path is now cleared from the opening of the enclosure to where the tiger is lying up, brush wood being thrown on both sides of the path to prevent the animal breaking, and men are placed all along with tom-toms and other noisy instruments.

"Then, at about half-past 4 in the evening, the drive commences, and by 6 o'clock the object of pursuit is generally driven into the enclosed space and made captive.

The arrival of Master Stripes is made known by a man watching on a tree close by, at whose signal a net is drawn across the mouth of the enclosure, and a watch is kept all night with fires and tom-toms to prevent any possibility of escape.

"The fun starts about 8 the next morning, when they again call on their god for final orders. During the ceremony, one of their members who has been especially purified, becomes possessed, acts in an insane manner and is evidently so full of something that he cannot express himself in words. A number of sticks are now placed in his hands by the by-standers, and he makes known the wish of the god, if favourable, by throwing the sticks over the net into the enclosure. At this signal, a general rush is made

* *Vide The Indian Antiquary*, Vol. VIII (1879), p. 34.

† Quoted in the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* of Tuesday, the 26th September, 1893.

by the crowd, who are all armed with spears, and, shouting their war-cry, Var! Var!! excite the tiger with sticks, stones, &c., to make him charge, only to be driven back with innumerable spear thrusts. If the animal is timid and won't charge, the enclosed space is made narrower, till he can be poked with a long bamboo, which always has the desired effect, and he meets with another warm reception, sometimes breaking away with a dozen spear heads embedded in his body. This goes on till loss of blood or a thrust in some vital part finishes him.

"*As soon as the animal is dead, men, women and children rush into the enclosure, pull out the moustaches, which are supposed to make its possessors tiger-proof, and put their feet in the blood, which is sacred. The body is then carried away to the largest village, taken round the temple, and then up the nearest hill.*

"During the carrying process, the mouth of the tiger is made to open wide, and his tail to wag. The Panniars dance round the carcass and cause the tiger's head to accompany them by means of two strings. This goes on for an hour or so, after which the carcass is raised on four poles, with tail elevated and mouth open, and left there as food for the vultures and crows. The crowd then disperse after having had a regular red-letter day, and partaken freely of something stronger than tea.

"The Khonds* of the Ganjam Maliahs, who hold religious views of a pantheistical type and worship tutelary gods and goddesses of the jungles in a desultory fashion, regard the tiger as sacred and hold him in some veneration. So sacred is this animal considered by these children of the woods that *an oath taken on the skin of a tiger or a panther is looked upon as most sacred and inviolable.* They also look upon the tiger in the light of a representative of the avenging Nemesis. These Khonds will not cut a crop till certain rites have been performed. *He believes that if even an atom of it were taken beforehand a tiger is sure to carry off the delinquent.* Hence the crop remains untouched by all, awaiting the convenience of the owner to perform the necessary rites. Certainly a wise provision this!"

The Gonds† of Chhattisgarh are divided into five *gôts*. One of those *gôts* comprises worshippers of three deities, another of four deities, a third of five deities, and so on. The three deities of the first of these *gôts* are the bull, the *tiger*, and the crocodile *These animals are considered sacred by, and would not contribute towards the food of those who belong to this particular gôt;* but the members of the other *gôts* would not scruple to eat the flesh of any of these animals.

* *Vide the Statesman and Friend of India* of Sunday, the 29th April, 1894, quoting from the *Madras Mail.*

† *Vide* the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, Vol. LIX, Part I (1890), p. 281.

Generally in every Gond village there is *a man who is supposed to possess the power of charming tigers and preventing them from committing depredations on men and domestic animals. He is called Baigá.*

Among the Bhunjiyas‡ who inhabit the South-Eastern portion of the Raipur District, and in the Khariar and Bindra Nawagar zamindaries there is a Pujari for a certain number of villages, who holds the same position in Bhunjiya communities as the Baigá does among the Gonds. *He is credited with the possession of the power of checking the ravages and depredations committed by tigers*, and receives voluntary contributions from the villagers.

There is a jungle tribe called the Baigás or Bhumias § (not the priests of the Gonds, who are also called Baigás) who live in the wild tracts of the Mandla District and the State of Kawarda in the north-western portion of Chhattisgarh. *Some of the members of this tribe are supposed to be gifted with supernatural powers, especially in checking the ravages of tigers.*

The Karens of Burma entertain a curious belief about the tiger. They had, for a long time, been under the thraldom of the Burmese; but, subsequently, they succeeded in asserting their independence and expelling the latter from their country. But they were again defeated by the latter and brought under subjection. Hence the Karens believed that their salvation from the yoke of the Burmese would be effected when a tiger would devour men on *Nattaung* or "Demon Mount," which is situated in the watershed of the valleys of Salwen and Sittang rivers in Upper Burma. Lt.-Col. A. R. McMahon, who had sojourned among the Karens of the Golden Chersonese for a long time, writes regarding this Karen tradition as follows ‖:—

"When the Karens of *Mondine* or *Mondinegyee*, who set up a peculiar system of worship, converted the whole of the *Pakus* and the *Maunepghas*, and threw off the Burmese yoke, were defeated by the Burmese, the leader of their worship said to his disciples: 'The obstructions are so great that you cannot seek the way of God now. *When you hear of a tiger devouring men on Nattaung or Demon Mount (in the watershed of the valleys of the Salwen and Sittang rivers)*, or the arrival of white foreigners below, then know that the Word of God and your salvation has arrived.'" At page 245 of his work, the Lt.-Col. again says:—

"At midnight we had an unpleasant visitor in the shape of *a tiger*, who announced his arrival in the very middle of the camp by a peculiar noise like 'thit, thit,' which there is no mistaking if one has ever heard it. The alarm was at

‡ *Op. cit.* p. 288.

§ *Op. cit.* p. 291.

‖ *Vide the Karens of the Golden Chersonese.* By Lt.-Col. A. R. McMahon, F. R. G. S. London: Harrison. 1876. Page 235.

once given and the ominous cry of '*tiger*' vociferated in some half dozen languages, effectually scaring *the brute, who seemed bent on hastening the time of the spiritual deliverance of the Karens, by devouring a man in the region of Nattaung, and thus verifying the tradition already referred to in this chapter*."

I have already stated in my previous papers that the whiskers and the claws of tigers are much prized by the natives of this country as charms. This belief is also prevalent among the natives of Behar, as is evidenced by the following statement of "An Old Planter" about these charms. He says: *

"There was a tremendous hub-bub, natives shouting, elephants screaming and trumpeting, sportsmen scolding, so I blazed away, expending all my barrels on the brute (tiger), which I believed was already dead; however, there could have been no doubt about it when I had ceased to fire, and we gathered round our trophy. It proved to be a tigress over nine feet long from tip of nose to end of tail. She was handed over to the *chamar* (tanner) to skin and partly tan; and we afterwards found that *the natives had boned all the whiskers and several of the claws as charms, which was very amusing I have shot several tigers since those days, but have never succeeded in recovering the skin with its full number of whiskers—the natives will have one at any cost.*"

The flesh of the tiger is also considered as a charm in Behar, for the "Old Planter" says: † "The heat and mugginess of that night were fearful, added to which our senses were invaded by a most horrible stench, supposed at first to be the dreaded malaria, but which proved to be *pieces of tiger flesh, which the servants had kindly attached to the outer fly of our tents, intending to take the savoury morsels home with them as charms*."

I have already shewn that, from a superstitious dread of the tiger, the Canarese people of Southern India do not speak of the tiger by its proper name, but whenever they have occasion to use the name of that animal, they do so by using the Canarese words *naie* and *nurrí*, respectively meaning "dog" and "jackal." They believe that, should they call the animal by its proper name, some one of them is sure to be carried away by that ferocious monster. From similar superstitious motives, the tiger is spoken of during the night, in Bengal, as मामा or "*maternal uncle*."‡ The people of the Sunderbuns call the tiger *siyál* (Sanskrit *sagála*) or *jackal*. The Tunguni tribe of Siberia, and the people of Annam call this brute *grandfather* or *master*. The inhabitants of Sumatra call him *the wild man* or *ancestor*.

I have succeeded in collecting several other proverbs, besides those noted in my previous papers, in which the tiger figures. In Bengal a domestic cat is called *bager mási* or *the mother's sister (maternal aunt) of the tiger*, on account of the striking resemblance of the former to the latter in shape and habits. This is scientifically true, for the tiger belongs to the same genus *Felidæ* to which the cat belongs. In this case, scientific classification had been anticipated by the rude uncultured folks of Bengal. There is another Bengali proverb to the effect that लेखार गरु वाघे खाय ना or *a cow which is recorded in the account-book cannot be seized and made meal of by a tiger*. This is used when speaking of objects which exist as a matter of fact and which there is no gainsaying. Its English equivalent is, "Facts are stubborn things."

Among the Hindustáni-speaking people of India, the following proverb is quoted when speaking of a good and well-ordered government:

باگ بکري کو ایک جگہه پاني پلا یا هی •

or *the tiger and the goat are watered at one place*. In the Introduction to the *Bágh-o-Bahár*, the peaceful government of Mr. Warren Hastings, in whose time the said work was written, is very quaintly and tersely described by the expression that, in his time, the tiger and the goat drank water at one and the same place. This proverb has its counterpart in European folklore in the fabled Millenium, on the advent of which the swords and spears will be beaten into ploughshares and pruning-hooks, *and the lion will lie down with the lamb*.

Some members of the *Felidæ* or cat tribe possess the bad habit of, Saturn-like, devouring their own offspring. Among them the domestic cat and the *tiger* are most notorious in this respect. The males of the domestic cat and of the tiger devour their young ones, if the females of these species do not take care to conceal their offspring. Hence there is current in Bengal a folkbelief to the effect that, *on account of the offspring-devouring propensities of the tiger, the tigress does not give birth to her young ones within* 10 *kos* (20 *miles*) *of the place where her mate—the tiger—lives. Even if she gives birth to these cubs, she takes care to remove her offspring to a distance of ten kos off the place where the tiger lives*. How far this is true from the natural history point of view is more than I can ascertain. But so far I am sure that the fact of the tigress giving birth to or removing her young ones at or to a distance of 10 *kos* off the place where the tiger lives is a mere popular belief having no foundation in fact. *Babu Sarat Chandra—Hutwa*, 27*th July*, 1894.

* *Vide Reminiscences of Behar.* By an old Planter. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink and Co., 1887. Page 18.

† *Op. cit.* p. 23.

‡ For this and the following items of folklore about tigers, from the Sunderbuns, Siberia, Annam and Sumatra, *vide* a Bengali book entitled *Manava Prakriti*, or "The Evolution of the Human Mind," by Babu Khirod Chandra Ray Chaudhuri, Volume I, page 50.

FOLKTALES.

234. **The ˈale ·f the Wicked Stepmother Queen.**—Once upon a time there were in a certain country four youths, one the son of a king, the second of a wazír, the third of a banya and the fourth of a blacksmith. The four were great friends, and one day they determined to go on their travels. So they all started and reached a jungle. There they saw a goat, which they seized, and when they milked her she gave four *sers* of milk. So they drank a *ser* each, and as they could not get out of the jungle they slept under a large tree. When it was midnight the goat changed herself into an ogress (*deoni*) and devoured the son of the banya, and then became a goat again and sat down.

Next morning the remaining three youths supposed that the banya's son had deceived them and run back home. The wazir's son said: "I am hungry. Let us milk the goat." When she was milked she gave only three *sers* of milk, and each of them drank a *ser*.

Again night came, and they milked the goat again, and the blacksmith's son cooked some cakes. Then they went to sleep under a tree, and again at midnight the goat became an ogress and devoured the blacksmith's son.

Next morning when the sons of the king and the wazír found themselves alone they remarked: "This is the way with low-born people. They can never be trusted. Our friends have left us. At least they might have said they were going." The wazír's son milked the goat, and this time she gave only two *sers* of milk. At this they were much surprised, but they went on and could not get out of the jungle. At night they said: "We two must not part. Let us tie ourselves together and lie down. Then neither of us can run away." So they did, and at midnight the goat, turning into an ogress, tried to carry off the son of the wazír, but the king's son woke, and then the ogress retreated and turned herself into a lovely girl. The two youths untied themselves and got up into a tree.

Next morning by chance a king was passing by. When he saw the ogress he said: "Damsel, why are you here and what are you doing?" She replied: "That youth (pointing to the king's son in the tree) has married me and has taken me into this jungle intending to abandon me." The king said to the king's son: "Why do you ill-treat her? Give her to me, and I will give you a lakh of rupees." The two youths willingly agreed to sell her, and having received the money hastened to make their escape.

The king with great delight took the ogress to his palace. Now he had ten other queens, who lived in separate rooms, and when the ogress saw them she was inflamed with rage and began to plan how she could destroy them. At midnight she got up quietly and went into the royal stable and devoured a horse.

Next morning there was a great outcry that some one had stolen one of the king's horses. The king punished all the sentries and guards, but the horse could not be traced. When the morning meal came up, the ogress ate only a couple of grains of rice, and the king thought she was out of sorts. Again in the evening she ate only a couple of grains, and getting up at midnight went to the stable and ate another horse.

Next day the king again punished his guards, but the horse could not be found. Thus at meals she used every day to eat only one or two grains of rice, and every night devoured one of the king's horses.

When the king found that his horses were being destroyed he became much distressed, and was sitting in great grief, when the ogress came to him and said: "Why are you grieving?" He said: "I am in grief because no matter what guards I lay my horses are being taken." The ogress replied: "I engage to find the thief this very night." The king said: "How can you find the thief when so many officers of my army have been unable to catch him?" The ogress replied: "Let all the guards be removed from there to-night and I will catch the thief, but whatever punishment I prescribe you will have to impose upon the offender." So the king removed all the guards from there, and again at midnight the ogress came and devoured another horse. But she put aside a little flesh and blood, and going to the houses of the other ten queens she threw a little flesh and blood before the door of each, and after spreading a quantity of blood all over the stable, she returned to the palace.

Next morning she went to the king and said: "I have caught the thief, and it turns out that your ten queens have stolen your horses. I was sitting quietly in the stable when they all came at night and killed a horse, and after sharing the flesh, took it home with them. Whatever was left they threw out into the verandah of their rooms." So the king sent his servants to see if this were true or not, and when they saw in the verandah of the queens' rooms a little blood and flesh, they brought it and laid it before the king, who was filled with wrath and said to the ogress: "What punishment shall be inflicted on them?" The ogress replied: "Let the eyes of all be torn out, and let them be taken and thrown into a pit in some desolate jungle." The king ordered his soldiers to take out the eyes of the ten queens and bring the eyes before him, and then to throw the queens into a pit in some desolate jungle. The soldiers obeyed him and brought the queens' eyes to the king, and taking the queens threw them into a deep pit in the forest.

Now all the queens were in child, and they lay starving in the pit, and to one of them a child was born, which all the others devoured. But one of them said: " I will not eat any one else's child, nor when my child is born will I allow any one else to eat it." So she used to eat earth, and all the others whenever a child was born used to eat it. So only one child of the ten queens remained. And when this boy began to grow up, he used to go out of the pit and pluck wild fruits, on which all these ladies lived. One day, when the boy came out of the pit, he saw a huntsman pursuing a deer, and as the deer ran before the boy, he took up a clod and struck the deer with it, so that it died. When the huntsman saw the cleverness of the boy, he was much pleased and gave him a bow and an arrow, the peculiarity of which was that, whichever way the arrow was discharged, it infallibly struck the mark, because of course this arrow was made by the power of magic.

Now the boy with this bow and arrow used to kill game every day and give it to his mothers. One day the king, who was the boy's father, was hunting a deer in the forest. The boy saw the deer and discharging his arrow at it killed it. The king wondered at the skill of his shot; and saw him kill many other animals besides. So he was much pleased and said to the lad: "I have many other huntsmen in my service, but none can shoot like you. If you take service with me, I will give you high pay and treat you kindly." The lad answered: " I will first ask my mother whether I can take service with you or not." The king replied: " Well, to-morrow I will come to this place again; meanwhile ask your mother about it."

But the boy forget and next day the king met him and asked him whether he had consulted his mother or not. The boy answered: " Excuse me, I forgot to do so." The king replied: " Well, I will come again to-morrow; be sure to consult her to-day." The lad again forgot to do so, and for the third time, when the king met him and asked him, he begged to be excused. The king answered: " This time I give you an arrow of gold; keep it by you and you will remember my words." When the lad went into the pit and was about to put away his bow and arrow, he remembered the golden arrow, and going to his mother said: " Mother, for the last three days a man has been meeting me who has been asking me to take service with him and promises to give me high pay and treat me kindly." His mother asked "What is the appearance of this man and what clothes does he wear?" The boy described the appearance and clothes of his friend. Then his mother said: " Alas, this is your father: you may take service with him, but be very cautious regarding the queen. If she comes to know that you are my son she will certainly plan your death and destroy you." The lad replied: " Don't he anxious about her. I will revenge myself on her." So when the king met him and asked him the lad replied: " My mother agrees that I should serve you." So the king took him home with him, and there the lad hired a house, and stealthily removing his mother and the other queens from the jungle entertained them there; and the lad used to hunt with the king, and the king was much pleased with him. One day by chance the ogress saw the lad and knew that he was the son of the queen. So she began to plan his death, but found no means to destroy him. So one day she pretended to have a bad headache, and the king was much distressed and gave her much medicine, which did not cure her. At last the king asked: " What remedy will cure you?" The ogress answered: " When I was with my father, I used to get pains like this; then my father used to send for the milk of a tigress and I used to rub it on my head, and the pain disappeared." Then the king called all his huntsmen and said: " Whoever brings the milk of a tigress will receive a great reward." But no one accepted the duty. At last this lad undertook to do it, and taking his bow and arrow, went into the forest, and lo! he saw a tigress suckling her four cubs. The lad fixed his arrow in his bow and was about to fire at her, but the tigress began to wag her tail and raised her foot. So the boy refrained from discharging the arrow, and when he went close to her, what did he see that in the foot which the tigress was raising up a great thorn was imbedded. Then the lad went close to the tigress and pulled out the thorn, by which she got great relief. Meanwhile the tiger came up and was about to spring upon the boy, who aimed an arrow at him, but the tigress stopped him and said to the tiger: " Do not kill this lad, who has given me great relief." Then the tigress said to the lad: " I will give you whatever you ask." The lad replied: " I want nothing but one thing if it be not impertinent on my part to ask it: I only want a little milk, which was what I came into the jungle to fetch." The tigress replied: " I will gladly give you as much as you require." So the lad milked a *lota* full of her milk, but then began to think: " If I take the milk with me perhaps the ogress will say this is not tiger's milk at all, and all my labour will be lost." So he told this to the tigress, and she said: " Well, can you suggest a plan?" He answered: " I have a plan if you only trust me." She replied: " I fully trust you and will do whatever you say." So the boy said: " Let me take your young ones with me. I will take the greatest care of them and bring them back to-morrow: by this I shall be able to satisfy the ogress that in truth it is tiger's milk I have brought." So the tigress gladly allowed him to take her young ones

with him, and when he took the cubs and the milk to the king, he was much pleased and gave him a great reward. But the ogress was inflamed with rage that he had succeeded in his mission and not lost his life. So she rubbed the milk on her head and recovered. And next day the lad took the cubs and returned them to the tigress.

Then the ogress made another plan to destroy the lad, and took another woman into her counsel and told her to go to the lad and say: "You are a great hero; you ought to go and bring a cow such as is not found with the king, and I will tell you where such a cow can be found. Now, there are three mountains close together and between in the direction you go an open space, in which the cows are grazing, and they have no owner, so you may drive away as many of the cows as you please." So this woman went to the boy, and the plan pleased him and he asked the king to give him a few days' leave, and without thinking of the danger took his bow and arrow and went to fetch the cow. When he reached the place of which he had been told, what did he see, that on three sides there were such lofty mountains that their tops reached unto heaven, but no man met his view, and many cows were grazing there. He thought: "If I drive away all the cows, I shall have great trouble." He tied ten of them together with a rope and was about to drive them home, when he heard shouts from behind—"Seize him! this is a thief; he is stealing my cows." And when he looked back, he saw many demons (*deos*), pursuing him, and he that was in the middle was the tallest of all and appeared to be the leader. So the lad thought: "Now my life is lost; but if I kill the leader, perhaps I may save myself." So he aimed his arrow at the demon who was leader of all, and the arrow struck the demon in the ear. Then the demon said: "Thousands of men have tried to kill me and thousands of arrows and guns have been discharged against me, but I was never wounded: now this lad has struck me on the ear: he must be some special person, the son of a *jinn* or a fairy (*pari.*) I must kill him." But the other demons advised him not to kill the lad. So he called the lad to him and gave him back his arrow, and said: "You are a brave boy: take away not ten, but a hundered cows." The lad replied: "Perhaps I alone cannot drive away a hundred cattle." The demon answered: "I will give you my servants to help you: and they will drive the cattle to your house." So the boy made him a *salám*, and the demon sent his servants and a hundred cows with him. That night the lad reached his home. The demon's servants tied up the cows and went back, and the lad lay down to rest. In the morning, when people saw the cows, they were much astonished and went and informed the king. He himself came to inspect the cows, and when he saw them was greatly pleased and asked the lad to sell some of them to him. But the boy replied: "They all belong to your majesty; take as many of them as you please." So the king took ten of the cows for himself.

When the ogress heard of this, she was consumed with rage. "Next time for certain I will kill him; for if he continues to live, he will certainly take my life." Again she pretended to be sick and said to the king: "I am certainly dying." So the king asked her: "Is there any remedy that will save you?" The ogress answered: "If any one was to go to my mother and bring from there the water of gold, and I was to drink, I should recover." The king asked his people if any one would consent to go to the house of the queen. But when they heard that they had to traverse desolate jungles, all of them refused to go, and said: "No-one can go but the huntsman boy." So the king sent for the lad and said to him: "My queen is sick unto death, and there is only one remedy for her, which her mother can give, and by this her health will be restored: if not, she well die. None of my servants agree to go fetch it." The lad at once said: "I will go." The king was much pleased, and went to the queen and said: "My huntsman lad agrees to go." The ogress answered: "I was going to tell you myself that he alone can fetch it because he is a hero, and I will give him a letter, which if he shews to my father or mother they will at once give him the water of gold." So she wrote a letter addressed to her father and mother to this effect: "This lad is my deadly enemy; when you see him devour him at once: if you spare him, some day he will take my life: let him never return." So she gave the letter to the lad and said: "When you give this letter to my father or mother, they will entertain you kindly in their house; so take this letter with you, and do not forget to return to me."

So the lad took his bow and arrow and tied the letter in his turban and started for the house of the ogress. He travelled for many days, and at last reached a thick jungle, where, as it was night, the unfortunate lad lay down to sleep. When midnight came, Adam and Eve were flying over this jungle, and Eve noticed the boy, and asked Adam: "Whose lad is this and how does he come to be lying in this forest?" So they both went near him, and they saw the letter in his turban, and when they took it out, they said: "This is the work of some enemy, who wishes to kill him." So they took the letter and tore it up and wrote another letter to this effect: "This is my son, whom I am sending to you; take the greatest care of him: if anything happens to him, it will cause me great distress: entertain him as long as he wishes to stay, and when he wishes to return, do not detain

him." Then Adam and Eve tied this letter in his turban, and both of them flew away.

When morning broke the lad arose and marched on. When he went a little distance he saw that a great mountain was in front. But when he went a little further, what does he see that, in spite of himself, he is advancing towards the mountain, and no matter how much he tried to stop himself, he could not. When he got close up, he perceived, to his astonishment, that it was not a mountain at all, but a demon, who was dragging him by his breath towards himself. Then immediately he took the letter from his turban and handed it to the demon: then the demon said: "What sort of letter is this? I will first read it, and then I will devour him." So he shut his mouth for the time and the lad approaching the demon, gave him the letter. When the demon read the letter, he remarked: "Alas! I was nearly eating my own grandson." Then the demon embraced him and said: "If you had not shown me the letter, I should certainly have eaten you; now go to your grandmother, and she will take care of you." So the demon wrote a letter to his wife, and the lad took both letters away with him. When he had gone a little distance the old ogress met him. The lad said: "Good morning, grandmamma," and gave her the letter. When she had read it she also embraced him, took him into her house and gave him food and drink and received him with great affection.

One day the lad was looking about his grandmamma's room and in a cupboard he saw two little boxes. He took them up, and asked his grandmamma what was in these boxes. His grandmamma in confusion said: "You are a great rogue; have you opened them or not? The lad answered: "No, grandmamma, I have not opened them." Then his grandmamma said: "Be careful, child, never open these boxes, for when one is opened, a great tempest arises, and when the second is opened, the rain falls with such violence, that everything is washed away." The lad answered: "All right, grandmamma; give them to me; I will put them away quietly." So he put away the boxes, and began to look about the room. There in another cupboard he saw something tied up in a piece of cloth. He took up the parcel and said: "Grandmamma, what is in this." The old ogress raplied: "Child, these are the eyes of your father's ten queens." The boy inquired: "Can these be fitted on again, that you are keeping them." She answered: "Yes! In the evening I will take you into the garden and there show you the water of gold. If this is mixed with water and poured upon their eyes, they will become right again." The lad was much pleased at heart, but said nothing. So when evening came, he said: "Come, grandmamma, and show me your garden." The old ogress took him with her. When they reached the garden, and he saw the water of gold, the lad said: "How beautiful this water is." The ogress said: "Child, the power of this water is such, that if a little water be placed in a vessel, no matter how large it be, that vessel will become filled with water, which, however much it be used, cannot be exhausted." The lad made no reply, and went on a little further. When he reached the middle of the garden, he saw a birdcage hanging on the tree, and in the cage was a beautiful parrot. The lad asked: "What is the name of this parrot?" She answered: "Child, in this parrot is the life of thy mother; if this parrot's leg be broken, then your mother's leg will break, or if its wing be broken, then your mother's hand will break: and if any one kills this parrot, then your mother will die." The lad said nothing, but went back quietly to the house and began to think in his mind how he could succeed in carrying off the two boxes, the eyes of the queen, the water of gold and the parrot.

Some days after his grandmother said: "Child, I am going to see a friend of mine: you look after the house, while I am away." The lad was inwardly delighed, but he said: Grandmamma, come back as soon as you can." The old ogress said: "Yes, child, I will return soon." So when the ogress went away, the lad took the two boxes and the eyes of the ten queens and tied them in his waistcloth and filled the bottle full of the water of gold and taking up the parrot's cage, ran away from there. He had gone a short distance, when the old ogress returned, and when she saw that he was carying off the cage and the bottle of water, she became much displeased and pursued the lad. When he saw that he was being followed he quickly opened the tempest box, and such a severe storm arose, that all the trees were torn up from the roots. Then the ogress held on to an immense fallen tree and sat down. Then the lad opened the box of floods, and the rain began to fall so violently, that all the trees which had been torn up and the ogress with them was swept away.

The lad escaped from there and reached home after some days. When he returned, he poured some of the water into a large vessel and sorted all the eyes in it, and the eyes all recovered. Some water he sent to the king, and taking the parrot to the ogress queen shewed it to her. When the ogress saw the parrot in the hands of the lad, she raised her hands in supplication and said: "Give the parrot to me." He replied: "I will now take my revenge on you." Then the ogress prayed to the king to give the parrot which the lad had brought. The king said to the lad: "My wife wants this parrot." The lad replied: "I will give it with pleasure, but on one condition, that you call all your servants to some appointed place and go there yourself, and call the queen there too. Then I will give her

the parrot." The king agreed and appointed a place. And there all his servants attended.

The king too came himself; the ogress queen came also in her litter, and the lad followed after. The queen called out from her litter: "Give me the parrot." Then the lad broke one leg of the parrot, and immediately one leg of the queen broke too. Then she began to weep, and still asked for the parrot. The lad went a little further, and broke the second leg of the parrot. Immediately the second leg of the queen broke also. Similarly he broke both the parrot's wings, and as he did so, both the arms of the ogress broke also. Still she went on asking for the parrot. Then the lad said to her in the presence of all: "Put out your hands and take it." But she could not do so, as her hands were broken. Three times he said the same, and then he took the parrot out of the cage, twisted its neck and flung it on the ground. So the parrot died and the ogress died also. The king said: "What have you done?" The lad answered: "Your majesty, this is an ogress; it was she devoured all the horses; her father and mother are demons also." Then he went on to tell how he had deceived her mother and brought away the parrot and all the other things. Finally he said: "I am the only remaining son of your majesty's ten queens, and I have brought all their eyes from the house of the ogress and have so treated them, that now they have all recovered." The king on hearing his story, embraced him; sent for the ten queens and all of them lived in happiness ever after.

(Folktale recorded by E. David, a Native Christian of Mirzápur.)

[This is in the main an extended and somewhat modified version of the "Son of Seven Queens." (Temple *Wideawake Stories*, 98: Jacobs *Indian Fairy Tales*, 115.) The "Letter to kill bearer" and letter substituted are frequent in both European (Jacobs *Folklore Congress Rep.* 1891, 93) and in Indian Folklore (*Wideawake Stories*, 410: Tawney *Katha Sarit Sâgara* I, 27). Mr. Jacobs remarks that the idea of the son of seven queens could arise only in a polygamous country, on which Mr. Hartland (*Folklore* IV. 91) says "In his note to the son of the queens Mr. Jacobs suggests that the idea of a son of seven mothers could only arise in a polygamons country. Heimdall in the Norse mythology was the son of nine mothers; is this a crumb from the Indian loaf? Nor is the stepmother proper so wholly unknown to Indian tales or to Indian life that there is any probability in the suggestion that the "envious stepmother" of this and other stories was originally a co-wife (Swynnerton *Indian Nights Entertainments* 275, 330).—Ed.]

235. The Questions of Akbar.—Told by Srinath Chaube and recorded by Chhadami Lal of Shamsabad, Agra district.

Akbar once said to Birbal: "Show me a ruby eight for a pice, nectar eighth jars for a pice and a faithless creature worth one eighth of a pice." Birbal went home and got an earthen lamp, some water and a dog and brought them to Akbar "The lamp," said he, "sells at eight for a pice and gives more light than any ruby; the water is the real nectar, and the dog is worthless and faithless because he follows any one who feeds him." Akbar was pleased with is answers and gave him a present.

236. Raja Rasalu and his faithful animals.—Told by Kundan Lal, Master of the School at Buri, Muzaffarnagar district.

Once upon a time Raja Rasalu set out from home with his four faithful animals—the hawk, the cat, the parrot and the camel. In the evening he halted near a city in a grove, and as he found himself overcome with sleep he divided the night into four watches and distributed them among his animals.

The first watch was that of the hawk. The wise bird perched on the back of the camel, and soon after a gang of four thieves appeared and tried to steel the camel. As soon as one of the thieves touched the camel the hawk sprang upon him and plucked out his eyes. He returned and told his companions, and then the second thief made his attempt.

This time the cat was on guard, and when the thief approached the camel she sprang no him, and as he was a bald-headed man she tore his scalp with her claws till he roared with pain and fled to his companions.

Then the third thief made his attempt, and this time the parrot was on guard. All he could do was to speak. So when the thief came up he addressed him from the back of the camel—

"You rascal. One of your companions has been sorely wounded and another has lost his eye. Do you wish to lose your life, for this will surely be your end."

The thief was so astonished to hear these words from above the camel that he was terrified and made his escape.

Then came the fourth thief, and this time Raja Rasalu himself was on guard. But his eyes were heavy with sleep and then the fourth thief came and carried off the camel. When the Raja awoke and found that he had been robbed he called his animals, and they protested that it was no fault of theirs, so he sent them to search for the camel.

The cat climbed over the walls and roofs and went all through the city. At iast she found the camel where the thieves had hidden it near the house of an oilman. Raja Rasalu went and complained to the Raja of that city, and the thieves were caught and hanged. He was so pleased to hear of the cleverness of the animals of Raja Rasalu that he asked him: "Why do you prefer to stay outside the city?" Rasalu said that he preferred the pure air of the jungle and that he had no fear, as he was protected by his faithful animals. The Raja said: "I have been always hearing of the might of Rasalu and his animals, but now I have seen for myself. I shall try to imitate you as far as possible."

MISCELLANEA.

237. **Prosperity of the Deccan.**—The people of the North-Western Provinces have an idea that the inhabitants of the Deccan are much more prosperous than they are. The reason of this is that Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth, was once wandering in the Deccan in the guise of a Bráhman woman. She was thirsty and went to the house of a woman of the Bráhmans for water. There was no water in the household jars and the mistress started to fetch some from the neighbouring river; but before she went she made the goddess promise three times that she would not leave the house until she returned. By chance she was drowned in the river, but Lakshmi has been obliged to keep her promise and stay there ever since. As the people here say, the goddess "is sitting there with her legs broken" and how can she ever leave that happy land? Does this idea prevail generally?—*W. Crooke.*

238. **Sasamum wood.**—In McCrindle's translation of the *Commerce and Navigation of the Erythræan Sea*, Calcutta, 1879, page 28, para 39, it is stated:—

"*Logs of Sandal and Sasame* (*Santalum album*)—*Exported from Barugaza to the marts of Omana and Apologos* (36) *is a correction of the Ms. reading santalina proposed by Salamasius Kosmas Indikoplenstes calls Sandal wood tsadana. For sasamina of the Ms. Stuckins proposed sasamina—a futile emendation since sesame is known only as a leguminous plant from which an oil is expressed, and not as a tree. But possibly Red Saunders wood* (*Pterocarpus santalinus*) *may be meant.*"

May not Sasamina or Sasame simply mean the *shisham*, *sisu*, or *sisam*, the wood of the *Dalbergia sisu*?

Linnæus the Younger (Charles) gave the name of *Dalbergia* to this genus of plants in honour of Dr. Dalberg, who died at Stockholm so recently as 1820. The world-renowned Bombay Blackwood, which is so common and so much used on the Malabar Coast, is I believe a product of the *Dalbergia latifolia*, a variety of the common *sisham*. It is a valuable wood, and therefore must have been well worth exporting—like sandal wood—from Barugaza (the modern Broach) in logs for furniture, &c., to other countries.—*J. G. Delmerick.*

239. **Euphemism: Women's Superstition.**—It is the custom for women to break their lac bangles on the death of the husband. Hence a superstitious dread of the word *tórna* and the substitution in its place of the phrase *thandhi karna*=to put out or to cool. Likewise the word *butaná* is not used in the case of lamps. One would hardly say *chirágh butáô*, for it means to "annihilate a family" according to Hindi idiom. Hence, instead of *chirágh buttáô* Hindús and Mussalmáns would prefer to use *chirágh thandha karô*, that is to say, "cool" the lamp. Likewise Pandits won't use the word *Pôthi bandh do or kitáb band karô*, i. e. "tie up" the book or "shut up" the book. They will say, "*Pôthi Vaikunth dô*" = "Send the book into heaven." The same term is applied by worshippers for putting the stone representative of Vishnú into the idol-box.—*Pandit Rámgharib Chaubé.*

240. **N.-W. P.: A Religious Song.**—

Siyá Rám lagan janwa lágái, dekhu kaisé dukhwa na bhágái
Rám! Rám ke ratté kahé na yah man págai.
Janwa na hot Siyá ji ke karna, dekhu kaisé jiyara jágái.
Sant charan ke sewat sewat káhé na sansai khágai.
Kaho na kaisé jára rahiyo tápat chhin chhin ágai
Nám sadha ras chikh chikh áé janwa sarúp anurágai.
Maha nich swádan ko sinar kahé jibhiya dágai.
Sada diwári jinké ghar men, machi rahai nit phágac.
Hohu dás tin áe dásan ko Patit yahi bar mángai.

When one becomes enamoured of Síta Rám, see why will he not be relieved of trouble? By constantly repeating "Rám! Rám!" why will not this mind be satisfied? If it were not for the sake of Síta see how would this life awake? By worshipping the feet of holy men why will not one's doubts be removed? How can the cold remain while you warm yourself at the fire? Having tasted the name of God, which is sweet like the water of life, when one meditates on the incarnations, I consider him meanest of the mind if his tongue still seeks delicacies, whose house is always illuminated as at the Diwáli and where there is daily the Holi rejoicing. Patit solicits the boon of becoming his slave.—*Bhan Pratap Tiwari.*

This song was composed by Deyadatta, a noted Sannyásí of Benares, known as Káshta Jibhiya, because owing to a vow he vowed not to speak and had a piece of wood placed over his tongue, whence his name.

241. **A Song at Religious Fairs.**—During the Sivarátri and Chaitri fairs at Gola crowds of people throng the roads singing—

Sadá Bhawáni dáhini aur Siddhi karen Ganesh:
Pánch dev raksha karen—Brahma, Vishnu, Mahesh.

"May the propitious goddess Bhawáni, the glory-giving Ganesh, Bráhma, Vishnú and Mahesh—the five gods protect us."—*Girija Dayal Nigam.*

242. **Gorakhnath the Saint.**—In the *Janam Sakhi* or life of the first Sikh apostle, Nának and Gorakhnáth are made to flourish together. Sikhs explain this by saying that Gorakhnáth never died, and that he still leads a roving existence. In Rohtak there is a monastery of Kanphata Jogis, who have a belief, which the compositions of their bards corroborate, that Gorakhnáth was a contemporary of Sáliváhana, whose era is ascertained to be A. D. 78. In the *Dabistán-i-Mazáhib* it is stated that the followers of Gorakhnáth consider him God himself, and that Vishnú and Bráhma were only angels who were disciples of Gorakhnáth. In another passage he is identified with the Mussalmán Saint Khizr.

There is an enormous cycle of legends circling round Gorakhnáth, which it would be well worth collecting.—*W. Crooke.*

243. **The Englishman through Rustic Spectacles.**—Not a few of us believe that the native accepts us at our own valuation. The fact is, that we should, without fail, break the Queen's peace, if he hinted half his real feelings towards people who fondle dogs, drink spirits, and eat bacon. He does not share our belief in our own freedom from superstition, as the following jottings from the Benares District will disclose. A Mussalmán, whom I asked why he adopted Hindú birth rites retorted with the questions—'Why do British officers play at the *Holi?* Why do indigo planters worship the local demons? Why did a Collector dedicate a bell to the monkey temple?"

Every bridge is still inaugurated with human sacrifices, though it suits Government to keep it secret. The village wiseacre shakes his head when the lives lost in constructing the Dufferin bridge are described as accidents. I recollect inquiring into an attack upon a vacci-

nator in consequence of a belief that he was extracting blood to mix with mortar for its repairs. The commoner belief, however, is that the vaccinator is searching to murder the infant Hazrat Mehdi, who is to be born with milk-white blood and is to conquer the universe. The blood of the victim, sacrificed under bridges, is supposed to be collected under the inscription, from which it will spurt out as from a wound after a blôw An Ahír servant of the Bela Factory dropped his lantern and bolted with terror when I tapped the inscription on Hasted's bridge. A red stain on the inscription of Hastings bridge over the Burna was long pointed out as blood drawn by a drunken barber. Above that inscription are placed regular offerings of oil-lamps and garlands and water. In merely passing over, however, the villager usually sets down his burden, and when it contains nothing unclean, places a handful on the parapet. Others at least touch the parapet, and carry their hands to their foreheads. From the Dufferin bridge, however, it is not unusual to throw pice into the water, in case the river might otherwise upset the entire structure, which is none the less impious for being convenient. Before its completion, all agreed that the money was wasted because "mother Ganges would never brook a bridge over her back." The greatest delight was manifested when a pile collapsed, and I really believe that if the whole structure were submerged, there would be a general chorus of "good old river!"

Some difficulty was occasioned during the census for about a week by a panic to the effect that the object of Government was to capture children for the purpose of throwing them into the waterworks. The amusing feature of this panic in the city was that some of the Dôms, who are paid to entrap and destroy pariahs, are stated to have reaped golden harvests by letting it be known in confidence that though they had orders to capture children, they would exempt any persons for a consideration.

By the way, you may not be aware that for these purposes Government supports two officials—

(*a*)—the *Sirkatwa* Sahib.

(*b*)—the *Momiyai* Sahib.

Be careful how you remain out of doors after dark in the rainy season. The *Sirkatwa* Sahib, disguised in ragged clothing, will slink up behind you and snip off your head with a huge pair of scissors. He is attended by a sweeper and a water-carrier, who at once wash away the blood stains. The trunk he consigns to some swollen torrent, while the head he carries to the "House of Magic," as the native terms a Freemasons' Lodge. Two such death's-heads are deposited on a table, and, enlivened by sorceries, leap upon each other in a furious tussle, while the Freemasons pace around eagerly staking upon the issue. You have but to listen outside a Lodge to hear the patter of the skulls on the table.

The *Momiyai* Sahib is an eminent dignitary, with a graded establishment and an office in the hills. His servants, who prowl about in dingy clothing, carry a withered stick, a touch of which deprives the victim of reason, dragging him blindly into the bungalow. His fate is shared by the barber, and he is suspended by the heels from the ceiling. Three holes are bored in his skull, and his life's essence exudes in seven drops of that darkish substance which, under the name of *Momiyai*, is hawked in the bazaars as a specific against all evils.—*Pioneer.*

244. **Diwáli Festival.—The Legend of**—When Ráma, on the night of the new moon, returned triumphant to Ajudhia, Bharat ordered a general illumination. By midnight all the lights went out except those in the house of one pious Banya. Síta went to his house in disguise and knocked at the door. The Banya asked who she was. She answered "Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth." The Banya invited her in and worshipped her. She was so pleased she left in the Banya's house a pile of gold. Ráma was at first displeased, but afterwards forgave her, and ordered that Lakshmi was to be worshipped forever on that day; and that whosoever honoured her should be wealthy throughout the year. Hence the Diwáli or lamp festival.

245. **Mahadewa Chandra Bhaleswar.**—Tradition says that the Emperor Aurangzéb in his zeal for the propagation of Islám wanted to saw in two and break the ancient *lingam* Ghusumeswar Náth placed close to Gokaran Náth. But wasps issued out of the trunk of an old pákar tree and annoyed the Emperor so much that he was obliged to desist. The priests still show the mark of the saw on the upper part of the *lingam.*—*Girija Dayal Nigam.*

246. **Rai Bareli: a Marvellous Well: a Demon.**—There are certain legends connected with the fort of Rai Barelí Within it is a most enormous well which is supposed to be connected with the sea, the proof of which is that, one day, when it was bubbling up, running over and threatening to submerge the whole town, a faqír recognised a stick which the water threw up as one he had lost months before at Púri while he was on a pilgrimage to Jaggannáth. He also advised the people to throw into the well all their brass vessels if they wished to save the town from destruction. When this was done, the story goes that the flow of waters subsided on the condition that no more water was drawn from it. The well is now so far filled that it is dry. There is also a story that a demon frequents a place where an annual fair is held outside the fort walls, and that, unless he is propitiated, dire calamities will happen. In consequence, to this day, offerings are made to him at night of the days on which the fair is held on his premises.—*Col. Macandrew, Settlement Report, p.* 6 *sq.*

247. **N.-W. P.: Boring the Noses of Children.**—The custom of boring the nose of male children is very common in these provinces The name that here corresponds to *Kuppusvanu* of Southern India is *Náthu Rám* or *Nakchhéd.* When one meets with a person having one of these names one is sure to see the right side of his nose bored. The reasons for this custom are nearly the same as those on the Madras side. When a family happens to lose several children in succession, the next born has the right side of his nose bored, and owing to this peculiarity bears one of the names mentioned above.—*Pandit Káshi Náth.*

248. **Nagaur: Legend of its Foundation.**—The shepherds used to send their sheep here to graze. Once it happened that a ewe was separated from the flock and gave birth to a lamb under a tree. A wolf came to eat the lamb, but the ewe drove him off. This being reported to the king he considered it an excellent omen, and the site of the occurrence was selected as the site for the new city.—Garrich, *Archæological Reports* XXIII, 50.

[Similar legends prevail about many sites. The animal from which the omen is taken is usually a hare. Can anyone give other examples?—Ed.]

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POPULAR RELIGION.

249. **Hardoi: the Legend of Oridih.**—At a short distance from Hatya Haran Kshetra, an important sacred place of the Hindús in the district of Hardoi in Oudh, there is a small village called Oridih, which was formerly called Raholi, around which Hindús solemnly walk in procession every year in the month of Phalgun. There was once a very powerful Rája of Raholi, named Dharma Dwaja, who was as skilled in the use of arms as in literature. He had four ministers, Devi Datta, Markateswara, Bare Jakha and Godhana Menhdi. They were as accomplished as the Rája himself. After a time the Rája placed at the head of his army a low-born Pási, namedAtibal, who was very powerful and wise. He never failed to win the victory, and he was always obedient to the orders of his master. After some time a Rájpút, named Nágmal, came to the Court of the Rája from a place named Shikári Pahárpur. He was a Sakarwár Rájpút, and as he sat in a corner of the Darbár, the eye of the Rája fell upon him, and out of curiosity he asked him what his business was. The Sakarwár asked for service with the Rájà, and said that he was a skilful soldier. So the Rája appointed him general of his army, and directed Atibal to make over charge of the force to him and to attend in future to the collection of the revenue. The Pási could not help obeying, though he was sorely grieved at his supersession.

By and by Atibal amassed a large fortune by peculation. In Raholi was a high-caste Bráhman, named Hari Datta, who had a daughter Rúpa, who was of surpassing beauty. Now, Atibal had a son, named Kundan, and he fell in love with the Bráhman maiden. When he heard that her father intended to marry her in her own caste, he fell sick of love, and no medicine could cure him. Finally Atibal found out what was really the cause of his son's illness. He consoled his son, and calling Hari Datta ordered him to give the girl to his son. The Bráhman answered: "What do you ask? How can a Bráhman girl marry a Pási?" The Pási insisted that it should be so, and then Hari Datta complained to the Rája. But the Rája said: "If you will not marry your daughter to the Pási, you must marry her to my son." The Bráhman crawled out of the Darbár weeping, and as he came out he saw Nágmal, the Sakarwár, standing at the gate. He told all his trouble to the Rájpút, and he promised to revenge the wrong on the Pási and the wicked Rája. So

the Bráhman went to the Pási and promised to marry his daughter to Kundan, but he insisted that the marriage should be performed in the regular way, and that the bridegroom should come to claim his bride according to the Hindú ritual.

When the Pási bridegroom arrived with his procession, Nágmal with his force was concealed in the house of the Bráhman, and he massacred Atibal, his son Kundan and all his followers. Hari Datta blessed Nágmal, and he used to stay at the house of the Bráhman to save him from further outrage. Nágmal then began to conspire against the impious Rája. When the Rája heard of the death of Atibal, he too made preparations to destroy Nágmal. His ministers warned him to do no hasty act.

One day as Nágmal was devising the ruin of the Rája, the royal barber, named Todar, passed by. "You rascal," said Nágmal, "why do you never come to shave me?" The barber answered: "When did I refuse? I am ever at your service." Then Nágmal ordered him to shave, which he immediately did. Then Nágmal said: "When you next go to shave the Rája you must cut his throat with your razor. If you refuse you will lose your life." The barber agreed, and next day when he went to shave the Rája he cut his throat with his razor. As he ran away the Rája's hounds pursued and tore him to pieces just outside the city.

The place where the barber was killed is near a small tank which is known as Nái Tál, or the tank of the barber, to this day. When the ministers heard of the murder of the Rája, they went to the barber's house to kill him and his family. But Nágmal came up, and a fierce fight began between the two parties, in which Nágmal was victorious and the ministers were killed. Then Nágmal proclaimed himself Rája, and he gave a village for their support to the family of the barber. In memory of Nágmal's bravery in saving the honour of the Bráhman girl an annual fair is held in his honour, and the people walk round the scene of his exploits.—*Paṇḍit Kanhaiya Lál.*

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250. South Mirzapur, N.-W. P: Heroes worshipped as Godlings.—The following is an account of two heroes who have been deified by wild tribes south of the Vindhyan Range.

Rája Chandôl.—The worship of Rája Chandôl is universal in Dudhi among the wild tribes. Every village and hamlet has a platform dedicated to this deified hero. This platform is invariably kept outside the village site under a large *sémal* tree (*Bombax heptaphyllum*), and upon it is placed a rude stone representing the hero. A flag stands by it. This flag is a long bamboo with a piece of red cloth attached to it, which waves in the wind. In times of difficulty Rája Chandôl is invoked to avert calamity, and a vow is made to worship him if the cause of impending misfortune be removed through his supernatural agency. It is believed by the votaries of Rája Chandôl that there is nothing so difficult as cannot be accomplished by this godling. Objects being realized, the deity is worshipped with the offering of goats and fowls, and sometimes cakes (*puri*) and *halwá* are added to the offering. Besides this occasional worship by individual members of a village, the hero is worshipped by the whole village on the 10th lunar day of Aswin or Kuár with prayers and offerings of the abovementioned things. If the annual worship be neglected or put off, various misfortunes result. Popular tradition tells us that Chandôl was an aboriginal Bhuihár or Bhuiár (not to be confounded with the Bhuihár Bráhman, of the plains) Rája of Basundhar Garhai. Garhai, my informant, who is a blind old man of considerable experience, tells me means a fortress. This place is in the eastern portion of Dudhi. Chandôl was the most powerful Rája of this part of the country in his time. He derived his prowess and strength not from his sword or wealth, but from a deity known as Basundhar, who is the Bhuiá god of earth, or more properly the goddess of the earth, whose faithful votary Chandôl was. When this fact became known to the neighbouring princes they all began to envy the hero. One of the princes who had his capital in Nágar in the same locality and whose title was Bhaiá envied the power of Chandôl so much that he attacked the fortress of Chandôl, vowing to worship Basundhar more faithfully than did Chandôl if he got victory over him. It so happened that this Bhaiá cut off the head of Chandôl and annexed the territory to his own. Then he began to reign, forgetting all care for Basundhar Deota. In the meantime it so happened that a goldsmith while passing by the fortress of Chandôl was too tired to go further. He lay down by the side of the trench, and fell fast asleep. Then Basundhar Deota spoke to him in a dream to this effect: "O, goldsmith, under thee is buried an image of Basundhar Deota. It is made of gold. Dig it out and take it to thy house and worship it faithfully. Thou shalt then become as powerful a king as Chandôl was." The goldsmith awoke and dug out the image. He took it to his house, but out of covetousness he broke the image into pieces and sold them. He lived on the produce of the sale for some time. Basundhar Deota could not bear this insult any longer. He destroyed him root and branch. When Basundhar Deota saw that there was none to worship him, he appeared in a dream before the Rája of Nágar one night and admonished him in this way: "O, Rája, dost thou not know that lying is in itself a great and unpardonable sin? When one practises it in the case of a deity it becomes a fire into which the liar with all his family falls and is annihilated. What promises thou

madest at the time of attacking my faithful votary Chandôl, and how far hast thou made them good? I will wait for one week more, and then thou shalt taste the fruit of thy actions." With these words the deity disappeared. The Rája's eyes were opened, and he made the following morning an image of Basundhar, and began to worship him. He prospered well ever after. As to Chandôl the tradition runs that the Bhaiá after decapitating him threw away his head in one direction and his body in another. After some time Chandôl spoke in a dream to all the inhabitants of the localities in which the parts of his body had fallen to this effect: "You know, the country you inhabit is mine, and you also know that I was a favourite of Basundhar Deota in my lifetime. My life as a man has ended, but I am still among you in the form of a bhút. I reign in your country still as a sovereign. If you do not do me homage I shall assume the form of a tiger and devour you and your cattle, and in a few days I shall lay your country waste. Worship me yearly on the 10th lunar day of Aswin, and you shall be happy and wealthy." In the morning people gathered and explained their dreams to one another: They then requested the Baigás to inquire from Chandôl what kind of worship he desired. The Baigá inquired, and then Chandôl expressed his desire for goats and fowls and cakes, which people offer at the present day. Since then the worship of Chandôl has continued.—*Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

251. **Meerut, N.-W. P: A Ghost.**—The following letter appears in the *Lucknow Advocate*:—"A very curious ghost phenomenon has been observed here for some days past, and has caused great excitement among the people at large. A girl of about ten years, the daughter of a Káyasth, resident of this place, is said to be possessed. The ghost often appears to the girl in visions and tells her that he will take her away from this land of mortals. But the most noticeable, and, at the same time, most surprising fact about this is that the ghost sends down a stream of water upon every one entering the room of the girl. The water is seen coming from the roof in the form of a fine stream, and the girl says it is thrown by the ghost by means of a syringe; yet there is not a trace of water upon the roof of the apartment. Another thing to be noticed in this connection is that the water is seen coming the instant the girl gives warning to the persons standing around her. The phenomenon has been observed by men of all classes of society, counting among them several persons distinguished for their scientific and literary attainments. Several persons went to the place simply with a view to enquire into the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon, but all failed miserably in arriving at a satisfactory explanation.—******* *Ram Chandra, M. A.*

252. **Incantations.—Popular Belief about**—In this age of iron incantations have lost much of their power. The reason of this is that Mahádeva was so disgusted with the wickedness of the world that he shut up all the spells which used to be powerful in his box so that they might not minister to the spirit of greed and revenge which prevailed throughout the world. But as he was shutting them up Párvati managed to conceal a few under her feet, and it is these alone which the sorcerers of the present day are able to use; and as Mahádeva shut up the best of them before Párvati intervened, this accounts for the ill-success of all the magical spells which are used in these evil times.—*Pandit Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

253. **Hamirpur: the Legend of Baba Chaitan Das.**—Bábá Chaitan Dás was a Vaishnava Banya of Rath in the Hamírpur District. He was noted for his hospitality to strangers and particularly to Sádhús. Once some Sádhús came to visit him, and as he had nought wherewith to entertain them, he asked his wife Sáhja to give him her nosering in order that he might pawn it. He pledged it, and entertained his visitors. When he came home he was amazed to see his wife wearing her nosering as usual. When he asked her where she had got it, she said that he had brought it to her himself. Then he knew that this was the work of Vishnú, and he relinquished the world. As he went on his wanderings he said: *Sáhja ko Sáhjan milé; chetahu Chaitan Dás*—"Sáhja got the Lord easily; be careful Chaitan Dás." A temple at Rath is dedicated to him, and large estates have been presented for the support of the shrine.—*Pandit Chandrabal Shukl.*

254. **Saharanpur: Worship of the Sun and Moon.**—Hindú girls here fast on the sixth day of the dark half of the month Bhádon from daybreak until the Moon appears in the sky. When the Moon appears they bathe and pray to her, asking her to give them what they desire. The sixth day of the light fortnight is similarly dedicated to Sun worship.—*W. Crooke.*

255. **Sankhatra Pir.**—Sankhatra is a small but opulent town in the Zafarwál Tahsil of the Siálkôt district. The word 'Sankhatra' is a compound of 'Sang' and 'Khatra,' which means the Khattri community. It is so called because it is chiefly inhabited by Khattrís. Here, about three hundred years ago, as the tradition goes, there lived a very pious and godly Ját. He had a number of buffaloes, which he grazed during the day, and,

on his return home in the evening, he occupied a solitary place, a little outside the town, which was then only a cluster of huts, and passed the night in devotion. A chabútra or platform now standing in the middle of the town marks the place of his meditations. One day, as he was grazing his buffaloes as usual, Guru Gorakh Náth happening to pass by, asked him for a cup of milk. All his buffaloes were in calf and would not give milk.

He pleaded this as an excuse for his non-compliance. The Guru, however, told him that the buffaloes would give milk if he only tried to milk them. So he patted one of the buffaloes on the back and sat down to milk her. He got as much milk as the Guru required. In return the Guru gave him a blessing that he would be always worshipped as a saint or *pír*. His tomb stands about half a mile outside the town. Every year in the beginning of July a fair is held there in honour of this saint. Játs of the Devá clan, to which the Pír himself belonged, and others come in from the surrounding villages to worship him. Offerings of *khír* (rice boiled in milk) and *churma* (a sweetmeat prepared from baked wheaten flour mixed with sugar and ghi) are made at the tomb of the saint. They hold wrestling matches and other trials of strength. The fair lasts for three days. The expenses of the fair are defrayed from subscriptions paid by the Játs and the people of the town. The platform in the middle of the town is plastered every Sunday, lamps are lighted on it, and presents of sweetmeats are made to the saint.—*Kási Náth, Muzaffarnagar.*

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256. **Use of Horns in Temples, &c.**—It appears to have been an old rule that at certain religious rites deer horns used to be blown as part of the service, and that they were kept hung up in temples for that purpose. I have also (*Popular Religion*, 330) quoted an instance of the use of horns of sheep and goats which are fastened to trees to promote their fertility. Can any one give any further instance of the use of horns in these ways?—*W. Crooke.*

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257. **The Mysterious Birth of Matsyendranath and Gorakhnath as told by a Kanphata Jogi of Hardwar.**—The wife of the Rishi Bhrigu gave birth to a son in an inauspicious moment. The astrologers announced to the father the evil which was likely to result if the child were allowed to live. So the Rishi believed them and threw the child into a river, where a large fish devoured it. It so happened that at that time Mahádeva and Párvati were on the bank of the river absorbed in meditation. The child as it floated by in the belly of the fish heard what they were repeating and said; "Yes, yes" (*hán, hán*). Mahádeva was surprised and said: "Who are you? Come out and appear before me." The child answered: "How can I come out of the belly of the fish?" Then he told the tale of his birth, and Mahádeva said: "Come out, you ornament of the race of the Brahmans." So he came out with the smell of the fish upon him, but Mahádeva dispersed it, and he began to smell like a human being. Then he said: "I name you Matsyendranáth (Lord of the kingdom of the fish). You have learned Yoga from me. Perform it and found a sect of the Jogís."

Some time after Mahádeva sent a Siddha or saint to see if Matsyendranáth was doing what he had directed. On the way the Siddha came to the forest of Gauautár, and there he found some Gujar women lamenting a youth who had just died. The Siddha was filled with compassion, and put his soul into that of the boy, who at once arose. His parents were rejoiced, and taking him home were about to give him food. But he cried out that he must live apart from the world, and he escaped and came to Matsyendranáth, who adopted him as his disciple, and because he was connected with the Gujar stock he called him Gorakhnáth or "protector of kine;" and he too founded a sect of Jogís.—*Pandit Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

[A good example of the theory of the separable soul—*Introduction to Popular Religion*, 146.—Ed.]

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258. **The Result of Killing a Cat and the Propitiation for it.**—In the Shástras it is written that the sin of killing a cat is so extreme that it can be removed only by the fivefold performance of the Prajapátya Yájna or rite to procure the procreation of children. The reason of this is thus explained: One day Mahádeva and Párvati were playing dice. As Párvati was a constant loser she called in the aid of her son Ganesa. Ganesa sent for his mouse and told her when Mahádeva threw 12 to upset the dice with her tail and make it a throw of 3. The mouse did as she was told, and Mahádeva was defeated. In his rage he sent for his hosts of demons and ordered them to kill the mouse. One of the demons, named Viralásya, who had a mouth like a cat, was ordered to do the god's bidding. But he objected that if he killed the mouse Ganesa would kill him. But Mahádeva said: "If any one kills you or your descendants he will be guilty of a sin which can be wiped out only by five repetitions of the Prajapátya Yájna rite." On this promise he killed the mouse, and hence no one dares to kill a cat since then.—*Pandit Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

[We have the same story of the mouse interfering in the game of dice in part of the Rasalu cycle of the rat Dhol Raja who changes the course of the game between Raja Rasalu and Raja Sarkap (Temple *Legends of the Punjab* I, 48).—Ed.]

ANTHROPOLOGY.

259. Saharanpur—Mirasi Doms.—Mirási Doms of the highest class are known as Mutrib. They say that they can take alms only from Shaikhs and Sayyids. They sing at their marriages and on other occasions of rejoicing, the heroic deeds of Hasan, Husain and Ali. These Doms are divided into several different clans, but they have no special names. Some of them beg only from low-caste Muhammadans. Their women are known as Dominiya and sing at marriages, &c. They are apparently comparatively recent converts to Islam.—*Pándit Rámgháríb Chaubé.*

260. Note on the Kayasths of Behar.—During the days of the late Honorable East India Company, the Káyasths of Bengal were mostly employed as writers or clerks in its offices. Hence the term *Káyasth* was frequently rendered into English by the expression "Writer caste." In Behar also, the Lálás, who occupy the same position in Behar as the Káyasths do in Bengal, are frequently employed as Muharrirs or writers or clerks. In Behar, the following legend, accounting for the fact why the Káyasths have been doomed to follow the profession of quill-driving, is current. This legend was narrated to me, last year, by Munshi Achyutánand (himself a Lálá or Káyasth of Behar), a native of Nyágáon, near Banwarchak station, B. N.-W. Railway, District Sáran, and Muharrir to my father Babu Nursingh Chandra Mitra, *B. A.*, *B. L.*, Pleader, District Judge's Court, Chupra. It is as follows:—

In the days of yore, a certain person had a mother who was blind and a wife who was barren. He himself was in very straitened circumstances. His poverty preyed upon his mind so much that, finding no other means of relieving it, he one day made up his mind to perform a pennance in honour of the goddess Bhagavati in the hope that she might be so far propitiated as to confer some boon on him. Having made up his mind, he straightway repaired to the temple of the goddess and commenced to perform the pennance. He performed the penance so faithfully and with so much devotion that the goddess, being pleased with him, told the poor man to crave of her a *single* boon, which she promised to grant. Not being able to select what boon to ask from her, he prayed to the goddess that he might be allowed some time for selecting it. The goddess having consented, the poor man went home and informed his mother of all the circumstances under which he had performed the penance and the goddess had vouchsafed to grant him one boon and one boon only. Hearing all this, his mother, who had suffered from life-long blindness became very much delighted in heart, and asked her son to crave of the goddess the boon that she might regain her lost eye-sight. After this, he went to his wife, who was a barren woman, and told her all the facts. She was exceedingly delighted to hear all this, and informed her husband that he could crave no better boon from the deity than the one that she may have children. The poor man himself, however, having grovelled in the lowermost depths of poverty all his life, wished in the heart of his hearts that the only boon which he would pray to the goddess to grant him was that he might obtain great wealth and be placed in the most affluent circumstances.

But, having heard of his mother's and his wife's requests, he was at a loss to make out what boon to ask of the goddess. Should he ask the goddess to restore his mother's eye-sight, his wife would be displeased, and he would remain as poor as ever. If he should ask the goddess to cure his wife of her barrenness, his mother would be angry with him. In the same way, if he should pray to the goddess to grant him riches, both his mother and his wife would be displeased with him.

Being sorely perplexed and unable to solve the difficulty, he was wending his way to the temple of the goddess Bhagavati, when he came across a Káyasth who was passing by. The Káyasth, seeing his perplexed mood and bewildered appearance, asked him the cause of his anxiety. The poor man apprised him of all the facts. The wily Káyasth, hearing all this, exclaimed: "What a fool are you! Can't you find a way out of this difficulty? Well, I will tell you of a boon which shall satisfy all of you three." Hearing this, the poor man became very much delighted in heart and implored the Káyasth by all he held dear to inform him of the boon which he had hit upon. The Káyasth said: "Well, your mother wishes that the goddess will cure her of her blindness; your wife wishes that she may get children; and you yourself wish that you may get great wealth. I will tell you what. You should go to the goddess and demand this boon of her, namely, that your mother wishes that she may see her grandson eat rice and milk out of a golden cup. If you ask this boon of the goddess, you would not only satisfy the deity, but also attain the heart's desire of yourself, your mother and your wife. You will thereby fulfil the condition imposed by the goddess to the effect that you must crave a single boon only. Your mother will be satisfied thereby in that the goddess, in granting this boon, will have to restore her lost eye-sight in order to enable her to see her grandson. Your wife's object will be attained in that the goddess will have to cure her of barrenness so that she may give birth to a son, in order to enable your mother to see her grandson. Your own heart's desire will be gained because the goddess will have to endow you with great wealth in order that your son may eat rice and milk out of a golden cup—a thing which only rich men possess."

Being very much elated at having found a way out of the difficulty, he at once went to the goddess and demanded from her the boon which had been pointed out to him by the Káyasth. The goddess, hearing of this ingeniously worded single boon, which was, in fact, three boons rolled into one, became exceeding wroth and asked who had told him to crave it from her. The poor man, trembling with fear, informed the goddess that it was a Káyasth who had told him to beg this boon from her. The goddess, recollecting her promise to grant the poor man a single boon which he may crave of her, granted him the boon which had been pointed out to him by the Káyasth. From that day he became a very rich man. His mother's eye-sight was restored, and subsequently his wife was brought to bed of a son.

But the goddess Bhagavati pronounced a curse against the Káyasths that they will for ever be doomed to earn their livelihood by quill-driving, that is to say, by following the profession of a writer. Hence the majority of the Káyasths are at the present day employed as writers and clerks.—*Sarat Chandra Mitra, M. A., B. L., Superintendent of Survey and Settlement, Raj Hutwa, Hutwa, District Sáran, Behar.*

261. **Axe.— A curious form of**—A pole axe of a very peculiar shape is carried as a weapon by the people about Baghera. The blade is shaped like a broad wedge in front, behind which it contracts by a curve above and below to a narrow neck. But the greatest peculiarity of this weapon is that it is fastened into the stick or pole to which it is attached after the manner of some stone or bronze celts, instead of being slipped over the stick by means of a ring as most modern axes are. In reality two pieces of iron are curved backwards from the two posterior corners of the back of the blade of the axe, leaving an interspace between, until they meet together where they are fixed into the handle.—*Archæological Reports VI*, 146.

262. **Hoshyarpur: The Gujars.**—Some Gujars will not allow their women to go into the towns with milk, and they look upon themselves as superior to those who allow this practice, and will not give their daughters to them in marriage. The custom by which the women go about without restraint has given rise to a general idea of their loose morality, which is embodied in the following couplet :—

Zamín ba yak sal banjar shawad :
Gujar ba yak nukta Kanjar shawad.

"Land in one year becomes waste :

By adding one dot the word *Gujar* becomes *Kanjar* (the prostitute class)."—*Settlement Report, p.* 54.

263. **Salutation: Rules of—Sarwariya Brahmans.**—The etiquette of salutation among Sarwariya Bráhmans is very strict. A girl salutes a married woman thus: She walks up to her slowly with at least three fingers wide of her veil or upper part of her sheet (*ghúnghat*) hanging over her face. She bows her head and touches the woman's feet with it. This she does three times. The form of address is *Jar sust bhae rah: tohar ahibat banal rahai: dúdh, put se bharae rahi*—"May you remain cool and at ease: may the marriage state continue : may you abound in milk and sons." If the woman be barren she says *khoukh khulai*—"May barrenness be removed." If she be a widow, she says *Nike rahi*—"Be happy." Senior men who are equals say and reply *Namaskár.* Seniors are addressed with *Pranám* or *pálágan*, the answer being *Chiranjiva*, "Live long :" *Jayho*, "Thine be victory." *Kalyán ho*, "Be prosperous." When a respectable man salutes a Bráhman he often says *Sahibi bani rahe*, "May your honour be maintained."—*W. Crooke.*

264. **The Durrani Tribe.**—It is said that Ahmad Sháh Abdáli gave them the name Durráni in obedience to the dream of a famous saint of Chemkunni. This is, however, clearly an ingenious device to surmount an acknowledged difficulty. The Abdális claimed a superiority which the other tribes, especially the Ghilzaís, were slow and reluctant to accord, and one sect, that of which the king was himself the hereditary chief, enjoyed the singular but all-important privilege of exemption from the law of the blood feud. The better class among them had the custom of wearing pearls in their ears, and nothing is more probable than that such an affectation amongst a people of plain and simple habits should have given name to a contemptuous nickname. Ahmad Sháh found the Abdális called Durránís by the rest of the tribe from this circumstance—*durr* being one of the numerous synonyms for a pearl—and with his usual good policy removed the sting of the appellation by adopting it as the royal designation of the tribe from which the king had sprung. The effect was good : it chimed in well with the king's policy to support the privileges of the Sadozais, a support which not even devotion to his own interests could induce him to suspend for an instant, and it was speedily followed by the general voice of the nation conferring on the king himself the popular title of *Durri Durránián*, the Pearl of the Durránís, in which the king's merits and favour in the eyes of his subjects and the fashion of his tribe were happily hit off together.—*Calcutta Review LI*, 8.

265. **Jalandhar: The Legend of the Ghorwaha Rajputs.**—The founders of the clan are said to have met Sháhábuddín Ghori, the reigning monarch. They had a fine horse, which they presented to the king, who in return gave

them as much country as they could ride round in a day. One of them, Hawaha, took this side of the Sutlej and Kachhwaha the other side: and at nightfall the former threw down his spear (*sela*) where is now the village of Selkiána to show the limit of his domain: while the latter marked the spot he had arrived at by his bracelet (*kangan*) on the site of the present village of Kanganwál. One story is that the horse given by the brothers was a very fine one: another is that it was the offspring of a river horse with a terrestrial mare. The story of the ride is told as regards Búndi about a charger of a Khíchí chief "which owed his birth to the river horse of the Pár and a mare of the Khíchí chieftain": and in the same tale mention is made of the famous horse of Rae Dewa, the Hara chief, who lived in the reign of Sikandar Lodi.—*Tod Annals of Rajasthan II*, 422 *sq.*—*Settlement Report, p.* 75 *sq.*

266. **Tree Marriage.—Survival of**—There can be no reasonable doubt that tree marriage was a part of the primitive Hindú ceremonial. This is shown in the custom of the erection of the manro or marriage shed which is supported on nine bamboos, two on each of the four sides and one in the centre. Close to the central column is placed a branch of the siddhá or sál tree, at the foot of which a water pitcher (*kalsa*) is laid. Before the bridegroom rubs red lead on the parting of the bride's hair, which is the binding part of the ceremony, she has to smear some red lead on the tree, thereby signifying her previous marriage to it. Of course, the motive of the custom is now forgotten, but that it signifies a marriage with the tree seems beyond question. The custom prevails among all the inferior castes in Northern India.—*Pandit Rámgharib Chaubé.*

267. **Consanguineous Marriage among the Jews.**—In a paper on the Jews read the other evening before the members of the Bombay Anthropological Society, Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel Waters made some interesting remarks on consanguineous marriage among the Hebraic race. It is a popular idea—and we are satisfied a well-founded idea—that mental or physical deterioration are results of the marriage of close relations, but the learned essayist quoted the experience of the Jews in combating this view. Abraham's wife, Sarah, he reminds us, was his half-sister, and David declared his willingness to give his daughter to his peccant son to wife. The Jews thus, in ancient times, so trenched on the domain of consanguinity as to permit matrimonial union between brother and sister the children of a common father. Dr. Waters shows that at the present time, though the Jews generally conform to the usage among the aliens by whom they happen to be surrounded, are more addicted to marriages of consanguinity than other races. Matrimonial union between close-blood relations is encouraged rather than forbidden, and Dr. Waters holds that the fact of this system not being conducive in the smallest degree either to physical or mental deterioration teaches a lesson to those who cling to the contrary belief. Idiocy, insanity, and scrofula, according to the essayist—who quotes Sir James Simpson, of Edinburgh, in support of his contention—are not the products of, or produced by consanguineous union. A belief to the contrary has long been popular, and is likely to remain so, for nothing is so difficult to uproot as a popular belief. Even if the error of this particular belief were demonstrated it is very unlikely that consanguineous marriage would become more popular among Western communities. Even were it proved that the Semitic race has escaped the penalty ascribed by the general consensus of the rest of mankind to the intermarriage of near kindred, so exceptional a case would not vitiate the deductions drawn from a wider experience. The royal families of the Continent and the royal families of the whole East as well have notoriously suffered in physique and in mental power from marriages *inter se.* It is the same with every aristocracy which has not been revivified by plebeian blood. The mixed races are everywhere those which survive. The fact that the Semitic race has enjoyed an exceptional recuperative power is doubtless to be found in the fact that it was in its originality an amalgamation of two races of ecxeptional vigour, but diverse qualities—the Aryan and the Turanian.

268. **Sirsa; Tribal Customs.**—Daughters have no right to inherit; they are only entitled to be suitably maintained and suitably married. On marriage they enter into the clan of the husband, and have no further claim on their own families. Only agnates and the widows of sonless agnates have the right to inherit. Where there are several agnates of the same class they share equally, and no heir excludes the agnatic heirs or the sonless widow of another heir of the same class. Wills are quite unknown, and a proprietor cannot interfere with the distribution of his property after his death. He has almost full power to distribute the movable property as he pleases in his lifetime, but he cannot alienate the immovable property from the agnates without their consent. If he has no son, he may adopt an agnate nephew, who then succeeds to him as a son; and if he dies without sons, his widow may adopt one of his agnate nephews, who succeeds to the whole estate. The fundamental principles of the whole body of tribal custom are that a man must marry in his own caste or tribe, but he must not marry an agnate; and that the land must not be alienated from the agnates.—*J. Wilson, Settlement Report,* 174.

FOLKTALES.

269. **The Witch-Queen.**—There was a Rája who had two Ránís, and he used to go out hunting daily. Once the Ránís told the Rája not to go to hunt towards the west, but one day the Rája out of curiosity went in the forbidden direction, and reached a very dense jungle. There he saw a splendid palace, and when he went inside he saw there a very beautiful girl, with whom he fell in love, and she fell in love with him. So the King married her and brought her home.

Now, this girl was the daughter of a great wizard, and she herself was a most powerful witch.

So she began to kill the King's horses day by day in turns. At last she became jealous of her co-wives, and one day she killed a horse and smeared their clothes with the blood, and went and told the Rája that it was his other wives that were killing his horses and eating them every night.

When she showed the Rája their blood-stained clothes, he believed her words and had their eyes torn out and sent them away into the jungle, where they lived under a tree in great misery.

Now, it so happened that both the Ránís were in child, and the elder Rání brought forth a son, but soon after the baby died. The second Rání also had a son, and he grew up strong and beautiful. As he grew up his mother made him a bow and arrow, with which he used to shoot birds, on which the Ránís lived. One day a hunter passed that way who had an iron bow and arrow, and he was so pleased with the boy that he gave them to him. The young Prince then began to hunt animals, and supported the two Ránís until he was twelve years of age.

One day he went into the bazár, and as he passed the King's palace the Witch-Queen saw him, and from his looks she was certain that he was the son of the two deserted Queens. She called the boy and asked him who he was; he told her everything about himself. The Queen then gave him some sweets and told him to come and see her every week. The boy returned to his mothers and told them what had passed between him and the Witch-Queen. His mothers told him not to touch the sweets, so he threw them away.

After a week or so the boy went to the Witch-Queen; she again gave him poisoned sweets, and told him to bring her some seed of *Lota-Plota* rice. The boy returned to his mothers, and gave them the sweets, but did not tell them anything about the rice.

Next morning the boy started in search of the rice. By and by he reached a thick jungle, where he saw the hut of a Sádhu who used to sleep for six months and lie awake for six months on end. When the boy reached the hut, he found the Sádhu fast asleep, and began to shampoo his feet. When the Sádhu awoke at the end of six months he was very much pleased with the boy, and asked him what he wanted. The boy replied; "I want *Lota-Plota* rice."

The Sádhu said:

"Very well; if you want *Lota-Plota* rice you can find it in yonder jungle. I will turn you into a parrot. Go there, pluck an ear and fly back at once. But if any one calls you do not look behind."

The boy turned into a parrot, went to the jungle, plucked an ear and flew away. But no sooner had he done so then a number of demons (*deo*) ran after him shouting fiercely. In his curiosity he looked behind and was immediately burnt to ashes.

The Sádhu waited for him for some time, but when he did not return he went there himself and found the ashes. By his magical powers he again made a parrot out of the ashes, and told him to go and pluck the ear of rice, but on no account to look back.

The parrot obeyed his orders, and though the demons shouted fiercely, he did not look back. They pursued him to the Sádhu's hut, which was close by, and flew inside, when the Sádhu turned him into a fly. The demons said to the Sádhu.

"You have concealed a boy who has robbed us: surrender him to us at once."

The Sádhu replied:

"This boy is under my protection and I will never give him up to you."

The demons feared the Sádhu. So they were obliged to spare the boy, give him their daughter in marriage and a horse to ride.

The boy put his wife behind him on the horse and rode off to his mother's house. There the demon's daughter by her magical power built a splendid palace in an instant, and the demons supplied it with all the comforts of life. There the boy, his two mothers and his wife lived for some time.

Soon after the boy again went to the bazár, where the Witch-Queen saw him and called him to her.

He told her all his adventures. She gave him a letter to take to an old witch in another city.

The boy took it to his wife, who read it and found it contained an order from the Witch-Queen for the death of the boy. So she wrote another letter in the Witch-Queen's name and gave it to her husband.

When the old witch read the letter she treated him kindly; but that night he killed her and made a search among her effects when what

should he find but the eyes of his two mothers. These he brought back and put in their places, when they began to see as well as ever.

Then the boy went to his father and told him all the cruelty which the Witch-Queen had practised upon his mothers and himself. Then the King had the Witch-Queen hanged, recalled his former Queens to the palace; but he himself gave up his kingdom and became a hermit, and his son reigned in his stead.

(A folktale told by Rámnandan, Village Accountant, of Kôn, Mirzápur District.)

[This is a variant of the last. The narrator could not tell what *Lota-Plota* rice was. It is probably the same as "the millionfold rice which ripens in one night" of *Wideawake Stories*, 108.]

270. **Princess Brinjal.**—There was once a gardener who was very poor. One day he asked a Koiri* for alms, and he gave him a brinjal.† The gardener put it in a pot and laid it on the fire, when presently he heard a sort of rattling inside, and when he opened the pot he saw inside a heavenly mansion and a fairy‡ sitting in it When he asked her name, she said: "I am Princess Brinjal."§

He put the pot down and looked round his house, and lo! it had become a grand palace filled with everything found in royal houses. Princess Brinjal went into the palace and sat on a cot: and there she lived happily for many years with the gardener. One day the wife of an Ahír came with some milk and curds for Princess Brinjal. She gave her in return a pearl. The Ahírin thought:

"How can a gardener's wife afford to give me a pearl for a little curds and milk? If I go to the Rája he will give me much more."

So she went next day to the Rája and when he took her milk he told his servants to give her some wheat husks as a reward. She went away grumbling and as she was going out she said to the gatekeeper.

"The gardener's wife gave me a pearl for my milk and I got only wheat husks from the Rája."

He went to the Rání and told her this. She thought to herself: "If the Rája hears of Princess Brinjal he will make her his Rání and turn me out. It were well to poison her before the Rája knows her."

Then she went to see Princess Brinjal, who received her kindly though she knew that the Rání desired to take her life. The Rání asked her to come and visit her now and then. The Princess answered: "I never leave this house and never see the face of a man but that of my husband, the gardener."

* Market gardener.

† *Baingan.*

‡ *Pari.*

§ Baingan Shahzadi.

The Rání said: "Many great ladies visit me. Why do you refuse?"

"I will go there on this condition," said the Princess, "that you have a road made from my home to your palace and hang curtains on both sides, that no one may see me."

The Rání agreed, and next morning she had all the arrangements made and sent a mani to give notice to the Princess. She bathed and prayed to Khuda and went to the Rání's palace. The Rání had put some poison in a packet of betel which she offered to the Princess, but she said: "I have come to see you and not to eat betel."

Then she made some sherbet and put poison in it too, but the Princess would not touch it.

Then she told her servants to cook food, and when it was ready put poison in the Princess's plate. But the Princess refused to taste it.

At last the Rání said to the Princess: "What are you always thinking of?"

"In the plain beyond the palace," said she, "is a *pípal* tree, and in its branches is a box. In the box is a necklace of rubies. I am always thinking of that necklace, because if any one should break it I would die."

The Rání answered: "May I die in your stead! I will take care of the necklace."

Then she bade farewell to Princess Brinjal, and throwing herself on her bed cried: "If I cannot get this necklace I must die!"

So the Rája sent his horsemen and got the necklace at once, and gave it to the Rání. She broke it at once and at once Princess Brinjal died. As she was dying she said to the gardener: "Do not bury me in the earth, but lay me on a cot and place me in a tomb." He did as she ordered and people used to come and see her in the tomb, so lovely she appeared. The Rája too heard of this wonder and went to see it. He was so enamoured of her that he seated himself beside her. One day he was thirsty and broke a pomegranate, half of which he ate and half he laid on the tomb. At night when Princess Brinjal came to life she ate the pomegranate and drank water. The Rája saw her and loved her, and in due time she was in child. By and by her baby was born, and then the Rája learnt that if the necklace were returned unbroken to her she would come to life.

So he took the necklace from the Rání, had it mended and gave it to the Princess. When she put it on she came to life, and the Rája made her his wife, and her son became his heir, but the old Rani was given over to execution.

(A folktale told by Ali Sajjad, Village accountant, Mirzapur: recorded by Pandit Ram Gharib Chaube.)

[This is an imperfect version of "Princess Anbergine."—Temple *Wideawake Stories*, 79, *s q q*.]

LOCAL HISTORY.

271. **Local History: Muzaffarnagar—Pathans of Jalalabad, Parganah Thanah Bhawan.**—The following extract, giving a graphic and authentic account of the Patháns of Jalálábád, is from a memoir or *Tazkirah*, sometimes called in the text the *Ibratnámah*, or Book of Warning. This work was finished in the year 1131 H., during the short reign of Rafí'-ud-Daraját (9th Rabí' I., 1131 to 18th Rajab, 1131—28th February, 1719, to 5th June, 1719). The author, Mirzá Muhammad, a Birlàs Mughal of the Hárisí family, was the son of Mut'amad Khán (Rustam Beg, d. 1117 H.). Mirzá Muhammad was born at Jalálábád (in Kabul) on the 21st Jamádí I., 1098 H. (4th April, 1687), and in his youth was a page (*khawás*) at the court of Álamgír. We do not know when he died, but from a history written by his nephew, Muhammad Bakhsh Ashob, we learn that he was alive at the time of Nádir Sháh's invasion, and he probably survived till 1163 or 1165 H. He is also the author of a valuable chronological work or obituary, called the *Tárikh-i-Muhammadi.* I have found him a most accurate writer, full of shrewdness and a close observer. I have used a copy of the *Tazkirah* from the India Office Library (No. 50), and also a copy of my own.

Appointment of the writer of this Ibratnámah, Mirzá Muhammad, son of Mut'amid Khán, to resume the property of Jalál Khán, Rohelah, resident (wátandár) and founder of the well-known Jalálábád, which is close to Thánah Bhawan, subordinate to Deoband, dependent on the Faujdári of Sahárаnpur, and lying at a distance of fifty kôs from Sháhjahánábád.

In the last days of Safar 1130 (3rd January to 31st January, 1718), Nawáb Ináyat-ul-lah Khán [recently appointed Diwán of the Khálsah, or Central Revenue Office] granted to me the appointment of resuming Jalál Khán Rohelah's property. On the 14th Rabí I. of the said year (14th February, 1718), he handed to me the written authority (*dastak*) with his seal affixed after it had received the seal of Nawáb Kutb-ul-Mulk [*i. e.*, Sayyad Abdullah Khán, Bárhah, then Wazír]:

This Jalál Khán was of the Wurakzaí tribe (kaum) of the Afghán hillmen (*Rohelah*). His father, Hazár Mír, came to Hindustán in the reign of Sháh Jahán, and by the Emperor's direction was granted the zamindárí of some (*ba'z*) villages in the country between the Jamnah and Ganges (*Miyán Dúáb*). [Major H. G. Raverty, "Notes on Afghánistán," London, 1883, p. 395, has Ázar Mír. He was a leader of the Roshánís or Inádís, a sect that gave great trouble on the Peshawar frontier in the time of Akbar and afterwards. About 1048 H. (1635-36), Ázár Mír and another leader submitted, were brought to the Presence, and raised to the rank of 1,000. The Emperor assigned to them lands near Pánípat. Raverty quotes from the *Tarikh-i-murassa* of Afzal Khán, Khatak, written after 1136 H.]

After Hazár Mír's death, those villages were made over to the former holders (*zamindárs*). When some time had elapsed, a grant of several villages in Parganah Thánah Bhawan, etc., was made to Jalál Khán (son of Hazár Mír), and he was given a small rank (mansab). From that time till now (*i. e.*, till 1130 H.), his life was spent as one of the officers posted to the Chaklah of Sahávanpur, and as he became renowned for the splendour of his liberality and his valour, the star of his good fortune grew day by day more resplendent in that part of the country through increase in his rank (mansab) and dignity (jáh) and ostentation (hashm) and troops (sipah); and the ray of the favour of his Majesty the Emperor Alamgír having shone on his countenance, as time passed on, he reached the rank of 500 and received the title of Khán. At one time, towards the end of the reign of that God-fearing Emperor, he was also honoured with having committed to him the *faujdári* of Sahárаnpur. During the long period that he held that office, he attended in every respect to the exact performance of his duties.

In the reign of Sháh' Àlam, the Emperor [1707—1712], when the black-faced Gúrú [*i. e.*, Bandah] made his appearance and put the people of the Faith to the sword; and the conquest of Sahárаnpur town and several villages between the rivers having been accorded to him (the Gúrú) by the power of the Lord Most High, he (the Gúrú) made an attempt to wrest the whole of the land between the two rivers from the hands of the Mussalmán, and set to work to slay and plunder the weak and helpless. Jalál Khán and some others of the warriors of that region were the means of upholding the Faith; they assembled the faithful and fixed upon a battle-field for the protection of the towns of the Faith. Since there was no one among the leaders of that region superior to Jalál Khán in years or experience or rank or favour at court, the command of the troops fell to him, and the repulse of the enemy was carried out according to his opinions and plans.

Although Jalál Khán himself never left Jalálábád, a place that he had founded, his sons and grandsons and his tribesmen repeatedly made raids like Cossacks on the army of the faithless Sikhs and performed notable deeds. In the end, making a night attack, they thrust thousands and thousands of those lifeless dogs into the dirt and blood of disgrace and defeat. Then those men, devoid of religion (*i. e.*, the Sikhs), having learnt a lesson from the blows of the swords of the Faith's champions, wrote the details of these events to the black-faced Gúrú. That man of evil fortune sent another force in support, and they were told off to invest the fort of Jalál Khán, or, in other words, Jalálábád. Those Sikhs, devoid of faith, with an assemblage like that of the Last Day, and an army full of power (*shukoh*), set

themselves in motion in that direction. For some days Jalál Khán was invested in his fort. Except that every day a number of their men were slain. nothing more was effected by them. In the end they raised the investment and turned their faces again towards Sahàranpur. The champions in the army of the Faith did what was incumbent on them in the way of pursuit, and by means of Cossack-like onslaughts effected the perdition of that worthless group. Much plunder that those men of evil fortune (*i. e.*, the Sikhs) had taken at every place was left behind in the panic of flight, to be a reward for the labours of the champions of the Faith. The families of the people of the Faith took possession thereof and carried it away. In those contests several persons among the sons and grandsons of Jalál Khán and many relations of that Khán, the flag of felicity, received the honour of martyrdom and were made red-faced. (*i. e.*, honoured) in eternity for ever and ever. Ghulám Muhammad, who is one of the grandsons of Jalál Khán, acquired perfect fame for bravery and conduct in war, and in his onslaughts consumed with the lightning of his glancing sword blade the harvest of the lives of many of the filthy unbelievers.

I have heard from trustworthy authority that in these manhood-testing fights the force of the infidels was nowhere less these 20,000 men, while the soldiers of the Faith, who came out to repulse them from Jalálábád, Lohárí, Nánautah and other places roundabout, and hovering like so many Cossacks on the verge of the unbelievers' army slew and plundered and threw them into a fright, these were never more in number than 300 horsemen. But all the same. by God's grace, victory and success were always accorded to the people of the Faith, and in no way were the infidels' faces brightened. Accordingly they made no more attempts in this direction, and contented themselves with administering the villages which they had managed to secure in the country between the two rivers. In this way many villages and towns, such as Thánah Bhawan, Shámlí, Kairanah, Jhinjhánah, etc., were protected from the inroads of the unbelievers. [For further particulars of Jalál Khán's repulse of the Sikhs, see *Kháfi Khán*, Vol II., pp. 655-656.]

When the facts of the valorous and soldierly exertions and the Rustam-like endeavours of Jalál Khán (who had imposed a very great obligation on the Muhammadans of that part of the country) were reported to His Majesty, departed to paradise [*i. e*, Sháh 'Alam, Bahádur Sháh], he displayed much favour towards him and raised his rank, old and new, to the dignity of 900. When, before the arrival of the Sikhs, 'Alí Hámid Khán, Kannauji, Faujdár of Sahàranpur, quitted the Chaklah in fear of his life and went off to Sháhjahánábád, leaving that country without a ruler, the *faujdari* of that *chaklah*, in reward for his devoted exertions, was a second time conferred on Jalál Khán, and the said Khán up to the reign of Jahándár Sháh [1124 H., 1712 A. D.]. remained in charge of that office and made laudable efforts for the extirpation of the Sikhs. After that time the place was made over to some one else. Then the said Khán was as before, and up to the end of his life, accounted among the officers posted to that *chaklah*. His rank (mansab) in Jahándár Sháh's reign was 2,500, and in Farrukh Siyar's reign it was fixed at 1,500. Finally in Zú'l Ka'dh of the said year [*i. e.*, 1129 H.=6th October to 4th November, 1717], while at his home in Jalálábád, he departed from this world at the age of eighty or eighty-two years and turned his face to the ever-abiding mansions.

Although addicted in the days of his youth (*shabáb*) to drinking bright wine, to hearing the lute (*chang*) and the rebeck (*rabáb*), to the companionship of lovely woman, walking gracefully as a partridge, and to the flattering, amorous speeches of the silver,-bodied heart-conquerors, yet after the moon of whiteness dawned upon the darkness of his understanding and his hair black as jet was changed to the colour of camphor; he incessantly inscribed on the tablet of his heart the characters of correct conduct, the fear of God, and the company of those learned and perfect in the Way, and he ever endeavoured to perform good deeds, and from the sources within his power delivered food to travellers and needy wayfarers (*ibná-us-sabíl*).

On his death he left four sons to perpetuate his memory. The eldest of all is named 'Abdullah, his mother was a Mahmand by race, related to Malik Mustajáb, whose fame, whether among old or young, calls for no long discourse. [Raverty, pp. 41, 396, 415. Mustajáb was an *Arbáb* or chief man of Peshâwar. His son Muhammad held this place in 1117 H., 1705 *A. D.*] 'Abdullah aforesaid is a studious man, well behaved, exceedingly easy in his temper, simple-minded, and ignorant of this world's affairs. There are other three sons of Jalál Khán; Díndár, Námdár and Muhammad Yár are their names. The mother of these is a dancer (*kanchani*), one Búlí, who was married by Jalál Khán after he had fallen desperately in love with her, and to her care he made over his whole household. On this account the mother of 'Abdullah quitted her husband and took up her abode in a separate house.

To sum up, Jalál Khán gave his money and goods to that second spouse and hindered her in nothing, and out of all his offspring, devoted his energies to the bringing up of her three children. Accordingly by the excellence of the efforts of their renowned father, all three sons became polished through their training (*fahzil*) in moral conduct (*akhlák*), and acquired reading and penmanship, which are things little practised among the Afgháns. Díndár was a young man of large

frame (kavví haikal) and very striking appearance (namáyan), and he has a share of the quality of valour. Námdár, although a slender man (bárik), is very tall and fair of countenance (sabh-ul-wajh), and he is also able to understand poetry, and by all appearances has read in his early years a certain amount of the treatises (*rasáil*) on grammar (*sarf o nahv*). In short, by his qualities (haisiyat), he is greater than his brothers. Muhammad Yár also, like his brothers, is a youth of pleasing aspect, with red and white cheeks. But since I have had no opportunity of being in his company, I have no knowledge of his abilities. 'Abdullah, who is the eldest brother, is in years over fifty; Díndár is thirty-two years of age, Námdár twenty-three or twenty-four, while Muhammad Yár is one year younger.

To resume the story. After the death of Jalál Khán, as his property, cash and grain, goods and chattels, was all in the possession of Bibi Búlí, and the management of the villages was already in their father's lifetime in the hands of her sons, the simple-minded 'Abdullah was held by all of no account, and the clerks and servants of the late Khán transferred themselves in a body to the service of Díndár. The latter, on the strength of the wealth thus acquired, by the assistance of his brotherhood, and with the countenance of all the servants, spread his pillow on the carpet of the estate (rayásat)' Then the unambitious 'Abdullah, being without position and unable in any way to alter this state of things by force, went with a large crowd of men and made his bow to Díndár. But the mother of 'Abdullah and Ghulám Muhammad, his son, who is a courageous young man, with a nice feeling of honour, of about the same age as Díndár, though better and greater than him in valour, bravery and courage, felt unable to submit to this position of affairs.

Since, owing to the absence of supporters and friends, Ghulám Muhammad had not the strength to resist his uncles, he determined to resort to the presence of the Emperor and make complaint of the injustice of these evil times. As, however, while his father, 'Abdullah survives, he has no right under the Holy Law to appear as claimant against his uncles, he forced his father, whether he would or not, to accompany him, and they started for the court.

After they had reached Sháhjahánábád they went first to see Zafar Khán, nicknamed Turrah [This man was a Khwajahzádah from Pánipat. The nickname is from *Turrah-i-báz*, the crest of a falcon, and was due to a special way to twisting the turban adopted by this noble and his men.], having some former acquaintance with him, and told him the facts in detail about his uncles' encroachments. In spite of their having an elder brother living, who, on every ground, was entitled to succeed to his father's position, these younger sons had usurped the estate and made themselves heads of the family, not even giving their brother a share in the cash and goods. Then a petition to the Emperor was written out in the name of the father and made over to the said Khán (*i.e.*, Zafar Khán). In this petition it was stated that on the death of Jalál Khán, Díndár and the others had possessed themselves of the estate of the deceased to the extent of 50,000 gold coins (*asharfí*) and 5,00,000 rupees in cash and goods, and by embezzlement had occupied the zamíndárí villages of their late father. The prayer was that his Majesty would appoint a receiver (*amín*), that the propery might be confiscated to the use of his Majesty, and that an order might issue to the *faujdár* to put the petitioner in possession of the zamíndárí villages. When the petition to the effect was placed before his Majesty, an order was given to Nawáb Kutb-ul-Mulk to place 'Abdullah in possession of the zamíndárí villages, and that he should write to the Faujdár of Chaklah Saháranpur, with reference to the confiscation of the goods, an order was given to Nawáb 'Ináyat-ul-la Khán to select some one and send him for that purpose. The Nawáb deputed this humble one on the business, and told off as my escort five men of the Ahádís [gentlemen troopers serving direct under the Crown, and not forming part of the troops of any noble] serving at the office (*kachahri*) of the State land revenue (*khálsah*) and fifteen matchlockmen of the Artillery Corp.

On Saturday, the 4th Rajab of the said year (*i. e.*, 1130 H. = 2nd June, 1718), this humble one attended the Nawáb 'Ináyat-ul-la Khán for the purpose of leave-taking on departure to Jalálábád of the Rohelahs. He said: "Another business has also been made over to you." On my asking, it appeared that it was the ejectment from possession of Hakíkat Rám, brother of Lálá Bakht Mal (*protégé* of Muhammad Yár Khán) [Muhammad Yár Khán was subahdár of Dihli. This Bakht Mal was made a Rája, and became Díwán of the *tan* (*i. e.*, land revenue assigned in *jágír*) on the 30th Safar, 1131 = 21st January, 1719. He died the 19th Zulhajj. 1150 = 8th April, 1738. By caste he was a Khatri] and his son, Sáhib Rám, dismissed *amíns* of pargána Bahán Bhon [*i. e.*, Thána Bhawan] and Sultánpur [S. Bahát? See Elliot, *Supp. Gloss.*, *p.* 345], which had been given to this humble one. I made my obeisance for this appointment, and having recited a prayer (*fátihah*), I took my leave of the Nawáb.

[*Starting of the writer of this "Book of Warning" from Shahjahanabad for Jalalabad, of the Rohelahs for attaching the goods of Jalál Khán, deceased, a detailed account of whom has been already inserted, and at this point the events at that place are recorded in full by the narrating pen.*]

On Tuesday, 14th Rajab of the said year (1130 H. = 12th June, 1718), at $1\frac{1}{4}$ watches (*pahr*) after sunrise, I took leave of my mother [referred to

as *kiblah o ka'bah-i-dárain*.] May the peace of God Most High rest upon her, and set out for my destination. Coming to the bank of the river Jún (*i.e.*, Jamnah), I bade farewell to Bháí Sayyad Mirzá Jiú [Muhammad Ghiyás, maternal uncle's son, and also brother-in-law of Mirzá Muhammad Muhammad Ghiyás was father of Muhammad Bakhsh ('Ashob), another well-known poet and historian], and my dear brother Abd-ur-Rahman, who had accompanied me to this point, and then entered a boat to cross the river, which at that season was not very broad. After travelling nine or ten *kos*, I halted at Saráe Masúrí. All the way there had been wind and dust and a dark sky (*ghabár*) in an excessive degree, but owing to the clouds the air was very mild. From time to time there were even a few drops of rain, nay, at one watch of the day there was something like a shower. Thus I got to the end of my day's journey and found a place of repose. When two or three *gharís* (three-quarters of an hour or an hour) of the night had passed a dust-storm (*ándhí*) of a very severe kind began to blow, rain fell, and the dust was laid. In this journey Mirzá Zafar-ul-lah and Miyán Muhammad 'Ashik, Mirza Muhammad Zamán and Khushál Chand (son of Ganshám Dás) were old companions. On Wednesday, 15th Rajab (13th June), we travelled from Masúrí fifteen *kos* and stopped for the night at the village of Barodah. All the day there had been wind and clouds, and it was very mild. In the night, after the evening (*maghrab*) prayers, the rain came on, and for a long time there was a good fall. On Thursday, 16th Rajab (14th June), we went on from Barodah twelve *kos* and reached the town of Kándlah. As on the preceding day, there had been wind and clouds; during the night there was on the whole slight rain. On the Friday (17th Rajab) we marched seven *kos* from Kándlah to Kasbah Shámlí, where we put up. It was cloudy as before. At this place, at evening time, Shikh Muhsin, the key of the wits and pivot of the affairs of Ghulám Muhammad, grandson of Jalál Khán, arrived in company of the younger brother of Ghulám Muhammad. On Saturday, the 18th Rajab, we set out from Shámli, and after going ten *kos* entered Jalálábád.

On our way, while we were still a quarter *kos* from Kasbah Thána Bhawan, Miyán Ghulám Muhammad, with several horsemen, appeared to greet and escort this humble one. After interchange of greetings, he went with us as far as the fort (*garhi*) of Jalál Khán, and caused us to dismount at his house. Then Díndár and others, sons of Jalál Khán, who were in possession of that property, on hearing of my arrival, collected all the Afgháns of the village and made preparations for a fight. Therefore a note was written to Díndár and I sent an intelligent man of my own, who could be trusted, in order that what ought to be said should be said. The aforesaid (Díndár) sent an Afghán called Kadir Dád and a Sheikhzádah named Muhammad Máh. The imperial orders were shown and the contents imparted to them. They then went away. At sunset they returned and said: "Díndár Khán will not disobey the imperial orders, wherever the property of Jalál Khán may be, let it be attached." I replied: "Then take my men with you and allow them to place seals on the rooms (kotha-há). They answered: "Whatever is to be found in these rooms belongs to Díndár Khán and his brothers, and what was left by Jalál Khán was worth under five hundred rupees." I argued with them, asking how Jalál Khán, having been for a long period in the station of a noble and twice *faujdár* of *Chaklah* Sahéranpur, could have left no property, while Díndár Khán and others have never held any fixed appointment (*mánsall-i-msahakhkhas*) nor ever had any assignment of revenue (*Jágír*) granted to them, how is it then that they have become the possessors of wealth. But in no way could they be brought to make any admission and for ever made the protestation, "We are submissive to orders." Whenever a statement of the property to be confiscated was demanded, they turned the remark into one of another complexion. Accordingly the next day, the 19th Rajab (17th June), when the five Ahádí horsemen attached to this humble one had arrived, they were told to go and dismount at that very place (*i. e.*, Díndár's house). As soon as this news was heard a second time the men began to collect. When the Ahádís reached the place, they were met with distinct denial, and they were not allowed to dismount. After much remonstrance and argumentation the horsemen got them to agree to pay Rs. 10 a day for their expenses. On Wednesday, 22nd Rajab of the said Hijra year (20th June, 1718), the *parwánah* sealed by Kutb-ul-Mulk, with reference to the enquiry into the matter of, and removal from, possession of Hakíkat Rám and his son, Sahib Rám, dismissed *Amíns* of Parganahs Thána Bhawan and Sultánpur, arrived addressed to the name of this humble one.

After the resistance of the sons of Jalál Khán to the attachment of the goods, I sent on the following day, that is, the 19th Rajab (17th June), to the hon'ble Khán, Hifz-ul-lah Khán, Faujdár of Chaklah Sahéranpur, the *parwánah* issued to that Khán's address enjoining on him to afford aid to this humble one. After eight days came one Sayyad Sálih, a man in the said Khán's service, and formerly in the employment of Jalál Khán. He brought with him a letter from the Khán (Hifz-ul-lah), stating that on the 15th Sha'bán (13th July) he would arrive at the place (Jalálábád) in person, and then whatever goods of Jalál Khán should be proved to be in the possession of his sons would be attached through me (Mirzá Muhammad). This humble one wrote again to the aforesaid Khán that a matter of attach-

ing property was not one brooking of delay. This time again the same Sayyad Sálih was sent to this humble one with the substitutes of the event-writer (*wákia'h-nigár*) and of the news-letter writer (*sawání'hnigár*) and a scout (*harkarah*), one of them a Sheikhzádah, the other two poverty-stricken Hindús. The Faujdár wrote: "I have sent my own man and the substitutes of the news reporters, so that you may set to work." These men arrived in Jalálábád on Tuesday, the 6th Sha'bán (4th July, 1718). As their first visit had been to the sons of Jalál Khán and temptations to their greed had been held out, when they joined this humble one they spoke one-sided words in their behalf. Briefly their talk was that "they (*i.e.*, Díndár and others) would not without cause disobey the imperial order, you (*i. e*, Mirzá Muhammad), should begin your work in whatever way your instructions called for." This humble one knew that in this interval of eighteen days, they (Díndár and others) had dispersed the cash and goods in all directions, and hidden them, and emptied their houses, and until the power of search (*kavish*) is exercised, what profits it to see an empty room? But if I made no inspection, those men, who were all partisans of them (Díndár and others), would report to Court that the aforesaid, *i. e.*, Díndár and others, are submissive (*mankad*) to orders, and so-and-so (*i. e.*, Mirzá Muhammad) is putting the business off. Simply with regard to this fact, I began the investigation in the following manner:—First of all, I meant to visit those empty houses, then to send men to bring out the goods from whatever place the complainant might point them out. If the aforenamed (*i.e.*, Díndár and others) gave way or themselves, what could be better? If not, their disobedience would be definitely brought to light, and at that time a decision would have to be taken in regard to them.

For these reasons on Thursday, 8th Sha'bán, Mirzá Zafar-ul-lah and Sayyad Muhammad Àshik were sent to their (Díndár and others) houses with the imperial *Ahadi's*, the man from the faujdár, and the substitutes of the news writers. The aforesaid (Zafar-ul-lah and others) inspected the public rooms (*dewan khanah*) of all three brothers and placed under seal in one room the goods from all three places, which were not worth as much as one hundred rupees. And on that day we put off intentionally the inspection of the other places, entirely for the reason that we knew it to be fruitless.

The next day, being Friday, the 9th Sha'bán (7th July, 1718), this humble one went to the mosque of Jalál Khán to say the Friday prayers. Up to this time Díndár and his brothers, owing to my quarters being at Ghulám Muhammad's house, had refused to pay me a visit, that man being the claimant against them. They had intimated repeatedly that at any neutral place they were willing to meet me. Hearing this news (*i. e.*, of Mirzá Muhammad's visit to the mosque), they came and had an interview with this humble one. When the Friday prayer was over, 'Abdullah, the eldest son of Jalál Khán, who was present, made a statement. [*Margin*—"Interview of Díndár Khán and Námdár Khán, sons of Jalál Khán, with the writer of this '*Ibratan-mah*, and the story of the foolishness of 'Abdullah Khán, who was their elder brother and claimant of the goods of his father, and in broad daylight with his own tongue renounced the claim and withdrew the suit."] Now Ghulám Muhammad 'Abdullah's son, treating his father as a nonentity, had presented the petition of claim on his behalf, and had obtained the issue of an order for the attachment of the goods, without bringing his father before the Government officials. The father being little better than a fool, the son did not wish him to spoil the case. This 'Abdullah, then, in presence of this humble one and the *Kázi* of Thánah (*i. e.*, Thánah Bhawan), and other men of the *musjid* then assembled, said before his brothers: "I deny absolutely that I ever petitioned his Majesty for the attachment of the goods, and I know nothing whatever about the sums amounting to 50,000 gold coins (*asharfi*) and five lakhs of rupees in cash and goods, stated by the imperial officers to be the property of Jalál Khán and now demanded of you. This calamity has been brought on our heads by my son and the Sheikhzadah of Ambaithah, who is his agent. I will declare this before the officers (*mutasaddi*) of his Majesty." Díndár exclaimed: "Gentlemen! hear what the plaintiff says. When the plaintiff talks like this, where is the proof against us with regard to these goods?" From that day, when this humble one saw that the stupid 'Abdullah acted in this nonsensical (*laghv*) way, and that he would altogether refuse to back up Ghulám Muhammad in tracing the property which he had claimed, he (*i. e.*, Mirzá Muhammad,) withdrew his hand from the affair. This result was a crushing blow for Ghulám Muhammad, and thus a business which promised apparently to occupy six months was in one moment reduced to so much dust; and he (Ghulám Muhammad) was so overcome that for several days his reason was affected, and he spoke thus: "Those evil fellows have seduced my father, who is entirely devoid of understanding, by giving him some small sum of money, else he would not have so acted."

Díndár and others, when they saw that their position was secure, were afraid that perchance Ghulám Muhammad might by threats induce his father, who is a mere cipher, to renew his claim. Therefore they impressed on 'Abudullah's mind that as soon as Ghullám Muhammad, had heard this story (*i. e.*, the withdrawal of the claim) he had told off men to wipe him out (*farashi kashídan*) by means of a treacherous attack (*ghílah*). That simple fool placed reliance on

their words, quitted the house he lived in, and took up his quarters in their (*i. e.*, Díndár's house). When they saw the plaintiff was in their power, they employed this interval in emptying the rest of their houses, hoping thus to absolve themselves from all liability. Then they sent a message to this humble one, that now he ought to make a search in the places yet unvisited. This humble one said: "When the claimant has gone over to your side, and there is no one left to point out the goods, there is nothing for me to see." In the end, when they had made use of excessive entreaty without profit, they introduced a hint of collusion (*kársázi*), but that too met with no acceptance. My answer was on this wise, "When 'Abdullah, who is the plaintiff against you, denies having any claim, it is best for you to make him over to me that he may repeat the same statement also in the presence of the officials at Court, and himself be responsible for the withdrawal of the claim." But as they well understood 'Abdullah's understanding, they feared that perchance after reaching Court his words would once more take their colouring from his son. Therefore in no form would they agree to this proposal, and, in spite of its being repeated several times, they would not accept it. In this state of things, the details of the facts were reported at length to Nawab 'Ináyat-ul-lah Khán with a view to seeing what answer he would give.

[*Margin.*—Absolute renunciation by the writer of this book of Warning (May God deal lightly with him) of forbidden and sinful things by the help of the favour of God (May He be glorified and exalted]. On Friday, the 23rd Sha'bán (21st July, 1718,) of the said year, after having finished the morning prayer and the recital of the blessed Holy Book, moved by the low spirits arising from the narrowness of my circumstances, my heavy expenditure, and the impediments in this business, I made supplication with humility and entreaty to the Exalted Lord, the only one (may He be glorified and exalted), Who is a hearer of excuses, a passer-over of faults, Who pardons and is full of mercy, an acceptor of repentance, a forgiver of sins. Then, without any reservation, I renounced every act of folly, every prohibited thing, debauchery and lust. May the just God Most High! accept these vows out of His mere and perfect grace and abounding generosity, bestowing such rectitude that neither idea nor thought of violating this covenant may enter this dull mind. If this be granted, what possibility will there then be of any such act—"It is God Who prospers us, and is the guide in the right road, and reverence is due to Muhammad, the Prophet of Arabia, but to God be the glory!"

(Return of the writer of this "Book of Warning" from Jalálábád to the Capital Shájahánábád.)

That same day, Friday, the last day of Sha'bán of the said year (27th July, 1718,) being much depressed by reason of the want of money and the failure of this business, it was decided that we should leave and return to Shájahánábád. We asked the said Miyán Ghulám Muhammad to provide transport for us. In spite of his knowing the position of affairs, he procrastinated in this matter, looking to his own interests only. As his zeal had greatly flagged, much remonstrance and coaxing were resorted to. In this way, after two days some carts without oxen were sent; then for oxen also more coaxing had to be employed. Until at last on Tuesday, 4th Rámzán (31st July, 1718,) at one and-a-half watch after sunrise, the oxen also arrived. Forthwith our baggage was loaded on the carts, and at midday exactly I said, "Let the carts set out."

It so happened that one cart had reached the middle of the bazár and another was still at the door of the house, when the clouds began to discharge drops of rain; and by the time the second cart started the rain became heavy. Accordingly it rained with great heaviness for about three hours, and most of our baggage got wet. At this point Ghulám Muhammad and the men of Díndár came and urged us strongly to remain. As our things had started and we were sitting fully prepared to start (*kamrbastah*), I did not accept. While it was still raining I mounted, and, as fortune willed it, as I came forth from the door, the rain ceased. As there was not much of the afternoon left, we made our halt that night at the town of Thánah Bhawan, a distance of two *kos*, and the carts with the baggage also reached us after a thousand difficulties. In the evening a letter from my dear brother reached me from Sháhjahánábád. Its substance was that the officials at Court, by reason of the sort of ill-feeling that had arisen between the Emperor and the Wázir, were not particularly keen about this (*i.e.*, the Jalálábád) affair; and Nawáb 'Ináyat-ul-lah Khán had urged the completion of the business. Therefore it became necessary to stay on in the neighbourhood.

But as I had made a march, I was perplexed to discover a pretext on which to remain. The next day, being Wednesday, the 5th Ramzán (1st August, 1718,) we made a halt in the town of Thánah Bhawan to get our cart-bullocks changed, those we had being very inferior. Námdár, the middle son of Jalál Khán, came and employed much supplication and wailing to induce us to return. As it was necessary, in order to complete my business, to remain in this part of the country till the arrival of the agents (*gumáshtah-háe*) of Sáhib Rám, I acceded to his prayers, and we started on our way back to Jalálábád, where we alighted in the bagh of Jalál Khán outside the town. It is exceedingly verdant and pleasant (*khurram*), and has fairly good accommodation. Towards the end of the day Díndár, the eldest brother, also arrived to pay us a visit.

On the Thursday, 6th Ramzán (2nd August, 1718,) I perceived a heaviness (*sikl*) and repletion

(*imtilá*) in my system (*mizáj*) followed by bleeding (*nafah*) and colic (*dard-i-shikam*), and until relief (*raft*) it became worse. I was overcome by nausea, and several times I had giddiness (*gháshiyán*) and an inclination to vomit (*tahauwú*); but nothing was got rid of. I passed the time till the evening in great misery, and at night when the time of breaking fast came, I ate nothing. The next day, which was Friday, the 7th Ramzán (3rd August, 1718), driven by the necessity of preparing for medicine, I ate during the fasting time. By chance my system (*tabi'yat*) was relieved several times (*chandbar ijabat kard;* "ijabat kardan," to respond), the heaviness and depression were dissipated, and at the third watch (afternoon) to some extent a longing for food arose. Accordingly when there were still four or five *gharís* ($1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours) to sunset, after twelve and-a-half watches (36 or 37 hours) had elapsed without my eating anything, I had some food. And for the three following days, to restore my strength and as a remedial measure, I neglected the fast. From Tuesday, the 11th of the month (7th August, 1718) I again resumed my observance of the fast.

And as there was in these days between the Emperor and Nawáb Kutb-ul-Mulk a certain amount of disagreement, Kutb-ul-Mulk sent orders to Hifz-ul-lah Khán, *Náib* of Sahâranpur, a man who was in confidential relations to him, to join him at the capital. Accordingly the aforesaid (Hifz-ul-lah Khán) started for Shájahánábad. On Saturday, 15th Ramzán (11th August, 1718), he made a halt for the night in Thánah Bhawan. Next day, very early in the morning, this humble one went to Thánah and paid a visit to the said Khán, who was then ready for starting.

After returning thence, as owing to the arrival of news of dissensions between the Emperor and the Wazír, the business for the carrying out of which this humble one had been deputed had no successful result: and, furthermore, this humble one suffered extreme distress in respect of money for absolutely necessary expenses, it became inevitable that I must return to Sháhjahánábád. And on Monday urgent orders were given to Miyán Ghulám Muhammad for the engagement of carts. As it happened they could not be obtained on that day; but on the following day, Tuesday, the 18th (14th August, 1718), the carts were to have come in the evening. At three *gharís* before nightfall, however, it began to rain very heavily, and the rain lasted for nearly three hours, nay, all night and up to noon of the Wednesday, the clouds continued and there was slight rain. After that time the sky cleared. At the end of the day the carts for carrying our baggage also arrived. At this point the men of Díndár and others again appeared and urged us to stay, and pleaded for a settlement of their case. As the position of affairs did not make this advisable, I gave refusal, and next day Tuesday, 20th Ramzán (16th August, 1718), I made a start from the village of Jalálábád and halted at the town of Shámlí. On Friday, 21st of the month (17th August, 1718), I left that place and reached Kándlah; on Saturday, the 22nd, the village Barodah; and Sunday, the 23rd, Saráe Masúrí. Throughout the whole of this distance there was not a drop of rain.

On Monday, the 24th Ramzán (20th August, 1718), after saying the morning prayers, I mounted at Saráe Masúrí, and when one watch of the day had passed, I reached the bank of the river, (*i. e.*, the Jamnah,) which I crossed at the ferry of Wazírábád Támán (or W. Páyán). In getting the carts into the boats and getting them out again, and also because from the breadth of the stream the boats took a long time in crossing, there was a great deal of time consumed, which I estimate at five *gharís* (about $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours), nay, longer. After crossing I went on, and at the time of mid-day I reached my home and was honoured with the felicity of kissing the feet of her excellency my mother, and meeting with other dear relations. It so chanced that Brother Sayyad Mirzá Jiú (see above) and my brother, Mirzá Ab-dur-Rahmán, and their sons, had ridden out with the intention of meeting me on the way, and had taken the road to Wazírábád. They stopped at a ferry about an arrow's flight higher up the river than the one by which I crossed, and there they waited a long time. When noon had passed and there was no sign of my approach, they began to make enquiries. A man informed them that some one had crossed at the village and had gone on. Therefore they too resolved to come back home, and four *gharís* after I had got there, they arrived and I was enabled to greet them and their sons—"and praise be to God in all things!"

In the night of Tuesday, the 25th Ramzán of the said year of the Hijra, (21st August, 1718), Afrasyáb, Khán Bahadur, Rustam Jung, the Third Bakhshí, died, and after a few days this office was given to Saif-ul-lah Khán, and that of Fourth Bakhshí, on his vacating it, was given to Zafar Khán, Turrah. On Wednesday, the 26th Ramzán of the said year (22nd August, 1718), the Governorship of Akbarábád, on the removal of Sayyad Khán Jahán, Bárhah, who had been appointed there a short time before in place of A'zzy-ud-Daulah, Khán 'Alám, was made over to Mubáriz-ul-Mulk Sarbuland Khán and robes of honour were conferred on him. The appointments of Faujdár of Mathurá, of Gwálivár, of Hindaun, of Biánah, of Fathpur (*i. e.*, F. Síkrí) and of Etawah were added as supplementary offices. At the end of this same day, this humble one paid his respects to Nawáb 'Ináyat-ul-lah Khán.—*W. Irvine.*

[NOTE.—Subsequently Díndár Khán was a prominent agent in the indignities to which the Emperor Farrukhsíyar was subjected on the day of his deposition, 9th Rabí "II, 1131, and 28th February, 1719, Díndár Khán was also present on Sayyad 'Abdullah Khán's side in the battle against Muhammad Sháh, fought near Hasanpur between Mathura and Delhi on the 13th Muharram, 1133 H, 13th November, 1720. After that I have found no trace of him.]

MISCELLANEA.

272. **Sirpur: its Legend.**—Sirpur was once a very large place with a circumference of 5 kôs. There reigned a Rani who embanked the great tank. She used to bathe in the river, and then proceed by a subterranean passage to the tank, where she would seat herself on a lotus leaf. The people were happy and paid no taxes. They were rich too, for the gods had poured on the place a golden rain for 2½ days. The accumulated wealth lies buried between some trees, and whoever can identify the trees will find untold wealth One day it occurred to the Ráni that if she levied a cowrie from every house the total would be considerable. Accordingly she collected twelve cart-loads of cowries. But when she went to the tank, the lotus leaf would no longer bear her. So she returned the cowries, and the lotus again bore her weight. But though she lived happily, her sin led to the destruction of her race.—*Archæological Reports, VII,* 192.

[This is a variant of the well-known legend of King Pawan: Vol. I, para 229.]

273. **Kamaun: Propitiation of Local Gods: Kali.**—Drought, want of fertility in the soil, murrain in cattle and other calamities incidental to husbandry, are here invariably ascribed to the wrath of particular gods, to appease which recourse is had to various ceremonies. In the Kamaun district offerings and singing are resorted to on such occasions; in Garhwál the measures pursued with the same view are of a peculiar nature, deserving of more particular notice. In those villages in which Káli is the tutelary divinity, a sacrifice of bull buffaloes is offered up: the number of animals slaughtered on such occasions varies with the means of the inhabitants: each buffalo is successively led to the door of the temple for decapitation. The first stroke is inflicted by the principal zemindár, and if not immediately fatal is followed up by repeated blows from the surrounding crowd, until the animal is despatched, or rather hacked in pieces.—*G. W. Traill, Statistical Sketch of Kamaun, p.* 68.

274. **A Way of Detecting a Thief.**—It is believed by Muhammadans, especially of the Shiáh sect, that if unboiled rice weighed against *chariyari rupaiya* (a silver coin on which the name of the Emperor Shah Álam is impressed) be given to the suspected men, the rice turns into dry flour in the mouth of one who has committed theft, and chokes his throat, by which the face of the thief looks haggard and pale, and hence he can easily be detected.—*K. Muhammad Zafar.*

275. **A Charm to Cure Scorpion bite.**—The Muhammadan charmers practise this easy charm:—They make the person whom the scorpion has stung count backward from twenty to one. They say that the effect of the sting becomes less thereby.—*Rámgharib Chaubé.*

276. **A Fasting Sadhu.**—A Bhownuggur correspondent writes to a Bengali paper:—"A *Sádhú,* named Kevalchandji, belonging to the Jain Sthanakvási sect, has come down to Bhownuggur from Marwár to pass the monsoon. According to the Jain religion the Sádhús are restricted from staying at one place for more than a prescribed period except during the monsoon. Maharaj Kevalchandi began his life of asceticism at the age of 35 in the year 1942 Sm., leaving a son, named Amulakhji, who also shortly after followed his father. At Bhownuggur he undertook to fast for 141 days continuously, and today (1st October) is the 104th day of his fast. He had at first intended to fast for 71 days, but at the end of that period, finding himself still able to continue further, he lengthened the period by adding 70 days more."

277. **Magical Power of a Sadhu.**—The following is from a native paper of Calcutta:—

A Sánnyasi has shown himself at Báli, near Calcutta, who has taken the vow of silence and claims to have acquired one strange power He "takes a quantity of ashes in the palm of one of his hands and rubs it for a time, when the ashes commence smelling strongly of camphor, and a few minutes afterwards the smell turns into one of attar of roses of excellent quality."

278. **Waking from Sleep.**—Among all native schoolboys the superstition widely prevails that it is very dangerous to wake a person from sleep lest his soul at that time may be apart from his body and be not able to return in time. Hence boys are very unwilling to wake their companions very early in the morning.—*Pandit Rámbaksh Chaubé.*

[Dr. Tylor defines the soul among the lower races as follows: "It is a thin unsubstantial human image, in its nature a sort of vapour, film, or shadow; —— capable of leaving the body far behind."—*Primitive Culture* I—429.]

279. **Kine as Stars.**—Native women are very fond of telling their children that the stars are kine and the moon their shepherd. This is a survival of the Vedic idea that the clouds are the cattle of the Sun and led through the clouds by the Moon.—*W. Crooke.*

280. **An Incantation to Exercise Hydrophobia:**—

Om namó kamrú desh,
Kamachchhá deví;
Jahán basain Ismail Jógí.
Ismail Jogi ne pále kuttá;
Das kálé kánjaré das nílé; das lál.
Inko bas Hanumán karai,
Guru Gorakhnáth karai.
Shabd sáncha, panth kánchá
Puro mantra Ishwaro báchá.

"I salute God, the Kamru country and Kamaksha Devi, where Ismail Jogi lives. Ismail Jogi tamed dogs—ten black and brown-eyed, and ten grey and ten red. They could be brought under control by Hanumán and the preceptor Gorakh Náth. The word is true. The way is difficult. The incantation is true as it is told by Ishwar." Repeat this mantra and blow over ashes. Throw the ashes over the patient. He will be rid of the effects of hydrophobia after three days repetition of the spell.—*Rámgharib Chaubé.*

281. **Gaya; the Legend of a Monolith.**—About nine miles to the north-east of the Barábar Hills, and three miles from Hulasganj, lies the village of Daphohu, which must formerly have been a place of religious celebrity, and which still contains the ruins of some handsome temple, well worth a visit. To the north of this village, again, and about two miles distant, just within the Gaya border, is an extraordinary monolith in the open fields. It consists of a granite column, measuring 53¼ feet in length by an average of 3 feet in diameter. The capital and pedestal are quadrangular: the former is 86 inches long and 36 in diameter, while the base is 70 inches long and 40 in diameter. The shaft has sixteen plain sides: at 38½ inches above the pedestal

it contracts its diameter suddenly by about 3 inches. This immense column is lying horizontally on the ground, pointing north and south. About half of it is below the surface of the field. The granite of which it is composed is exactly similar to that of the Barábar Hills, and there can be no doubt that it was originally quarried there. Local tradition asserts that Rája Súr Sinh, who reigned in the Himalaya when the world was young, sent two divine messengers to bring this column from Lanka to be set up in a huge tank at Janakpur. But the gods loitered or wearied on the road, and after travelling all night, day broke on them here, and they were forced to leave their burden, to be a wonder and token to all time. Two impressions, one at each end of the pillar, mark the place where the adamantine heads of the heroes wore away the solid granite. The column possesses some sanctity. On feast days and fast days, and on the family festivals of the neighbouring villages, offerings are made to the stone. Of its sacred character there can be no doubt, for it is related that Rája Mitra Jít Sinh came to try and remove the column to Tekari, but the excavations made by day were filled up by night, and the awe-struck monarch, desisting from his impious attempt, bestowed the five *bighas* of land which immediately surround the stone as an endowment for a guardian Bráhman.—*G. A. Grierson.*

282. **Another Unfulfilled Prophecy.**—There has been a tremendous scare in the Upper Kulu Valley all over a goat. It seems that Bráhma *Deo* and Hirma *Deota* wanted a goat which the zemindárs, owing to the general decay of faith probably, declined to give. Thereupon Bráhma and Hirma, speaking by the mouth of their *chélás*, foretold wrath divine in the shape of a terrible landslip that was to block up the River Beás near the village of Goshal, and to burst most punctually at noon on the 19th August, and the terrific flood resulting therefrom would utterly destroy every vestige of cultivation, and all the villages on both banks of the river! The villagers hearing this appalling prediction, and having the memory of the Fuglati catastrophe in May still fresh in their minds, at once deserted their villages, panic struck, and took refuge in the forests high up on the hillside, and up to the 22nd had not ventured down hill again, though the landslip was then greatly overdue, and there were no signs of anything of the kind. The *deo* and *deota* are not only still goatless, but have also betrayed a shocking ignorance of geology. They could hardly have chosen a more unpromising locality for landslips in all Kulu; the strata of the hills on the right bank of the river dip so sharply to the west that a landslip of any size is hardly possible, and the metamorphic cliffs on the left bank are far too solid to furnish much beyond a stray rock at odd times or an avalanche in a very severe winter. Clearly *deos* and *deotas* don't know everything!

283. **Leavings of the Wife.**—Among Hindús in general it is a popular belief that, if the husband be made to eat the leavings of the wife, some how or other the former becomes subservient to the latter. As among the Hindús no husband will eat the leavings of the wife knowingly, the wife's relatives when the youth comes for his bride make the husband eat betel in which is put a betelnut already chewed by the wife.—*Ram Baksh Chaube.*

284. **Saharanpur: a Professional Exorcisor.**—In the city of Sharanpur there is an old Muhammadan Faqir who is the local exorcisor when women and children are attacked by the evil-eye or by any other form of demoniacal influence. When boys and girls are married he receives a preliminary fee of four annas to see them through all troubles of this kind, and also at some of the festivals some food and money. Nobody dares to refuse him alms, because he is said to have some uncanny influence, and can bring harm on those who do not agree to his demands. The Dhárhi of the Eastern Districts of these Provinces exercises similar functions.—*Pandit Rámgharib Chaubé.*

285 **Saharanpur Wizards.**—They say in Saharanpur that in old times the place used to be famous for the number of wizards it contained. During the rule of the Nawáb of Oudh many of them were burned to death, and since then their numbers have very much decreased. Only by looking at a person they were able to take out his liver. If the wizard was suitably propitiated, he used to allow the liver of the patient to come back to its original place. Another very dangerous plan of theirs was to go to a man while he was cooking and ask him for fire. If he gave it, the food he was cooking at the time also came into the hands of the wizard. Every family in those times had a witch or a wizard either admitted or concealed, and many people used to keep a person with these powers as a protector against the viles of other evil-disposed people. They say that the English have driven all these people away, as they are the descendants of the Hindú gods, and have power over evil; so many of these wretches have been obliged to retreat to the hills, where they still carry on their wicked trade.—*W. Crooke.*

286. **Palaman: Haunted Places.**—I know of one piece of haunted land which once grew rice, but is now fallow. The legend says that on one occasion long age a certain man who owned the land was unable to sow his crop for want of water, and in the bitterness of his disappointment he cursed the village god for not sending rain, when immediately the land became a morass, into which he sank. His spirit is now supposed to haunt the land, and to drag down any one who attempts to cultivate it; and the only it is said, in which the power of the spirit can be thwarted, is by ploughing the whole of the land and sowing it in one day. One adventurous individu l, they say, once attempted it, but failing to complete the work before the sun set, he and his plough men and all his cattle were swallowed up. The fact is, the land is a regular morass, not unlike an Irish peat bog, and requires drainage.—*Mr. L. R. Forbes' Report, p.* 56.

287. **Eastern Districts, N.-W. P. The cry of the Muhammadan Faqirs.**—

Kyá hotá hai wazu kiye se?
Kyá masjid men jáne se?
Kyá hota hai Namáz parke sir ke wahán jhukáné se?
Kya jinhon ne ishq jahán men uthá na háth zamáne se
Jite dam nahín mila use phir milaigá kyá mar-e jáne se.

What (good) accrues from ablution?
And what from going into the mosque?
What (good) accrues from offering prayer and hanging down the head then?
Those who made love in the world and did not *raise their hand from it* (renounced the world) got nothing in their lifetime. Shall they get anything after their death?—*Rám Gharib Chaubé.*

No 8 is not in this vol
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North Indian Notes and Queries:

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(The references are to the Notes.)

POPULAR RELIGION.

336. **The Legend of the Polar Star.**—The polar star is known to Hindús as Dhruva Tára, and its story is thus told. Manu Swayambhuva had two sons, Priyavrata and Uttanapáda. The latter had two wives, the favourite Suchi (of good desire) was proud and haughty, and the other Suníti (of good morals) was humble. The son of Suruchi was Uttama and of Suniti, Dhruva. One day the two boys were playing near the royal seat of their father, and he took Uttama in his lap. Dhruva asked his father to fondle him too, but Uttama spoke contemptuously to his brother. His father supported Uttama, and Dhruva retired from the palace. On the way he met Nárada Muni and told him the wrong that had been committed upon him. He asked the Muni how he could obtain redress from the gods. Nárada tried to dissuade him from attempting such a task in his youth. But Dhruva would not be opposed, and by the advice of the saint he went to Brindaban and commenced a course of the most extreme austerities. He went on repeating the Mantra, *Om Vasudevaya namah*—"I salute Vasudeva." Meanwhile Uttanapáda repented of the way he had treated his son, but Nárada Muni encouraged him and announced that he would soon return after gaining immortal glory. When the lad reached Mathura he commenced his penance. In the first month he ate nothing but fruits; in the second, grass and the leaves of the trees; in the third, he drank water only every ninth day; in the fourth month he breathed only every twelfth day; in the fifth month he held his breath altogether. His penance was so severe that the breath of all the gods was stopped. Then they went to Vishnu and begged him to interpose. Vishnu came to Dhruva and found him absorbed in the contemplation of Sri Krishna. So the god removed the image from his heart, and Dhruva opened his eyes and saw the god. He wished to sing his praises, but he could not, as he was illiterate. So Vishnu touched his mouth with his conch shell and he at once learned all the Vedas and Shastras. Then Vishnu blessed him, and told him to go home and reign for thirty-six thousand years. So Dhruva went home, and on the way repented that he had asked for worldly power instead of salvation. His father gave up his throne to him, and one day as Uttanapáda was hunting he fell in with the Yakshas, the followers of the god of wealth, Kuvera. They killed him, and his mother, Suruchi, when

she went to look for his corpse, was consumed in his funeral pyre.

Dhruva, when he heard of this, attacked the Yakshas, and was about to destroy them, when Swayambhuva Manu intervened, and peace was made. After reigning thirty six thousand years, Dhruva went to Rikhikesha, which is on the Ganges above Hardwár, and there commenced another course of austerities. Then a Vimána or heavenly chariot, came down and carried him off to paradise, where he remains fixed as the polar star. His image is sometimes found in temples, where he is venerated as a model of devotion and piety. Hence he is known as Grahadhara, or "the pivot of the planets," all of which revolve round him. He in turn is supported in space by Narayana himself.—*Pandit Ram Gharíb Chaubé.*

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337. **The Saint Khwaja Muinuddin Chishti.**—It is said that Khwaja Muinuddin Chishti came to Ajmer on the seventh day of Muharram 561 Hijri, and as he was ignorant of the place sat down under a shady tree. Soon a man came up and said "Darvesh! do you not know that this is the place where the camels of the great Raja Pithaura are tethered? Leave this at once, or it will be the worse for you." The saint replied:—"What have I to do with the Raja or his camels? I will stay where I please." Soon after the men came up with the camels, and when the animals saw the saint, they halted before him through respect for his sanctity. Though the drivers beat them they refused to advance. At last the camel drivers went and reported the matter to the superintendent of the stables. He was struck with wonder, and took the men before Raja Pithaura.

Now the mother of the Raja was well skilled in astrology, and she had already informed him that a powerful and dangerous saint was about to arrive in his dominions. The Raja knew that this must be the man. Meanwhile the saint had removed to a tank, near which his tomb was afterwards built, and it was known as the Ana Sagar. Here he took his seat under a tree, and as his servants were starving he sent them into the jungle to kill some game. They went to the Bela tank, which was surrounded by many temples, and began to kill the fish. The priests of the temples began to oppose them and insult them in various ways. The servants came to their saintly master and informed him of this, and he grew wrath, and by his magical power he drew up all the water of the Ana and Sagar tanks and from all the wells of the city, and put it in a small earthen pot. Even the breasts of the women who were suckling their infants were dried up. All through the land there remained not one drop of water, and the people were in consternation.

They went to the Raja and informed him of this calamity, and when he had consulted the State astrologers, he was convinced that this must be the saint of whom his mother had spoken. So he went to her and told her what had happened, and asked if there was any remedy for this misfortune. She advised him to appease the saint. He then called his courtiers and consulted whether it would be well to fight the saint or to propitiate him. They all gave their opinion against any attempt to resist him by force. Then the saint sent a message to the Raja warning him not to oppose him and assuring him that his only safe course was to obey him. So the Raja went to visit the saint, but on the way he was meditating evil against the holy man, and the Lord Almighty struck him with blindness. When he repented, his sight was restored to him, and this happened seven times. At last the Raja went to the saint, and finding his face dazzling with the Divine Light, bowed down before him. The saint was absorbed in devotion and did not look at him.

Then the Raja bethought him of the great ascetic Jaypál Jogi, and, at the call of the Raja, he appeared with a troop of Jinns and demons of the most frightful shapes. Many of them were eating human flesh and throwing up and down the skulls of men, as they flew through the air mounted on birds. The saint even then did not open his eyes and all their magical powers had no effect on him. They were terrified and sent a troop of poisonous snakes to attack him. But no sooner did the snakes approach the saint than they fell dead. So Jaypál Jogi was utterly defeated, and falling at the feet of the saint implored his forgiveness. The saint was appeased and showed mercy to him. Then he told the Jogi to go and bring the little earthen pot in which he had shut up all the water of the land. The Jogi exerted all his strength and magical power, but he could not raise the vessel. Then all the host of Raja Pithaura came and tried to raise the vessel, but they could not. So the saint sent his servant and he brought it at once. The saint opened the mouth of the vessel and immediately all the tanks and wells were filled.

Now all the wealth and power of Raja Pithaura depended on a Jinn who was his familiar, and used to do what he desired. Pithaura sent for the Jinn and told him what had happened. The Jinn tried to terrify the saint in many ways, but he cared not for this magic. At last he called the Jinn and told him that he was powerless against the servant of the Most High. So the Jinn admitted his superiority and fell before him in adoration. The saint blew over him and repeated texts of the Qurán and he at once returned to his original form of a man, and the saint gave him the name of Abdullah. The Jogi Jaypál also became a Musalmán, and the Raja Pithaura ceased to afflict the saint.—*Pandit Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

338. **Popular Religion: Jalandhar District.**—Broadly speaking, the Hindu population may be divided into two classes—the *Guru de Sikh*, or Sikhs proper, and the *Sultánís*, or followers of Sultán Sakhi Sarwar, a Muhammadan saint, who is also known as Lakhdáta, and flourished about the middle of the 12th century. [For this saint see Ibbetson *Panjab Ethnography*, para. 221.] All the Hindús profess to believe in one Supreme God, but the common people pay Him no special respect and render Him no service. So, too, they believe in as many minor gods of the Hindu Pantheon as they know anything about, but pay very little attention to them either. Thákurdwáras, Shiwálás and Devidwárás are numerous, but they are erected by Bráhmans and Khatrís, not by Játs. It would perhaps be unjust to say that the last are irreligious: but they think they have too much to do to be able to devote any time to religious observances. The first part of the precept about "rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," they practice diligently, but consider it impossible at the same time to comply with the second part, except in a very perfunctory way. A pious Ját, who does not become a professional devotee, is pretty sure to come in for a good deal of ridicule. As far as I can ascertain, the Hindu agriculturists do not say any prayers, and no religious instruction is given to young or old. They are very careless in the matter of eating and drinking. They would eat a cake of bread without reflecting that it may have been left by a Chúhra, and they drink without any compunction out of leather buckets. Religious duty seems to consist in a vague belief in an ill-defined creed, paying respect or stipends to Bráhmans, performing or joining in the performance of certain ceremonies for dead ancestors, giving alms, bathing, going on pilgrimages, and, above all things, venerating kine. Hindús believe in a future life, with a heaven for the good and a hell for the bad.—*W. E. Purser, Settlement Report, p. 50 sq.*

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339. **Khwaja Khizr.**—The following account of Khwája Khizr was given by a Muhammadan Maulavi at Saháranpur:—

Alláh has appointed Khwája Khizr to preside over water, as Shis (Seth) over fire. Khwája Khizr lives with the water of immortality (*Ab-i-hayát*). Once upon a time Alláh told Musá (Moses) to go to the Khwája to learn wisdom. When Moses asked where he was to find Khwája Khizr, Alláh answered that wherever he saw dead animals come to life when they touched water he was to know that the Khwája lived there. He added that Shaitán (Satan) would try to deceive him and lead him away from the water of life, but that he was to return and search for it. Moses on receiving this order parched some fish and put it in a travelling box. This he intended as food for the journey and as a present for Khwája Khizr. He also took a servant with him, to whom he made over the box. One day they sat down to eat some of the fish. Moses then drank out of a river; but his servant went to a spring to get water, and as he was drinking some of the water got into the box, and the fish that were in it came at once to life. The servant did not see what had happened, and they went on again. When in the evening Moses asked for some of the fish and the servant opened the box, he found that all the fish had disappeared. Then Moses knew that Satan had deluded him. So he returned to the fountain of the water of life, and there he met Khwája Khizr. The Khwája asked what men wanted by intruding upon him. Moses explained to him the order of Alláh, and the Khwája told Moses to follow him.

On the way they came to a river and took their seats in a boat which lay in the water. Khwája Khizr said to Moses: "You must not find fault with anything I do." So they rowed on. Then the Khwája broke one of the bottom planks of the boat, and Moses said: "Why did you do this? The boat will sink." With these words he placed his sheet over the hole, and no water came into the boat. So they got across in safety.

On the road they met a child five years old. Khwája Khizr drew his sword and cut off its head. Moses angrily expostulated and said: "What kind of a saint are you to commit this foul murder?" The Khwája smiled and made no answer. Next the Khwája saw the house of a man which had fallen down. He with the help of Moses set about rebuilding it; but though they worked all day no one in the place offered them food or drink. In the evening Moses said: "The people of this place are evil men. We have worked all day without wages." Then Khwája Khizr opened his heart to Moses and said: "Friend, you lack patience. Alláh has sent you to me to learn patience. Do not you remember that I had warned you not to object to anything I might do. Now understand why I took out a plank of the boat. The King of this land is a tyrant and takes the carts and boats of his subjects without payment. I have slightly injured this boat, and when the King sends to-morrow he will find that it does not answer his purpose and will release it. I killed this child because had it lived it would have grown into an enemy both of God and man. Now as to the house which we have rebuilt, the owner of the house has just died, leaving young children. Before he died he concealed his treasure under the wall. Had it remained uncovered, the wicked people of this place would have seized the

this he noised abroad the manner of his cure, and ever since many sick persons have bathed in the tank, and, it is said, they have been cured of their ailment. The correspondent adds: Tuesday and Saturday are observed as specially sacred days, when the gathering is immense. From 4 A. M. to 2 P. M. there is a continuous flow of pilgrims. But the scene at mid-day is truly impressive, when the tank, its sides and the garden become literally filled with countless worshippers, men and women, covered with clay, who are to be seen lying down on the bare ground making bows. Sankirtan, or pious music bands, join their voices to those of the pilgrims in a chorus of Haribol that may be heard for miles around.

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346. **Feeding of Sacred Fish.**—At Benares there is a tank near the Town Hall where there are numbers of sacred fish. Sellers of parched grain sit on the bank, and visitors buy from them parched gram and rice, with which they feed the fish. At Ujjain, at Sishinath Ghát, on the Kshipra river, people feed fish and allow no one to molest them. There are also here a number of sacred pigeons, which are protected and fed in the same way. At Hardwár the fish generally, and at the Bráhmakund, or sacred tank, are very carefully protected and fed. Everywhere along the sacred rivers people make a little ball of flour and, placing inside it a bit of paper with the word Ráma written on it, throw them to the fish. Possibly the fish is sacred because this was one form of Vishnu's incarnation and because a fish saved the world at the deluge.—*Pandit Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

[I have given some instances of sacred fish in *Introduction to Popular Religion and Folklore*, 344. The following are some other instances, mostly taken from Mr. Campbell's *Notes*. Some Bráhmans in Kanara are called Machhi or fish Bráhmans, and among them on the third day of marriage the bride and bridegroom catch a fish and rub their brows with its scales. In Káshmír the soul of Maharája Ranjít Singh was believed to have entered into a fish, and therefore it was death to eat a fish. When a Chinese house is finished some fish are brought alive and thrown into an adjacent pond as a mark of good luck. In 1690 there were sacred fish in the lake Siant in Skye (*Early Races of Scotland*, 428). In England live trout laid on the belly of a child cure worms (Henderson *Folklore*, 154). The following may be added from the *Zoological Mythology* of Prof. Gubarnatis:—"In the Vedic hymns we see now Indra, now Asvinau saving the heroes from shipwreck and bringing riches to mankind; we have also seen the Sinsumaras or dolphin draw the chariot of the Asvinau who are bringing riches. The Greeks called a fish of strange shape by the name now of Zeus, now of Chalkeus (the name given to Hephaistos or Mulciber or Vulcanus, the worker in metal or blacksmith, whence the name of Zeus faber, by which it was known to the Latins. The Italians say that the marks were caused by St Christopher while carrying Christ on his shoulders across the river. At Rome, Genoa and at Naples this same fish is called the fish of St. Peter because it is said to be the same fish which was caught by him in the Gospels."—Ed.]

347. **Exorcism of Cattle Disease.**—An old Máli, who is a famous exorcisor of cattle disease, at Sahāranpur, tells me that his procedure is as follows: He comes with a leaf of the madár plant (*butea frondosa*), and on it he places some of the milky juice of the plant with a little butter. Then he puts the leaf on his right and, standing with his face to the east or the north, with the cow or other diseased animal before him, he repeats the following spell:—

Mahabír Swámi kahán par chale?

Sumer parbat ko chale.

Sumer parbat par chale kya karoge?

Chandan katáwenge.

Chandan kata Maharáj, kya karoge?

Koele karenge.

Achal dhátu ko gárenge.

Achal dhátu ko gár kya karoge?

Katári garhwáwenge.

Katár garhwa kya karoge?

Bish kale ko, bish kabare ko, bish, zard ko, bish safed ko, dard mar dár karenge.

Nikála aur bahla, kachráli aur bad, gár rohon, bilái, nárwa, jánghwa, bichhua, mándwa, golibaitál, bhora aur phunsi, ganbhir aur ganbhiri, dith, máth dharti uthái, To tum utho, nahín dohai Mahabir kí.

"O Lord Mahabír, where are you going? To Sumera mountains. When you get there what will you do? I shall have the sandal trees cut. What will you do with them? I will make charcoal of them. What will you do with the charcoal? I will bury in it the indestructible metal (iron). What will you do with the indestructible metal? I will make a lancet of it. What will you do with the lancet? By means of it I will remove the poison from the black, the grey, the yellow, the white cattle. I will dispel the diseases known as Nikála, Bahla, Kachráli, Bád, Gár, Rohon, Bilái, Nárwa, Jánghwa, Bichhua. Mandwa, Goli baitál, boils and pimples. I will also remove the diseases of Ganbhíra and Ganbhíri, and the results of the Evil Eye and magic. O Mahabír if the earth fail you will lose your power. I invoke the aid of Mahabír."

He moves round the sick animal three times repeating this spell, and then strikes its left cheek with the leaf of madár. He then pats the beast on the back with his hand. For this service he gets a little dry grain and a few pice. A few days' repetition of this cure dispels whichever of the many forms of disease the beast may be suffering under.—*W. Crooke.*

348. The Worship of the Cuckoo.—According to the Puránás the worship of the Cuckoo should begin on the last day of Asárh and finish on the last day of Sáwan. When the worship commences they make the following vow:—"All through the month of Sáwan I will bathe according to the rules laid down in the Scriptures. During this period I will live the life of a Bráhmachári, eat simple food only once a day and sleep on the ground. I do this to propitiate thee, O Cuckoo, who art the representation of Gauri."

After making this vow they bathe in a stream, or, if that be impossible, in a tank. They rub the body with a mixture of sesamum (*til*), myrobolan (*anwla*) and a mixture of various medicinal herbs, known as Sarva Aushadhi. They use this for eight days, and then use a mixture of sesamum and myrobolan when bathing. At each bath they offer oblations of water to Súraj Náráyan, the Sun godling. After this the bird is invited to attend the service, and when it is supposed to have taken its seat, the seat is washed with what is called Panchamrita, a mixture of curds, milk, honey, sugar and Ganges water. The bird is then worshipped in the form of Kokila Devi, or the Cuckoo goddess, with an offering of clothes, ornaments, perfumes, lac dye for the feet (*mahâwar*), flowers, sweetmeats, water, betel nuts, &c. Then they pray to Kokila Devi to promote the welfare of the household. In the end a golden representation of the Cuckoo is made and presented to a Bráhman. Then in a prescribed form of prayer the goddess is requested to return to her own home. This worship is peculiar to women.—*Pandit Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

[The folklore of the Cuckoo has been worked out in detail by Prof. Gubernatis (*Zoological Mythology*, II--231). "It is the bird of spring; when it appears the first claps of thunder are heard in the sky announcing the season of heat." It is an adulterer, because it occupies the nest of another bird. Indra is represented as a cuckoo and the seducer of Rámbha. "It is the sun or solar ray in the darkness, or still oftener the thunderbolt hidden in the cloud." "It has also an ungrateful and sinister aspect."—"As no one sees how the cuckoo disappears, it is supposed that it never dies and that it is always the same cuckoo that sings year after year in the same wood."—Ed.]

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349. The Bilwa Rotak Vratra or Fast of Mahadeva.—This fast is done by Hindús on the fourteenth lunar day of the month of Kártik. The observance of this fast for several consecutive years adds to the prosperity of the worshipper. It is done in honour of Mahádeva and is called Bilwa, because the offering of Bél leaves forms part of the worship. Mahádeva particularly loves the leaves of the Bél tree (*Ægle Marmelos*) as Vishnu loves the Tulasi and Ganesa green grass. The fast is a difficult one, because in addition to fasting for twenty-four hours on the special day of the ceremony, he has to fast by day from the first lunar day of Sáwan to the fourteenth of Kártik. On this, the last day, they make a shed of flowers and under it they worship Mahádeva with an offering of the milk of a cow, sandal wood, camphor, musk and as many unbroken leaves of the Bél tree as can be collected together; lotus flowers, blue and red, the water lily, Madár and Dhatúra flowers, incense, earthen lamps, five cakes, sweetmeats and the fruits of the season. Two of the cakes should be given to a Bráhman, the worshipper should eat one himself and two he should give away with the other things offered to the priest of Mahádeva. The repetition of this for five years in succession makes the worshipper a prosperous man.—*Pandit Bhán Pratáp Tiwári.*

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350. Kangra District, Punjab: Demonology.—There seems to be a curious inter-diabolic etiquette amongst the various Kulu and Mundi Deos and Devís. There are low-caste Deos, poor devils in fact, who, being the patrons of Chamárs, Sagís and low-caste people in general, are not in society, do not mix with high-caste demons, are not allowed to attend at Melás with their betters, but obliged to content themselves with a third-rate Melá in their own villages.

The high-caste Deos do not seem to agree either. It has always been usual for the Koplas Deo to visit the Hudd Melás in South Kulu, in state, as a matter of courtesy. This year Koplas was asked to a wedding in Mundi and went there instead, his Pujárís preferring the good dinner and rupees of course that they got at the wedding, to the smoke and chance of a drink at Hudd. The Hudd Deo is greatly huffed at this slight, but dare not say anything for fear of Koplas cutting off his rainfall.

In old days it was even worse, as they seem to have come to blows at times. There is an ancient legend of a regular triangular duel, with rocks and hills for missiles, between the Chung Deo, the Bijli Mahádeo one, and a Devi, who not being worth a temple, had to live in a big rock instead. Somehow they did not hit one another; there being no musketry courses in those days, they could not judge distances. All that they succeeded in doing was to bury a large salt mine with their bad shots; that they did so effectually that no one has ever been able to find that last mine since. All this happened in the days of a semi-mythical female ruler, named Manglí Rání; exact date doubtful by a few centuries. (From *Civil and Military Gazette*, Friday, May 25, 1894.)

FOLKTALES.

351. **A Tale of two Tricksters.**—A highwayman was once going along a road intending to rob travellers, and met another highwayman. Neither told the other who he was, and they pretended to be in search of work. After they had gone on some way, one said to the other:

"Have you any money to pay your way?"

"No," replied the other.

At last they came upon a man ploughing, and the first robber said to the other:

"If we could get one of his oxen we could make a good thing of it."

"How can we manage that?" asked the other.

"I will tell you," he replied: "you dress yourself as a woman and sit down close by. You will attract his attention by crying, and befool him until I carry off the ox."

The second robber got himself up as a woman and began to weep violently. The ploughman left his oxen and went to enquire into the matter. The pretended woman kept him detained with a long story of her trouble and at last said: "I am lamenting more for you than for myself." "Why, sister! are you weeping for me?" he enquired.

"Well! I was thinking what a poor wretch you must be, that you can afford to keep only one ox for your plough."

He looked round and seeing one of his oxen gone, raised an alarm and rushed off in pursuit: meanwhile the disguised robber carried off the other ox. Further on the two robbers met, sold the oxen and went to another city.

It so happened that the day they arrived there, a great banker died, and his sons sat at his door lamenting. When the robbers heard of his loss they began to lament still more violently, until the banker's son asked them the cause of their grief.

"Brother!" they replied, "by your father's death we have suffered great loss."

"How so?" enquired the banker's son.

At last he induced them to speak, and they said: "Well if you swear this time that you will redress our wrongs we will tell you."

He gave the promise, and they said:

"Your father had once occasion to come into our city, and there he purchased goods to the value of several lakhs of rupees. His cash ran short and he borrowed a lakh from us; but alas! we so trusted him that we did not take even a receipt from him."

When he heard this, the banker's son was much surprised.

"Our house," said he "was never short of cash. My father during his lifetime never said a word about this loan, and now how can I believe your story?"

"At least assemble the clansmen," replied the robbers, "and hold a *panchâyat* in the case; and let the council be held where your father was burnt. If he himself admits the claim, pay us; if not, we will go away."

The young man agreed, and it was settled that the council should assemble at the cremation place after the funeral ceremonies were over. Two days before the meeting the two rogues went to the place and there dug a pit the height of a man. One of them went into it and took with him food sufficient for two or three days. Then he covered the mouth with the earthen pot (*nánd*) and burnt some grass round it so that no one might suspect anything. On the day fixed, the other rogue, when they all assembled at the place, challenged the banker's son to ask his father in the presence of the elders if he had borrowed the money.

Then a voice from under the ground called out:

"Son! I have been refused admittance into heaven on account of this debt. If you love me repay the man."

The party went home and the young man paid the money. The other rogue came out as soon as the coast was clear, but found that his comrade had disappeared with the spoil.

So this was all he got by his roguery.

(A folktale told by Badal Chamár, a labourer of Kusahra, Mirzápur District, recorded by Pandit Rám Gharíb Chaubé.)

352. **The Halwai Magician and the King's Wazir's Son.**—Once upon a time there was a King who was fond of seeing all kinds of performances. It so happened that no jugglers or performers came for a considerable time, so he called his Wazír and ordered him to bring something which would really amuse him. The Wazír asked for six months' grace, which was granted. As he was setting off on his travels, his son, a beautiful boy, insisted on accompanying him. They wandered about for some time, and at last came to a city. Walking in the bázár they came across a confectioner (*Halwái*) who was making sweets, but instead of firewood he thrust one of his legs into his furnace, and there it was blazing like a piece of dry wood. The Wazír was sure that this would delight the King, so he alighted from his horse and asked the Halwái if he would take his son as an apprentice (*chéla*); the Halwái agreed; so the Wazír told his son, and he agreed to stay with the Halwái and learn the business.

The Halwái began by shutting the boy up in a dark room (*kothri*), and used to place on his breast a stone weighing ten *man* (820 lbs.), and he used

to remove it only when the boy ate his meals. Now it so happened that the Halwái had a daughter, who fell violently in love with her father's apprentice. She used to frustrate her father's plans by taking away the coarse food with which he was supplied and giving him delicacies instead. The girl was a more accomplished sorceress even than her father, for she had read the thirteen books, while her father had read only twelve.

One day she said to the young man :

"My father will never teach you what you want to learn. If I leave you to your fate you are sure to die and rot in this dungeon, but I love you and will run any risk to befriend you. I will first teach you sorcery and then effect your escape."

He thanked her for her kindness, and began taking lessons in sorcery, and in a short time he had read the whole thirteen books of sorcery.

The Wazír finally came back and called on the Halwái to produce his son. The Halwái promised to meet him at his inn and bring the boy with him. When the Wazír went away the Halwái began to contrive the death of the boy. He was, however, warned by the girl, who advised him to feign death, as her father would never let him escape alive. So the Wazír's son feigned illness, and in the morning his death was announced. The Halwái was deceived and carried to the inn what he supposed to be the corpse of the boy. The Wazír wept and lamented, and having buried his son, went home.

But the youth, who was now an accomplished sorcerer, came out of the grave and summoning four demons (*deo*) instructed them to convey him home. Before he left, he found an opportunity of meeting and thanking the girl who had saved his life. The girl promised to join him as soon as she could. So the boy started for home. At that time the Halwái happened to be reading one of his books on sorcery, and he at once discovered that his pupil was not only safe, but was on his way to his home. He at once summoned four demons and started the pursuit.

The boy was soon overtaken by the Halwái, and seeing that he could not escape, at once took the shape of a frog and dived into a river. There a fish swallowed him, but became so uncomfortable that he was obliged to come out of the water. A camel happened to be grazing close by and swallowed the fish. The Halwái saw all this, and going up to the owner of the camel offered to buy the animal, which he purchased for a large price. Then and there he killed the camel, opened his stomach and took out the fish. Then he opened the fish and was just about to seize the frog, when it turned into a fly and flew away.

Now there were so many flies about, that the Halwái could not tell which was his pupil, without consulting his books, which he had forgotten to bring with him. Accordingly he sent his demons to fetch the books. The boy took this opportunity of turning himself into a pigeon ; and flew off towards his native town, which was not far distant. The Halwái guessed the truth, and transforming himself into a hawk flew after the pigeon. Finally the pigeon alighted on the roof of the King's palace. The King was delighted to see the handsome bird, and threw some grain to allure it. The pigeon at once came down and began picking up the grain. The hawk tried to seize it, but the King drove it away.

Presently a well-dressed person approached the King and said he was a musician. The King allowed him to sing and play on his *sitár*, and the King was so delighted that he offered him any reward he chose to ask. The musician demanded the pigeon. So the King gave it to him. Instantly the pigeon became a pomegranate and it fell on the ground and all the grains were scattered on the carpet. The disguised Halwái looked at all the seeds, and his eye fell on one which had rolled near the bed. He asked leave to fetch it, but the King stretched out his hand and picked it up, and as he threw it towards the Halwái it turned into an orange. The King was amazed and refused to give it up, saying "I gave you the pomegranate seed, not the orange." The Halwái again sang and so amused the King that he promised to give him the orange, which turned into a beautiful singing bird and sat on the King's hand. The King again refused to give it up, but at last the Halwái wheedled him out of it. As he was about to give it, the bird assumed human shape, and the King recognised the son of his Wazír. He told all his adventures. The Halwái was made over to the executioner, and the Wazír's son married the girl and lived happily ever after.

(A folktale told by Wazíran, a Mohammadan Ayah, and recorded and translated by Mirza Mahmud Bég.)

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353. **The Monkey Princess.**—A king had seven sons, but none of them were yet married. One day the king said: "Let all my sons shoot, and wherever their arrows fall, they shall there be married to princesses of that land." So the seven sons let fly their arrows, and the arrows of six of the sons fell into the land of six different kings, but the youngest son's arrow fell into a jungle. Accordingly the six sons were married to the six princesses of the countries where their arrows had fallen, and the youngest one's arrow was found in a pípal tree, and an old woman lived near this tree. The folk said to the old woman: "The king has given an order that where his arrow should fall, there his son take a wife, and now the arrow has fallen here, and so here must he be married." The old woman

said: "I have a she monkey: let him marry it: everything can be got ready here for the marriage, except that there is no means for washing up the dirty plates, and the food will be served in gold and silver dishes. Every one who partakes of food then, will be allowed to take away his plate with him." Accordingly the king being pleased, agreed to this, and led the marriage procession to the old woman's house. When the marriage procession arrived there, they saw that the old woman had prepared a right noble assembly for them. In short, when the procession arrived at the door, a splendid nautch descended from heaven and commenced their dance. After this they came and banqueted off golden and silver plates: after all had eaten, the old woman bade each take the plate that was before him. After that, the procession took its leave, and the old woman took farewell of the monkey. The young prince was much grieved that he was married to a monkey. Accordingly, on arriving at his house, the prince found that his sisters-in-law had adorned the couch, &c., and then they put him to sleep with the monkey. When the night had passed, the monkey laid aside its monkey's skin and body, and took the form of a beauteous maiden of twelve years of age. The prince seeing her was much pleased, and began to be very fond of her. Some days passed in this fashion; then the prince's sisters-in-law and mother said to each other: "At first the prince was much grieved at thinking he was married to a monkey, but now the prince is very happy. The reason of this is not clear." Accordingly one day the prince's sisters-in-law concealed themselves and saw the monkey take off its skin and turn into a lovely maiden. So going to the prince's mother, they told her how the monkey had turned into a woman. Then the prince's mother and sisters-in-law urged him, saying "When the monkey casts off its skin, do you immediately burn it, and so she will always remain a woman and will sit with us." The prince told this to the monkey-princess. She said:" "Mind, you never do this: if you do this, you will never get me, and you will repent it." The prince said: "Very well! can I get you in any way?" She said: "If you go to such and such a place, there lives an old faqír, who sleeps half the year and wakes half the year; there you must wait on him, and then perhaps I shall become yours at last." In short, one day the monkey-princess, having taken off her monkey skin, went to the bath: the prince at once burnt the skin: and after that, the monkey disappeared. When the prince, after waiting long, saw that the princess did not reappear, he repented of what he had done, and went out of the house to look for her. As he went, a Deo met him and was about to eat him, but the prince said: "I salute you, uncle?" and cajoled him greatly. Then the Deo, in spite of himself, grew pleased and said: "Suppose you were my nephew, what would you desire of me?' The prince said: "I am looking for a monkey-princess." In short, that Deo gave him a letter and said: "Go to such and such a place; there a faqír will help you." So the prince journeyed on and came to where the faqír lived. He saw the faqír was sleeping, and all the grass, soil, &c., had collected on the top of him and all his house was completely overgrown with grass and weeds. He cleaned up the faqír's house and his body as well. At the end of six months, he thought "Now the faqír will get up," so he made the bed nice and clean and filled up a pipe of hemp, and himself withdrew. When the faqír woke up and had finished smoking his pipe, &c., he said: "Brother, where is the person who has done me all this kindness. If he comes, I will give him whatever he asks." The prince hearing this came forward and gave the faqír the letter, and having made the faqír repeat his promise three times, said: "I want a monkey-princess." The faqír said: "You ask me a very hard thing, but as you have my promise, so stop." In six months' time a number of birds will come to bathe in the tank that is in this grove: among them will be found the monkey-princess. I will transform you into a parrot and cause you to fly. Do you repair to that spot, and when all the birds come down to bathe, take their clothes in your beak and fly away and bring them to me: but be careful, although they all cry out after you, 'Take away the monkey-princess,' mind you do not look back." In short, when that day arrived, then the faqír, turning the prince into a parrot, caused him to fly. The prince went to the spot and perched on a tree. When all the birds began to bathe, then the prince flew away with all their clothes. They all cried out: "Take away the monkey-princess with you." The prince looked back, and immediately became turned to dust. When the faqír saw that the prince tarried in returning, he thought that the prince has certainly been deceived. Thinking this, the faqír, taking his water-pot, got up, and went to the place, and saw that there were some ashes lying on a spot near there. The faqír thought that this was very mysterious-looking ash. In short, he took up the ashes, and making it into an image, breathed life into it. The prince said: "I have slept very soundly." The faqír said: "May such a sleep not fall even on your enemies." Then the prince knew what had happened and said: "This time I was tricked: now think of some other plan." The faqír said: "Wait another six months; when the fairies come again to bathe, then go again in the same way." In short, after another six months, the birds came again to bathe. Then the faqír turned the prince into a parrot and sent him to the spot. He went and brought back the fairies'

clothing. Then all the fairies surrounded the faqír's cell and said: "The thief has come here." The faqír said: "No." At length, the fairies agreed that they would give him whatever he asked, provided he gave them their clothes. Then the faqír, having made them repeat their promise thrice, restored them their clothes. Then the prince said: "Give me the monkey-princess." The fairies, being bound by their agreement, said: "Very well, we will come again to-morrow." On saying this, the fairies flew away. The faqír said to the prince: "Many lovely fairies will come, but among them will be an old one of eighty years of age; do you seize her." In short, at dawn many fairies assembled: each one of them was more beautiful than the other: but the prince seized the old one, and that was the monkey-princess. The fairies called out: "You have made a mistake," but the prince paid no heed to them. Then the old fairy was transformed into a beauteous fairy and gave the prince a flute and said: "Whenever you play this, I shall appear, and there will be a very fine nautch." In short, the prince took the flute, and bade good-bye to the faqír, and went off. When he arrived at his house, he played on the flute and displayed the nautch before his brothers and parents. They all exclaimed: "Why, we see to-day the same nautch, that we saw at your wedding." In short, the prince always kept the flute by him. One day he happened to go out hunting and forgot the flute. The prince's sisters-in-law stole the flute and played on it and immediately the fairies appeared and danced, and then seizing the flute, went off with it. When the prince came and could not find his flute, and heard what had happened, then he went out of the house in search of it, and going to the same faqír, told him all his story. The faqír said: "You made a mistake: well, stop here and go at the time the fairies come to bathe." When the fairies' time came for bathing, then the faqír sent him off, and the prince went and met the monkey-princess. The princess said: "I will not come now." But when the prince besought her earnestly, then the princess said: "Well, do you come with me," and so saying, took him with her, and in the evening, when they went to dance in Indra's Court, then they took the prince with them as their drummer-boy. In short, when Indra grew pleased with their dancing, then Indra said to the monkey-princess: "Ask now whatever you want." The princess made Indra repeat his promise three times, and said: "Give the drummer-boy instead, whatever he may ask." Indra asked the drummer-boy what he would like and he replied: "The monkey-princess." Then the king was compelled to do so, for what could he do, he had passed his word, so he married the princess to the prince. Then the princess took leave of Indra and went to the faqír, and having made a flying bed there, took leave of the faqír and came to his own kingdom, and there lived happily ever afterwards.

(A folktale told by Rahmat Khan, Chaprasi, and recorded by Azmat-ul-la.)

[This is the usual "Swan Maiden" type, for which see Clouston *Popular Tales and Fiction, I*, 182. This version resembles in many ways Hasan of Basra in the *Arabian Nights* (Lady Burton *Arabian Nights*, V 46, and note, p. 68.]

The following is an incomplete variant, without the "Swan Maiden" episode:—

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354. **The Prince and his Monkey-bride.** —There was once a Raja who had five sons, whom he used to have taught before him. When the time came for them to be married he sent his family priest and barber with orders to search out five sisters as their brides; but no suitable match could be found. Then the king ordered his sons each to shoot an arrow in a different direction, and wherever the arrows fell there he would get them married. The arrows of the four eldest princes fell in the houses of Rajas and Wazírs, and there they were married, but the arrow of the youngest fell on a tree, where lived a female monkey, and the prince had to marry her. One day the Raja ordered his sons each to bring him a costly gem. The elder princes agreed, but the youngest went into the jungle and wept. When his monkey-wife saw him weeping, she asked the cause of his grief, and when he told her she said: "Do not fret. Go to that well and call the fairy (pari) who lives there; when she comes out bring her to me." When the fairy came, the monkey ordered her to bring a tray full of jewels. The prince took the best of them, tied them up in a handkerchief, and taking them to his father put them under his bed. When the elder princes came their father asked them if they had brought the gems he wished for. They said that they had sent their servants to fetch them and when they arrived they would give them to him. Then he asked his youngest son, and he said: "I have placed the jewels under your bed." The Raja would not believe it, but when the jewels were brought out he was delighted.

Some time after the Raja ordered each of his sons to make a garden with tanks and trees and flowers. The young prince was in great sorrow thinking how he could obey the wishes of his father; but his wife told him to call the fairy again, and she made a lovely garden for him in a single night. When the Raja saw the garden, which surpassed anything he had ever seen in his life, he was delighted, and when he heard the story from his son he sent for his monkey-bride and

gave the prince half his kingdom, and he and the monkey lived happily for many years.

(A folktale told by Hazári Lál, Village Accountant of Chopán, Mirzápur.)

355. **The Beggar and His Wife.**—There was once a beggar who had with great toil collected some seed of the finest variety of rice* and stored it in his granary.† Now his wife was a rogue, and she wanted to send some of the rice to her mother. So she used to pilfer it and put back the husks, so that the granary appeared as full as ever, and the beggar never suspected this trick.

At last all the rice was spent and sowing time was coming near, so she was afraid she would be caught, and made a plan.

One night she slipped out and putting on rags came to the door with a pot on her head.

She rapped and the beggar asked what she wanted. "I am Chandiká Deví with the pot," ‡ she answered.

"What do you want," he asked.

"I am very hungry, and I must have your first-born son or your wife."

"But I have no son," the beggar said. "And I can't spare my wife, as she does my cooking. Mother! take anything you like, but spare her."

The goddess came in and looked about.

"What is in that granary?" she asked.

"My rice seed."

"Well! at any rate I must have the essence of that."

So she smelt at the granary and went away. Soon after the wife put off her rags and came back as usual. When she heard what had happened she rushed to the granary.

"Why, the goddess has left nothing but the husks," she cried, and so it was.

"What matter about the rice, as you are spared to me," said the beggar.

And he never found out the trick that had been played on him.

(A folktale told by Bábu Gadádhar Sinh, Revenue Superintendent, Mirzápur.)

Chandikà is one of the most dreaded forms of Deví who delights in human victims.

356. **How the Foolish Prince followed Good Advice.**—There was once a king's son who was a great fool. When his father was dying, he said:

* *Básmati Dhán.*

† This is the *kuthla*, a structure of wattle and dab in which villagers keep grain.

‡ *Ham Chandika—Kapáre dhare handiká.*

"I give you four pieces of good advice—

"When any one comes to condole with you after my death, seat him on a higher seat than your own; wear a heavy coat when you receive him.

"Speak to him sweeetly *

"Feed him on food you have never eaten in your whole life."

Soon after one of his father's old friends came to condole with him. The prince went out and made him sit on one of the highest shelves in the verandah. His friend was surprised, but took his seat as he was asked to do.

Then the prince came out with a big carpet † wrapped round him. His friend was surprised, but he asked:

"What disease carried off your respected father?"

"It was the disease of bread and sugar," said the prince.

He was still more surprised, but he went on to ask: "And when did he depart the life?"

"Sugar and bread," answered the prince.

His friend thought he was mad, but made no reply.

Then the prince thought:

"I have obeyed three of my father's precepts, and now what food can I give him which he never tasted in his life?"

Then he thought of his favourite dog, and this he had killed and served.

"What good meat this is!" he said, when they began to eat.

"Indeed it is good," answered his friend.

But when he heard it was dog's flesh he cursed the witless prince and hastened off to purify himself from the defilement of eating such accursed food.

(A folktale told by Ali Sajjád, Qánungo of Hallia, Mirzápur: recorded by Pandit Rám Gharíb Chaubé.)

[The dog is, of course, impure to Muhammadans. According to a tradition of Abú Harairah, Muhammad said that when a dog drinks in a vessel it must be washed seven times, and that the first cleaning should be with earth.—*Hughes' Dictionary of Islám, p.* 91.]

357. **The Tale of the Four Porters.**—Once upon a time there was a King who had four sons. He lost his kingdom, and died, and his sons became so poor that they went to the court of

* The word in the original is *mithi bát* or "use sweet words."

† *Qálin.*

another Rája and took service as porters at his gate, where they kept watch and ward by turns. One night, when the youngest of the brothers was on duty, he saw a snake creeping into the Ráni's room. He followed it, and just as it was about to bite the Rání, he fired at it with his bow and arrow, and wounded it so that it retreated into a hole in the floor. But a drop of its blood fell on the Ráni's garment, and he, fearing that the blood would injure her, * wiped it off, and as he was doing this the Rání woke, and was wrath. Next morning she complained to the Rája that the porter had intruded into her chamber. The Rája called the eldest of the brothers and said:

"What is fit punishment for a thief?"

"Protector of the world! you may put him to death. But take care lest you grieve not afterwards, as the Rája did who killed the hawk."

"Tell me about it," said the Rája.

Then the porter said:

"Once upon a time a Rája went into the forest to hunt, and finding no water was athirst. He sat down under a tree from which he saw that water was dropping. He collected some of it in his *lotá*, and was just about to drink it when a hawk flew by, struck it with its claw, and upset it. This happened three times, and at last the Rája was so angry that he killed the hawk. Then he thought he would draw water from the source from which it was flowing. So he climbed the tree, and what did he see? A large snake lay on a branch, and out of its mouth water was dropping. The Rája knew at once that the hawk had saved his life, so he died then and there of remorse.

O King! never do an act hastily which you may repent by and by."

The Rája dismissed him, and calling the second porter put the same question to him.

He answered:

"You may justly punish the thief with death, but beware lest you rue it, as the King did who slew the parrot Híráman."

"How was this?" asked the Rája.

The porter answered:

"Once upon a time there was a King who possessed the parrot Híráman and loved him greatly. One day another parrot came to see Híráman and asked him to attend a general meeting of all the parrots. Híráman got leave from the King, who as he was going said:

"Be sure to bring back with you a fruit such as is not found in my garden."

Híráman went to the meeting of the parrots, and returned with a fruit which if an old man ate he became young again. The King gave it to his gardener and ordered him to sow its seed. After some time the tree grew and bore fruits. One night a fruit fell from it which a snake smelt. The gardener next morning took the fruit to the King, who consulted his courtiers.

"Things brought by animals should not be eaten," was their advice. "It should be tried first on a dog."

When it was given to a dog, he died at once, and the King in his anger slew the parrot Híráman. The news spread, and next year the tree bore many fruits. An old man quarrelled with his wife, and hearing of the poison tree, went and ate one, so that he might die. But when he ate it his youth came back to him, and the King when he heard it, ate a fruit, and he also became young. He then remembered Híráman, and in his grief died himself soon after.

The porter said:

"O King! it is not wise to do an act which you may rue hereafter."

Then the King called the third porter and said:

"What is the punishment fitted for a thief?"

"You may kill him," he answered, "but beware lest you repent, as the goldsmith did who put his son's wife to death."

"Tell me how this happened" said the King.

"There was once a goldsmith whose son's wife knew all the languages of the world. One day she heard a female jackal say to her mate:

"'A corpse is floating down the river and in its thigh are two precious rubies. If any one would take the jewels we could eat the flesh.'

"The woman understood them and went and recovered the jewels from the corpse. As she was going out at night her father-in-law followed her, and saw what she did. Next morning the goldsmith called his son and said:

"'Take your wife back to her father. She is a Rákshasí and eats the flesh of men.'

"The goldsmith's son started for his father-in-law's house with his wife. On the way they reached a tree where a cow and her calf were sitting.

"The calf said to its mother:

"'Sit behind me mother! There are two jars full of rupees buried here and I feel it warm.'

"'Yes,' said the cow, 'and where I sit there are three jars full of rupees buried in the ground.'

"The woman understood this and said to her husband:

"'Take my necklace to the town, sell it, and buy a spade.'

"He returned with the spade and by his wife's advice dug up the money. She came back to her father-in-law, leaving her husband behind to

* Snake's blood is supposed to be poisonous.

bring on the treasure. When her father-in-law saw her coming back alone, he concluded that she had devoured her husband. He straightway killed her, but when his son returned and he heard the truth, both of them were plunged in such grief that they soon after died. This is a warning, O King! never to do anything in passion."

Then the King sent for the youngest of the porters and asked him:

"What is the fitting punishment of a thief?"

"Give me some navvies," he answered, "and you shall see for yourself."

So they went into the Queen's chamber and dug up the floor, and there the snake which had caused all this trouble was found wounded to death. The King then learned the truth, put his deceitful wife to death, and dividing his kingdom among the four porters, went into the jungle and became a Sanyási.

(A folktale told by Rahím Bakhsh, Weaver of Haliya, Mirzápur District: recorded by Pandit Rám Gharíb Chaubé.)

[In the Buláq and Culcutta Editions of the *Arabian Nights* the King says: "I should repent after it as King Sindibád repented of killing his falcon;" and then follows the incident we have here. We have the same story in the *Anvari Suhaili.* See Lady Burton's *Arabian Nights* I, 46. Clouston *Book of Sindibád*, 223.]

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358. **The Tricks of Table, the Barber.**— There was once a barber named Tablé who was body-servant to a Rája. Tablé had a pretty wife, with whom the Rája fell in love; so in order to get Tablé out of the way, the Rája imposed on him a number of difficult tasks.

The first task he set him was to catch the famous tailless jackal * who was notorious for his cunning and ferocity. When Tablé saw the jackal coming, be began to dig a well. The jackal asked him what he was doing.

"God," † said he to the jackal, "has determined to destroy the world, and I am making a refuge for myself."

"Save me too," implored the jackal.

Tablé at last consented, and the jackal jumped into the hole, where Tablé seized him and carried him to the Rája, who after having beaten the jackal, released him. Then the Rája directed Tablé to catch the same jackal a second time. So Tablé took off all his clothes, rubbed his body with sugar and water, and lay down like a corpse by the bank of a river where the jackal used to come in search of food. The jackal came, and began to lick Tablé from his feet up to his arms, and when he got so far, Tablé caught him and produced him again before the Rája.

Next the Rája ordered him to procure a pail full of the milk of a tigress. ‡ Tablé started with some sweetmeats, and when he came into the jungle he saw two tiger cubs playing about near their mother, who was asleep. When they came near him, he won them over to his side by giving them some sweetmeats, and they promised to supply him with what he wanted. At last the cubs invited him to come near their mother, but Tablé could not muster up courage to approach the tigress, until her cubs had tied her feet together with a rope. Then he went up and milked a pail full of milk; but as he was taking it to the Rája he was in such a hurry that he never thought of loosing the cords which bound the tigress.

When he brought the milk, the Rája was in despair until at last Tablé's wife offered her aid. So by her advice the Rája sent him to get a second pail full of milk from the tigress. Tablé got a plough and began to plough the ground near the den of the tigress. When she saw him, she and her husband and the tailless jackal rushed upon him to devour him. But he lay down and pretended to be dead. When they came up, he got up and said:

"Tablé has nearly killed me and has run away," pointing to the direction in which he wanted them to believe he had escaped. They believed him and started in pursuit. When they came back he said to the tigress and the tiger:

"You two pull my plough and I will catch Tablé." They agreed and he yoked them to the plough. Then he called the Rája and said:

"I will show you something you never saw in all your life."

When the Rája and his retinue appeared, the tiger and tigress bolted off to the jungle with the plough, and in their flight crushed the tailless jackal to death.

At last Tablé's wife went to a temple of Siva to pray for his death. Tablé divined her intention and went and hid in a corner, and when she prayed to Siva to remove her husband, he called out from behind the idol:

"Give your husband the best of food, and gradually he will get blind, and you can do as you please."

Tablè's wife began to feed him on all kinds of delicacies and he pretended to lose his sight. One night the Rája came to visit his wife, and Tablé sat behind the door with a big club. The moment the Rája came in, Tablé killed him with his club, and then took his corpse and laid it on the royal bed. In the morning before they took out the corpse to be burned, Tablé went down to the

* Bandá Siyár.

† Parameshr.

‡ This is a common test of the hero in folklore. See Temple *Wideawake Stories*, 409.

river, hid his head under an earthen pot and got into the water. When the ceremony was over he called out from under the water:

"Tablé's the only fit man to succeed to the kingdom. Elect him to be Rája."

They believed this to be a divine order, so they made him Rája, and then Tablé had his wife made a target for the archers, and she was shot to death, while he reigned for many years in great prosperity.

(A folktale told by Anumol Sinh, of Azamgarh.)

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359. **The Prince and His Fairy Bride.**—A certain king had seven sons. All of them went out hunting. As they were returning they came to a fig tree (*gúlar*). The eldest said let us all shoot our arrows from under this tree, and wherever each one's arrow falls there will he be married. So the arrows of the six eldest princes fell in the palaces of Rájas, and the arrow of the youngest fell into the fig tree and stuck there. Then the six eldest married in the families of the six Rájas, but the youngest said to his father:

"Give me some money, and I will go and sit where my arrow fell."

His father gave him money, and he went and sat under the fig tree. At midnight a fairy (*pari*) came out of the tree. She said:

"Why are you sitting here weeping?"

He told all his story to the fairy and she said:

"Don't fret. I will go with you."

When the six elder princes brought home their princesses, the young prince also brought the fairy on his horse. His mother, the old Queen, came out to receive the young princesses, but he said to his mother:

"Don't take my princess off her horse."

His mother said:

"Child, why are you angry with me?"

He replied:

"I am not angry, but I will keep her in my own room."

So he shut the fairy up in his own room and went off to hunt. When he returned the old King said to all his sons:

"Bring me a cap worked by each of your wives."

The young prince was much disturbed and said:

"How can my wife give the cap."

But she said:

"Don't worry yourself. I will bring a lovely cap for your father."

She flew off to fairyland (*Paristán*), and brought from there the cap of Rája Indra, which she gave to her father-in-law, and he was much pleased. Soon after he told each of them to give him a handkerchief worked by their own hands. Again the young prince was anxious. But the fairy said:

"Don't distress yourself. I will bring a lovely handkerchief."

She flew oft to fairy land and brought the handkerchief which Rája Indra used to carry in his own hand. The old King was delighted. Meanwhile the fairy became in child. Then the old king asked his daughters-in-law to bring him each a dish of their own cooking. All of them brought him various kinds of food. One day the young prince burned the monkey skin which was the plaything of the princess.* She was greatly distressed and flew off to fairyland. The prince lost his senses for love of her and wandered about the jungle, where he met a faqír. The faqír asked why he was roaming about. He told the story to the faqír. The faqír said:

"Your fairy keeps her clothes beneath those of all the other fairies. I will turn you into a parrot. So fly off and fly back with the suit which is below all the others. But take care and do not look behind you, or you will be burnt to ashes."

The prince in the form of a parrot flew off and came back with the suit which was beneath those of all the other faries. All the fairies believing him a thief, pursued him. They said to the faqir:

"There is a thief in your hut."

He said: "What have I to do with thieves."

So he turned the prince into a man again. Then the faqír said to the faries: "Sit down. Why are you worrying this son of Adam. Settle the matter with him. What is the use of quarrelling."

Finally the fairy said:

"The matter cannot be settled in this way. But when we go to dance before Rája Indra, let him act as our drummer (*tabalchi*) and beat the drum skilfully; when Rája Indra is pleased with his playing and asks him what boon he wishes, let him ask for me, and thus, and thus alone, can he recover me."

So the prince began to beat the drum, and so excellently did he play, that King Indra and all his Court lost their senses. Then Rája Indra said:

"Ask a boon," and he replied; "Your Majesty! give me this fairy."

So Rája Indra gave her to him, and he brought her home with him, and they lived happily ever after.

(A folktale told by M. Karím-ud-dín, of Mirzápur.)

[This is evidently a form of the Swan Maiden Cycle, for which see Hartland *Science of Fairy Tales*, 255 s. qq. Animal metamorphosis is common in these tales—see Temple *Wideawake Stories*, 420. For the looking back taboo see the instances collected by Jacobs, Folklore Congress, 1891, Report, page 93: Temple *loc cit*, 415. In other forms of the story the fairy is disguised and gives her lover a hint how he is to recognise her. On this see Tawney *Katha Sarit Ságara* I, 360.]

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*There is no previous reference to this, but it evidently forms an important part of the story.

MISCELLANEA.

360. **Cooking Utensils.—Respect paid to**—Cooking utensils are not left out on the open air during the cold or rainy seasons. It is believed that if they are neglected they bring a curse for her carelessness on the mistress of the house.—*Lakshmi Narayan Dubé.*

361. **Mirzapur : a Rustic Incantation to Bhairo.**—First light a lamp at the shrine of the family god, then with joined hands recite the following :—

Kehi bina, Bhairo, tumhári ankhiya lalit bhai?
Kehi bina othwa jhurána?
Gánja bina, Bhairo, tumhári ankhiya lalit bhai.
Bhang bina othwa jhurána.

For want of what, O Bhairo! are thine eyes red?
For want of what are thy lips dry?
For want of hemp (*ganja*) thine eyes are red :
For want of *bhang* thy lips are dry.

—*W. Crooke.*

362. **Garhwal : Rules about Journeys.**—Saturdays and Mondays are considered very unlucky among the hill Hindús for making a journey—

Somé Sanichar kiya pawáná
Jaison jána waisái áná.

One who commences a journey on Monday or Saturday
Shall return home as he leaves it (that is unsuccessful).

—*Aziz-ud-dín Ahmad.*

363. **Toothless Children.**—In the Orkney Islands it is believed that if two children without teeth meet in the same room one will die immediately after. I think I remember hearing something of the same kind in India. Can anyone verify this?—*W. Crooke.*

364. **Robert Orme the Historian.—Anecdote of**—"When Mr. Orme held the office of export warehouse-keeper to the East Indian Company at Madras, he was remarkable for keeping the young men in the service at a sufficient distance. It happened that one Mr. Davison acted under him in his office, in whose blunt John-Bull manners there appeared something odd and diverting. The former had condescended to invite the latter to breakfast with him, in the course of which he asked Davison of what profession his father was. 'A saddler, sir,' replied the other. 'A saddler!' repeated the historian, with some degree of surprise; 'why did he not breed you up a saddler?' 'Why, sir,' says Davison, 'I was always a whimsical boy, and rather chose to try my fortune, as you have done, in the East India Company's service. But pray, sir,' continued he, 'what profession was your father of?' 'My father, sir,' answered Mr. Orme sharply, 'was a gentleman?' 'A gentleman!—humph—pray, sir, be so good as to inform me why he did not breed you up a *gentleman*?'" From "A Vindication of Gen. Richard Smith ......" London, (Stockdale), 1783.

[Robert Orme, b. December 25, 1728, d. 13 January, 1801. Was in Madras from the 14th September, 1754, to near the end of 1758. His father was a Doctor in the Company's Service. The first volume of his history appeared in August, 1763.]

—*Wm. Irvine.*

365. **A Charm to Walk on the Surface of Water.**—Get a piece of cloth wet in the blood of the Domunha or the snake which has a mouth at both ends. Dry it in the sun. Put the cloth in the form of a ball in the mouth and walk on the surface of water : you won't drown.—*Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

366. **Mirzapur : Songs sung at the Karma, the great festival of the Aborigines.**—

Bhalé taktaklé sánvaré dánré bhar Baniya lúté Kalváré.
Líyo kheloré dánré bhar lute Kalvárè.
Súnrin madé Kalváré nadí men ké roalè.
Líyo kheloré dánrè bhar luté Kalvaré.
Dánr bhar Baniyo lúté Kalvárè.
Bin dánré bin palaré hákim taulé sansáré.

Oh! black coloured youth, you have enamoured me. You have plundered me like a liquor seller. Intoxicated with wine I am crying by the river side. Well hast thou plundered me, liquor seller. Baniya and liquor seller plunder me with their false scales. But the Governor needs no weights or scales to weigh the world.—*W. Crooke.*

367. **Eastern Districts, N.-W. P. Folklore of Oxen.**—

Dag dag dolan, pharka pelan,
Kahán jábeh tu bánra ho?
Ham to jáb gusaiyán kháb,
Sár bajáib danda ho!

You who are always moving round the post, with one horn upright and the other hanging down, and with no hair—where are you going?

"I will go and eat my master and play a song of joy on a wooden staff!"

These are all vicious and unlucky animals. People who have animals with no hair on the tail make an incision in the animal's tail every month, and this is said to cause the hair to grow.—*Lakshmi Narayan.*

368. **Nepal : Prejudice against the use of the Plough : Sacred Cattle.**—"With regard to the plough, it is proper to notice that it is scarcely known among the Newárs, it being only very recently that a few of those occupying the lands about Thánkót have been prevailed on to employ this instrument of tillage, their prejudice against the use of which would seem to have originated in the extraordinary reverence they entertain for the bullock, since, though they have no scruples with regard to buffaloes, they deem it the highest sacrilege to approach even the image of the former animal except in a posture of adoration : insomuch that a malicious person wishing to suspend the agricultural operations of his neighbour would be sure to effect his purpose by placing a stone or wooden figure of a cow in the midst of the field."—(Col. Kirkpatrick *Account of the Kingdom of Nepal*—100.)

369. **A charm to keep off demons.**—Low-caste women, who are much afraid of the attacks of demons at night, put under their pillows seven kinds of grain (satnaja). Each kind of grain represents one of the seven sisters of Devi, of whom demons are much afraid. For the same reason the seven kinds of grain are used in various forms of rural exorcism.—*W. Crooke.*

370. A charm to make a husband subservient to his wife.—The best way to make a husband subservient to his wife is to feed him on some of the flesh of the owl mixed up with other meat The poet Zafar says—

Joru ne uski usko hai ullu khilaiya;
Haius haramkhor ko ullu bana diya.

"His wife has made him eat owl's flesh and made that fool a perfect owl."—*M Atta-ullah Bég.*

(See *Introduction to Popular Religion and Folklore*, 75.)

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371. Montgomery: Propitiation of rivers.—When a boat is about to sail, or when the rivers are abnormally low, or act against a man's land and commence to wash it away, vows are made and sacrifices offered to rivers. Vows are called *asisa*. Muhammadans make them in the name of Khizr: their sacrifice is wheat *daliya* mixed with molasses. Hindús prepare a dish called *chúrma*, part of which is thrown into the river. The Hindús eat what remains of the *chúrma* themselves, sharing it with those present: the Muhammadans give what remains of the *daliya* to the poor.—*W. E. Purser, Settlement Report*, p. 65.

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372. Bhuts in Bengal.—There are both male and female bhúts or evil spirits in Bengal. Among the males, Brahma daitya or the spirit of a Bráhman bhút, the spirit of other classes, Mando, the spirit of a Muhammadan and Gobhút, the spirit of a bullock, are the principal; among the females, Sankha churni, Petni and Nishi may be mentioned. The Brahma daitya has a sacred thread on his breast. He uses wooden shoes, is very neat and clean and not mischievious to man. The bhúts sometimes carry him in a palunquin. Sankha Churni is his mistress. Petni is the dirtiest of all spirits and lives in places where dead bodies are cremated. Nishi often comes to the house at midnight and calls the man, generally a young man is selected, by his name. As soon as he opens the door to receive his guest, he loses his senses and follows her without a word. She either takes him to a dense forest amidst thorns. or to the top of a big tree. He is found in the morning out of his senses and brought home by his relations: 30 years before there were as many millions of ghosts as there are men now. If a man dies a violent death, or without the Ganges water in his mouth, or in an inauspicious moment, he is sure to be a bhút and remain as such until his son or any other *sapinda* performs the *srádh* at Gya. With easy railway communication, Gya is now visited by a vast number of people, and ghosts which would be seen in every street and in every house are now scarcely heard.

When a man has to pass by a haunted street or house, or when he fears that he is followed by a ghost, he chants the following mantra:—

Bhút mor pút
Sankha chúrni mor jhí
Mathaya áché Rama Lakshmana
Karibé ámár ki.

Bhút is my son, Sankhá Churni is my daughter, Rama and Lakshmana are over my head, what can the ghosts do?

Rama, the greatest hero of an epic poem, is a terror to the ghosts. Mere mention of his name drives them out. A piece of iron also acts like a charm. It is therefore a custom with the people to keep a key or an iron ring with them day and night.—*Haripadagosh, Chittagong.*

373. Oudh: Barrenness.—It is believed by Muhammadan women, generally of low castes, that if a barren woman tears a piece of the wrapper of a fruitful woman on a Sunday or Tuesday it will cause her to conceive. The other however considers this act as on ill omen for her.—*Azizuddin Ahmed.*

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374. Omens: Lower Bengal.—The throbbing (spándán) of the right eye is a sign of good luck and that of the left eye is an omen of bad luck. The throbbing of right arm or leg imports that the happy possessor of the said arm or leg is going to get married; that of the left arm or leg bodes some impending calamity. Itching of the right palm is a sure sign of some pecuniary gain and that of the left palm is a precursor of some pecuniary loss. The itching of the sole of the right or left foot prophesies immediate departure from a place. The above is the case with men; with women the reverse is the case, *i. e*, the spontaneous movement of the right side of the body is with men a good sign, and with women a bad one, and that of left side of the body is with men a bad omen and with women a good omen.

It is a common idea that the right side of the man's body shows what the left of the woman's body indicates. The man stretches out the right hand to the physician for feeling the pulse and the woman stretches out her left hand for the same purpose. Similarly the man shows his right palm and the woman her left palm to the palmist for deciphering thereon the mystical lines of fate. In marriage the bridegroom occupies the right side and the bride occupies the left side of the same seat, or platform. In mythological paintings and sculpture the wife whether a goddess or human is seen to stand to the left side of the man. *Query.*—Is it not the symbol of the beautiful idea that in life man represents strength and woman represents beauty; or that the man's right hand should be free to do battle whereas the woman clings to him with her right hand, *i. e.*, with all her strength. If a man coughs involuntarily (*beshum*) somebody at a distance is remembering him. If he sneezes it may indicate either of two things—(1) if the sneezer or any other person present within hearing of the sneeze is departing, he should come back and sit down for a while, or (2) if anybody is saying anything it must be true. (The twittering of the lizard is exactly a similar sign.) In any other case coughing, sneezing, yawning are not good signs. If a man coughs hard his elders (not inferior in caste) should call out *shat shat, i. e.*, invoke the goddess *Shashti*, the protectress of children; if he sneezes they should call out "*jiba shahasra*" (live a thousand years); and if he yawns, everybody, including the yawner, should snap his fingers.

Query.—Is not the origin of the superstition this that any sudden, unaccountable departure from the natural state of the body indicates or forebides illness?

If two persons say out one thing at a time, some near relative will soon be coming. The licking of its feet by a domestic cat indicates the same thing. The howling or low moaning of a dog bodes a death or two in a family near by. The cawing of the black crow bodes ill. The white crow (*shanka chil*) perching on the top of the house is a precursor of good fortune. A jackal seen out during the day is a bad sign. The owl is a good sign. A corpse, a jackal, or an earthen pot seen on the left side and a cow, a deer, or a *Brahmin* seen on the right side in a journey are good signs. The reverse is the case if they are seen on the reverse sides.—*Dejen Lala Roy, Settlement Officer, Midnapur.*

375. **Montgomery: Threshing-floor ceremonies.**—From the time the grain is cut till it is formally weighed, the agriculturist has to be on his guard against demons and goblins (*bhút*). Fortunately they are but of middling intelligence and their principal habits are well known, and so a goblin can be "done" with a little care. Till winnowning, all that need be done is to get the holy man (*mulwána*) of the village to write a charm on a piece of paper, which is then stuck in a piece of cleft reed and put on the heap of grain and straw. This is paid for by a fixed fee called *rasúlwáhí*. Greater care has to be taken when winnowing commences. Friday is the regular weekly holiday of the goblins, and if any cultivator commences to winnow on that day he may expect to have his grain vanish. When a fit time has come to winnow the grain, the cultivators and a couple of sweepers (*chúhras*) proceed in silence to the heap and a couple of other men stay at a little distance to prevent any living thing approaching. Then winnowing is carried on vigorously: but no one speaks. In the evening if the operation is not complete, the charm remains on one heap and the other is carefully pressed down with the winnowing basket (*chhajj*). Goblins are always asleep at night, but any somnambulist is able to do harm if this plan is adopted. When all the grain has been winnowed, and the time comes to divide the produce, the same precautions are adopted. As the goblins are always asleep or engaged in household duties at noon and in the evening one of these hours should be selected for weighing the grain: this is done with the basket (*topa*), or if there is any hurry, the amount of a winnowing basket (*chhajj*) full is ascertained and the number of baskets in the heap is found. The weighman is provided with pieces of straw, one of which he puts down for each basketful. He must carefully avoid counting the number aloud. As soon as the quantity of grain has been ascertained the goblins are powerless. It is not clear how far the people believe in these matters, or how far they act up to their belief: but there are very few people who do not believe thoroughly in goblins being abroad though they sometimes seem shy about admitting it.—*W. E. Purser, Settlement Report, p.* 100.

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376. **The Dipak Rag.**—The Dípak Rág is one of the most famous Hindu musical modes. Any one who can sing it makes the lamps burn brightly. To sing it you must bring the breath of the heart into the space between the eyebrows, and this so strengthens the eyes that the singer can see and sing all the other modes.—*Pandit Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

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377. **Mulla Dopiyaza**—Mulla Dopiyáza is said to have been one of the courtiers of Akbar. Once upon a time the King of Persia challenged Akbar to have a religious discussion with one of his most famous Maulavís. The Persian Maulavi arrived with several camels laden with books, and no one in the court of Akbar would dispute with him. When they met first the Persian took up an egg and showed it to Dopiyáza. He took up an onion and showed it to the Persian who got up and closed the interview.

Next day when they met again the Persian raised one finger, and Dopiyáza raised two. Again the Persian retired.

On the third day the Mulla Dopiyáza came to the meeting with a pair of slippers. The Persian asked him what he meant, and he said:

"Were there not in the time of the Prophet some people called Ráfizi who had something to do with slippers?"

"No," said the Persian.

"In the time of the companions?"

"No," said the Persian.

"In the time of the Imáms?"

"No," said the Persian.

"When then were they created?"

The Persian, who was a Ráfizi himself, was silent, and the victory lay with Mulla Dopiyáza.

The interpretation of the signs is said to be, the egg means that the world is round or that everything springs from an egg. The world is round like an onion, but it also has many skins or strata. One finger means that there is one God or that his opponent would lose an eye. The two fingers mean God and the Prophet.

They say that he was called Dopiyáza because he showed an onion (piyáz) to the Persian; or that Dopiyáza means "the essence of the onion used as a condiment," or that Piyáz means the world. He is said to have died at a place called Handiya, in the Hoshangábád District. When he was dying his friends wanted to take him to Delhi, but he said: "A Handi (pot) is good enough for the two-onion man."—*M. Ali Bakhsh Khan.*

(Is not the Mulla Dopiyáza a myth? I cannot find his name in the Aín-i-Akbari, and if he was a noted man at the court of Akbar, he would surely be mentioned. Nor does Beale in his *Oriental Dictionary* say anything about him. They say that his tomb still exists at Handiya and has two inscriptions. The lower runs *Ai jawán bara-i-Khuda bála nigáh*—"Young man, for the sake of God look up," and above *Che mibíni giddi khar*, "What are you looking at, you ass?" At any rate in the *Central Provinces Gazetteer* there is no mention of the tomb at Handiya. Can any one give any further information about this worthy?)

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378. **Devices for securing male issue.**—Most Hindús believe that their failure to obtain male issue is due to the unfavourable position of the stars. If this be connected with Budha or Sukra, Mahadeva must be invoked. If it be due to the evil influence of Vrihaspati, mantras, amulets and medicines prescribed by pious men must be used.

If it be owing to Sanischara, Mangala, Ráhu or Ketu, the Sráddha rite must be performed either at Gaya or Narayani Sila at Hardwár, and a Pandit must be employed to recite the Sri Mad Bhagwat Katha for seven days. But the most popular plan is to get the following mantra repeated one hundred and twenty thousand times at a temple of Rama or Siva and to have a Homa or fire sacrifice done at the end of it.

Dewaki sut Govindah Vasudeva jagatpate.

Dehi me tanayam Krishnah twamaham sharmam gatah.

"O Govinda, son of Devaki, lord of the universe, give me a son; I have taken refuge in thee."

Many who cannot afford to pay a Pandit to perform these rites, worship the pípal tree, which is supposed to be the representative of Vasudeva, Krishna or Vishnu. —*Pandit Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

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POPULAR RELIGION AND ANTHROPOLOGY.

379. The Banjaras of the Deccan.—At the request of many correspondents the valuable account of the Deccan Banjáras by Mr. Cumberlege is reprinted. The pamphlet is very scarce and long out of print. Capt. Haig, of the Berar Commission, has kindly sent a copy, and enriched it with valuable notes of its own. It is certainly the best available account of a most interesting people.

Some account of the Banjâra Class, by N. R. Cumberlege, Esq., D. S. P., H. A. D.—This gipsy tribe has three distinct divisions, representing the Brahman, Chhatri and Rajput castes, to which a fourth, or Bard class, was added many years ago. Its occupation is grain carrying, and the two last mentioned classes have for years been notorious as clever and bold dacoits. During the monsoon months Banjáras run up huts and form hamlets, varying in size according to the wealth of the Naik, or head man, and these hamlets are called *kúrí.*

At the Dasahra festival they leave the kúrí and form a camp, called a Tándá, which is generally broken up at the Diwálí, when the Tándá moves towards Dumda, in the Central Provinces, or other known grain marts. Besides the four classes above noted, there are the Jángars, or slaves, Mochis, Mângs, Bangrikárs, and many other demominations, who live in Banjára kúrís, and wear the Cháran dress, whose names demoninate the trade they ply; these are simply accessories and menials, and of whom more than a general mention is unnecessary. The name by which the Brahman class is called is Mathuria; that of the Chhatri is Labâna; of the Rajput, Châran: and the bards are called Dhâris (or Dhârs), and now I propose to give some account of each of these classes, their manners, customs, dress, traditions, superstitions and criminal habits.

Mathurias.--There are four divisions of this class, *viz.*, Pândé, Dûbé, Chaubé, and Tiwâri, and as these names show their claim to be considered Brahmans has some foundation in fact. They wear the sacred thread, know the Gayatri Mantra, and to the present day abstain from meat and liquor, subsisting entirely on grain and vegetables. They always had a sufficiency of the Chàran class and Jángars in their *kúrís* to perform all necessary manual labour, and would not, themselves, work for a remuneration, otherwise than by carrying grain, which was,

and still is, their legitimate occupation; but it was not considered undignified to cut wood and grass for the household. To this day there is not one Mathuria kúrí, or even moving tándá, where the Châran element will not be found.

The Mathurias appear to have come from Mathura, (Brindâban), and as Commissariat carriers with Aurangzib's force. They are ignorant of their origin, and are not allowed to mix with Dakhani Brahmans, perhaps because of their habits, and it is probable that on their arrival they either took the name of the village they came from, or were given it by the residents of these parts to distinguish them from other Brahmans.

Dress.—Mathuria and Labâna males are fairer than the Chârans, and both wear the sacred thread, the latter always calling themselves Mathurias when asked their class. Both wear expensive and better jewellery than the Chârans, and their dhotis have a silk border and are not made of the common dhotar cloth always worn by a Châran. It is not possible to decide to which of these classes a male belongs, unless one insists on knowing his gotra, or family, when their division becomes clear. But the female Mathuria is distinguished at a glance—by the absence from the skirt or petticoat of the bundles to be shown presently as the distinguishing mark of a Labâna. The Mathuria females wear a bodice (*choli*) skirt, and robe (*sári*,) the latter being tucked into the skirt and then taken up over the head and used as a head covering (*dupatta*). Married women tie their hair into a bundle on the top of the head and fix it with a comb; they fasten a silver chain in the hair, which is brought down and attached to a silver spangle (*tíka*), on the forehead, and it is then taken to each ear, to which it is attached; a piece of black thread also drops from the *tíka*, to which a gold bead is tied, and this hangs down on the nose. They also wear toe rings, a silver necklace (*hanslí*), and an ornament (*dulari*), with black beads; this latter being put on at marriage. Unmarried girls wear their hair plaited, and either tied up at the nape of the neck, or hanging loose, and may not wear toe rings.

Marriage.—A girl is considered a reproach to her family if not married before attaining 7 years of age, and bride and bridegroom must be of tender years. The boy's father sends a Brahman, or Hajjám, to the girl's father, asking his daughter in marriage, of which the Naik of the kúrí is informed. A council (*panchâyat*) forms, in which all four denominations are represented, and the bride's father names the sum he intends to claim before marriage, but the *pancháyat* taking the status of the contracting parties into consideration, eventually fixes this amount. The messenger then returns with this decision, and the boy's father, assembling a *pancháyat*, agrees to the demand, and sends back his messenger to say so. Having delivered his message, this man now returns, accompanied by two males of the bride's kúrí, carrying a present of seven areca nuts, seven pieces of turmeric, a few grains of rice, some *kuku* (a dye) and one rupee, and the first ceremony commences. A married woman of the bridegroom's family, dressed in quite clean clothes, and holding up the corner of what must be a silk *sári*, receives the present in it. It is then transferred to a pan (*tháli*) and minutely examined, when, if found correct, all the married women of the kúrí are called, who surround the *tháli* and sing, and then it may be removed. Báláji is now worshipped and the bridegroom's father gives a feed of *ghiwar* to the whole kúrí: this is flour mixed with water thrown into fried ghi, and it is eaten with sugar. This, an indispensable dish, is followed by curry and rice generally. The two men who came with the messenger are now given Rs. 13-8 for the bride; half the sum agreed on, for the father, and Rs. 2 apiece, and the betrothal ceremony is complete. The girl cannot now, at any period of her life, marry any one but this boy. A Marathi Brahman being now called to the bride's kúrí, fixes the date for the marriage, and a messenger is sent to warn the bridegroom's father, who then feeds his own kúrí inmates with *púris*, (a cake), and the messenger then receives the second moiety of the sum previously fixed. Two mandwas, or temporary sheds, are erected, one at each kúrí and everything is put in hand for the marriage. The day previous to the formation of the procession, the bridegroom puts on new clothing, and sits down on a platform (*chabutra*) inside his mandwa. The sister, or sister-in-law for choice, in default some other female member of his family, brings a *tháli* containing some bruised turmeric and a little rice and places it before the boy; then some member of each family puts a little of the rice on the boy's forehead and turmeric on his feet, and leaves a rupee as a *nazar*. The next day the boy, being placed on horseback, is accompanied, by every adult, who can find leisure, to the bride's kúrí. Pâls, or tents, have been erected here to accommodate the whole party, and directly the bride's father has made obeisance to the bridegroom, and seen all comfortably housed, he goes home and sends a *pagri*, or turban, and a *dupatta*, or sheet, for the boy, which must be at once put on. The boy now sends a silk *sári*, a *dulari* (an ornament) and a bracelet composed of beads and rupees strung on silk, for the bride, which are put on her, with exception of the *dulari*, retained to be added to her attire by the Brahman at the marriage ceremony. A feast is now given to all present. Next morning the bridegroom sends a string of beads called *thimni*, a comb, five small wooden boxes containing turmeric powder, red

lead, &c., with a *sári*, and he then enters the mandwa and sits on a wooden stool placed near a hollow in the ground containing fire called *hom*, on the other side of which is a similar seat in readiness for the bride. The father, bringing her in, joins bride's and bridegroom's hands, saying "*Kanyadán*," or "daughter given," and a Brahman knots the bride's and bridegroom's clothes together, placing one rupee, a piece of turmeric, and a few grains of rice in this knot; he stains another corner of their *dupattas* with turmeric, and knots these also, the second knot implying that they are married for life. The boy and girl now walk three times round the *hom*, and then go to the bride's house, walk round a curtain four times, return to the mandwa and change seats; her relatives now present their gifts (*nazar*), which belong exclusively to the bride, and with which she purchases ornaments. The bride is now taken to the *Janwansa*, as the boy's encampment is called, and the ceremony is over.

There is nothing peculiar in the after-ceremonies attendant on the bride's departure, but, when she arrives at the bridegroom's kúrí, two small brass lotas are given her, in which she fetches water. and returns them to the boy's female relative, who mix this with other water previously drawn, and the girl, to this period considered of no caste at all, becomes a Mathuria. Food is cooked with this mixed water and the bride and bridegroom are formally received into the kúrí.

Funeral ceremonies.—Should a male die before the sacred thread has been put on him, the body is buried, if after, burnt. An unmarried girl is buried, a married burnt.

Labânas.—The Labânas, or Chhatris, are traditionally descended from one Mota, of whom they know only the following :—Mota and Mola, of unknown parentage, were cowherds employed by Krishnaji Raja, who seems to have been deposed, when Mota married, his brother remaining a bachelor to his death. Mota had eleven sons, *viz.*, (1) Páliya, (2) Boháriya, (3) Jhád, (4) Thák, (5) Dhánki, (6) Kâkârbhât, (7) Gothi, (8) Puchori, and the names of the last three sons are lost.

Páliya had four sons—(1) Seoliya, (2) Rubdiya (3) Mogher, (4) Doréka.

Bohâriya had six—(1, Dhurbási, (2) Kachkad, (3) Alávat, (4) Kasávat (5) Kasírath, (6) Nijliya.

Jhád had six also—(1) Galáí, (2) Básí, (3) Bhadwat, (4) Azádiya, (5) Shaháṛí, (6) Dátla.

Thák, Dhánki, Kákárbhát and Puchori had no issue and are now lost.

Gothi had three sons—(1) Báta (2) Thítriya (3) Thalábat.

That the Labânas also came to the Deccan as Commissariat carriers with a Mughal army is known, but they do not satisfactorily fix the date.

Dress.—All these families eat together and intermarry. The dress of the males has been noticed above, that of the females is not unlike that of a Mathuria woman's. Unmarried girls are allowed skirts when three years of age; at ten, two small bundles are given them, containing a nut, some cowries and rice, which are knotted to two corners of the *dupatta* and hung over the shoulder, one in front and one behind. This denotes maidenhood. These bundles are considered sacred, are always knotted to the *dupatta* in wear, and are only removed to be tucked into the waist at the girl's marriage, where they are worn till death. These bundles alone distinguish the Labâna from the Mathuria women.

Marriage.—The Labâna marriage is very similar to the Mathuria, already described, and the only feature worth noticing is the transfer of the bundles above-mentioned, which closes the ceremony. Widows are not allowed re-marriage, and have to break their ornaments at their husband's death. Should an illicit intercourse be found out, the woman, with her paramour, is put out of caste, and out of the kúrí. A woman is only unclean for three days after the birth of a child.

Death.—Children above one year of age are burned, below that, buried. On the death of a male, relatives only observe one day of grief; a feast is given, and this is repeated on the twelfth day, the sixth month, and first anniversary.

Chârans.—We now come to the most numerous, and by far the most interesting class, the Chârans, on whose history, customs and manners much might be written; and it is certain we cannot know too much of this class if we would cope with them on anything like favourable terms; for they are not only dacoits, kidnappers, and cattle thieves professionally, but, as they themselves put it, "forgetting their old traditions, they have deteriorated, and are now burglars and petty thieves as well." There are five divisions of this class, viz :—1. Ráhtor, 2. Panwar, 3. Chauhán, 4. Turi, 5. Wartiya or Jádón. But there are so many subdivisions, gotras, and páras, that the appendix will best shew these ramifications. Though more than is therein could be supplied, it has not been considered necessary to go further, for indeed, the numerous families into which these are again divided, especially the large Bhúkia family, would overcrowd the Appendix and be calculated to confuse; whilst, if we know a man's pára (household name) it may suffice to enable us to trace from it all we care to know. As an example, the Nenáwat family, which is by far the most criminal, the most often in our courts, and with its pride in its tradition, may be suppressed but never reformed, would be shewn thus :—Class, Chăran; Division, Ráhtor; Subdivision, Bhúkia; Gotra, or family, Khamdrod; Pára, or household name, Tainsod; branch of Nenáwat.

Origin and traditions.—From their own statements Ráhtors seem to have originally come from Jodhpur, Panwárs from Dhárnagri, near Indore and close to Ujjain, the reputed capital of Rája Vikramáditya; Chauháns, from a place they call Mit, very possibly Mirat; Turis, from Tháwargarh, probably one of the Rajput names for Delhi in former days; whilst the Wartiya, or Jádón class, was picked up, as presently noted, through a criminal intercourse, which they are reluctant to admit, between a Gorháma (Panwrá) girl, and a Marathi Brahman. To enter on the traditional lore of the Châran class and not try to exhaust it, would be a mistake; therefore the Megháwat and Khamdrod should speak for the Bhukia class, and one story told by the others of their ancestors will perhaps read best in the form of a narrative, following as nearly as possible the manner in which those concerned tell their history. The Megháwat account is:—

There were three men, one each of the Rahtor, Panwár and Chauhán castes, who lived at Nonándi Bárá-Jhánji; none of them having children, they went together to Mahákâlî's temple at Chitorgarh and promised to sacrifice a buffalo each if the goddess would give them heirs. In course of time a son was born to each man, and these children were sent at the age of fifteen years to redeem their father's promises. A buffalo may not be killed in sacrifice by the Rajput class, and their caste men, hearing of this, put the three children out of caste. Leaving their homes in indignation, these three lads went in search of employment, had wandered about twelve kos, and were seated in a Kunbi's field, when its owner asked them to fell certain trees, promising them a fair remuneration. He went home for a time, and on his return, finding the lads had pulled up the trees by their roots and blistered their hands, he laughed at them, and said the trees should have been felled, not uprooted, and called them boors (*gánwár*). The lads then refused payment and left the Kunbi in anger. Having gone some distance, they sat down again and were crying at the failure of their first attempt to do something for themselves, when Guru Nának, passing by, and enquiring why they cried, said, "Come along with me, you are not gânwárs, but gorhs," a name now used for Chârans to distinguish themselves from Labânas. The lads followed the guru, and presently they met the "Udaipuri Bábá," who joined them, and all journeyed together to Gokulnagri. Here Guru Nának found employment for them with Krishnaji Rája, and telling them to stay at Gokulnagri till he returned, started on one of his proselytizing expeditions. These lads served Krishnaji as cowherds for twelve years, and, when he was on the point of death, the Rája gave the Ráhtor lad a wife. Presently Guru Nának returned, accompanied by the Udaipuri Bábá, and his servant Mardána (for an account of this man see the Dhári family) to look up his disciples, and then all left Gokulnagri together. On their road they found a Brahman had built a house in the dry bed of a river, and was living in it with his wife and two daughters, and this man, on being asked why he lived in the bed of a river, said his Shástras had taught him that when his daughters had arrived at puberty before marriage it was a proper thing to do, in order that, before they could disgrace him, the first flood would relieve the whole family from the troubles of this life. Guru Nának persuaded the Brahman to marry his daughters in an adjoining field to the Panwár and Chauhán lads, who, he represented, were Rajpúts by birth. The marriage took place under a gorh tree, a second reason assigned for the name assumed by the Chârans. The Brahman and his wife then left their daughters, and all the rest then journeyed together. Presently meeting a Turi lad, who said he lived at Wali-Chandi, had been put out of caste, and wanted employment, this lad was induced to join them, and, journeying on, they arrived at an encampment of Labânas as night was setting in, and here they halted. Staying here some time the Turi lad was married, and also became a disciple of Guru Nának. The Guru setting out on another expedition, the lads elected to remain with the Labânas—hence probably the indiscriminate use of the term Labâna, or Lambani, which has been applied alike to Châran and Labâna. The Guru seems now to have taken final leave of his disciples, for they do not mention him again, and say he left the following orders with them:—He instructed them that before a marriage ceremony they should say—

Koli áwe, Koli jáwe
Koli mai, jog sambhál;
Múng yewra, dohoro,
Túlli yewri, Kumas
Doholo Ghoró, hasló;
Patlya swád
Gáiain Bábá, sudda súda!

Immediately after which the bridegroom's left arm should be pierced with a red-hot needle in the name of the Udaipuri Bábá, and that, before the procession formed, the bridegroom should tie a rupee in his *pagri* in the name of Guru Nának, to be afterwards expended in sweetmeats." This is still done.

The Khamdrod's story goes to the favourite Mota and Mola again claimed as ancestors by any member of criminal classes.

" Mota and Mola were brothers, whose parentage is unknown, and were brought up by Krishnaji Rájá.

On the Rájá's death he made over Mola to his wife, Rádhika, as an adopted son, and Mola never married. Mota, the brother importuned Rádhika, and she gave him a wife, and then Rádhika ordered the five reigning Rájás each to give her one married son, and these couples

she gave to Mola to be his adopted children, and from these five couples the Chárâns are descended. Mola and his family, with Mota were taken to Kurtapur by Rádhika, and taught the Sikh religion by Guru Nának, also learning the occupation of carriers."

Taking a portion of the Labâna history, the Khamdrods try to ignore their ignoble birth mentioned below. The Megháwats then say, the common ancestor of all Bhukias, Bhika, had three sons, *viz*:—Morsi, Molasi, and Deda, and that the Khamdrods are descended from the brother of Deda's concubine,—probably a Jángar, whereas the Khamdrods allow Bhika four sons, one of whom was necessarily Khamdar. The Megháwat statement is the correct one, and the Khamdrods are really descendants of Jángars. To resume the narrative—the origin of the Wartiyas is thus given, alike by the Rahtor, Châran, Panwár and Turi:—

"A Gorháma (Panwár) owed money to a Jharbálá (Panwár) and being pressed for payment, left his daughter with the Jharbâla's family as a pledge of faith, and saying he would only see her face again when he could pay up in full, went away in search of employment. Presently Báwan Bhat, a Marathi Brahman, to whom the Jharbálá owed money, asked for payment, and was told his debt could not be liquidated until the Gorháma's had been settled. The Brahman refused to leave the kúrí, and a criminal intimacy springing up between the Brahman and the Gorháma girl, a pancháyat was called, and the eleven gotras of the Labána class, the four then existing families of the Châran (Rahtor, Panwár, Chauhan, and Turi), with one of the Dáhri, assembled under a wad (banyan) tree to discuss the matter. The Brahman was sentenced to marry the Gorháma girl, to join the Châran family, and fined Rs. 17, or one rupee for each gotra and family represented in the pancháyat, the seventeenth rupee being returned to the Brahman on his marriage with the girl, and his branch of the Châran family was named Wartiya, from the tree under which they assembled. The twelve sons the Brahman had by this girl, represent this class in the present day." These will be found in the Appendix.

(Note.—Mr. Cumberlege notices only twelve sub-divisions of the Wartiya sept. These must have been again split up, as a Wartiya will always describe himself as belonging to the "*báwan pári.*" W. Haig.) (I have not been able to obtain a complete list of these 52 sub-divisions. W. Haig.)

Chârans arrival in the Deccan. The Chârans evidently came to the Deccan with Asaf Ján, commonly called Asaf Khan, the vazir of Sháh Jahán, and in the year 1630 A. D. or thereabouts, Bhangi and Jhangi, the Ráhtor naiks (for family, see Appendix,) and Bhagwán Dás, the Wartiya, being the leaders or naiks. It is said by themselves that the two former naiks had 1,80,000 bullocks between them, and Bhagwán Dás 52,000, and that they were the Commissariat carriers of Asaf Ján's force, with whom they did not return to Upper India, but elected to remain in the Deccan.

Feud between Rahtors and Wartiyas. Bhangi and Jhangi experiencing some difficulty in foddering their cattle during the march, complained to Asaf Ján, who gave them an order engraved in gold on copper, which was as follows:—

Ranjan ka páni, chhappar ká ghás
Din ko tín khún muáf
Aur jahán Asaf Ján ke ghore
Wahán Bhangi Jhangi ke bail.

(Chârans are fond of quoting an abbreviated oral version of this—" pádsháh ke ghore,
Banjáron ke bail." W. Haig.)

This is in the possession of the descendant of Bhangi Naik, who is recognized by the Haidarábád Court as the head Naik of the Banjára class, and on whose death the successor receives a khilat from His Highness the Nizam. Bhagwan Das, asking for a similar order, was refused, and after the campaign shewed his displeasure, when a feud between the Rahtors and Wartiyas resulted. One day Bhangi Naik, when returning from the Haidarábád Darbár was attacked by Bhagwan Das and killed. The Rahtors complained to the Nizam and were told to take their revenge, and this they did so well that a party, headed by Náráyan Bhangi, a son of the deceased, killed Bhagwan Das, with a hundred of his followers.

The Wartiyas scored next, when they killed a number of Rahtors and captured their standard. This was a gift from the Nizam, who annually presented Bhangi's descendants with eight *tháns* of *khadi* for a new standard. When last heard of, this old standard was in the possession of Hatti Naik, a descendant of Bhagwán Das, whose kúrí was somewhere near Machhli Bandar, in the Madras Presidency. Hatti, though, is a Bhadáwát Wartiya, whilst Bhagwán Dás was an Halá wat, so that heirs male must have failed, or Hatti could not be the representative, as he is, of Bhagwán Dás, Náráyan Bhangi, living in the Narsi taluka of the Nizám's dominions, is the Bhangi representative now: whilst Ramu Naik, the Ijáradár Patel of Yaoli, in the Wún District (Hyderabad Assigned Districts) represents the Jhangi family. (Ramu is now dead, and has been succeeded by his son, Bhoja Naik. W. Haig.)

Dress. The dress of the males is well known and is only a coarse *dhoti*, a *dupattá* and a *pagri*, the latter is often red, the other clothing is white; a *kathalá kardora* is also worn, and very frequently a white *kurta* as well. Up to twelve years of age a Châran girl only wears a skirt, with a *dupatta* thrown over her back, the latter is tucked into the waist in front, and, being carried over the left arm round the back, it is then taken over the

head, the right arm being more or less exposed; metal beads strung on thread are also tied under each ankle. (The wearing of the *dupatta* by girls under twelve is by no means universal, and small children of both sexes appear to be allowed to run naked till a later age than is common in most castes. W. Haig.) At twelve she acquires the plain brass bangles, (as distinguished from the "*wankari*") on her ankles, wears a *choli* (of the peculiar Châran pattern. W. Haig) and is now considered marriageable. Her parents may now adorn her with any of the ornaments worn by a Châran woman, with the exception of the curved anklet,* only put on after marriage, and called the *wankri;* and the bone or ivory ornaments worn between the shoulder and the elbow, *i. e.*, she may wear them on the forearm, but not above the elbow till after marriage. They wear a necklace of red glass beads, hanging loosely round the neck, one of black beads tied tightly around the neck, earrings, and may plait their hair to just above the ear, where a silver bell-shaped ornament is attached, the hollow part of which is filled with sheep's wool, dyed red, and they may also wear a nose ring; in fact, anything and every-thing that a Châran woman cares to, with the two exceptions above noted. All Chârans may eat together, and all will eat from the hands of the Mathuria or Labâna. A Labâna may eat from a Mathuria's and a Mathuria woman may eat "*Rukhi roti*" from a Labâna's, or flour with which only water has been mixed, and a Labâna woman may eat the same from the hands of a Châran, but the males may not.

Marriage. The four Bhúkiya gotras may not intermarry, not the Bánod gotras either, and it is customary for all Chârans to seek a wife from some other division than their own. Between the betrothal and marriage of a Châran girl, she may not eat and drink in the bridegroom's house, or shew her face to him or any of his relatives. Chârans do not marry, till they have attained puberty.

Birth. The woman lives apart in a separate hut in the kúrí, run up for her use for the time, and is unclean for five days after her confinement. On the sixth she washes the feet of all the children in the kúrí, feeds them, and then returns to her husband's hut. When a child is born in a (moving) tándá the same is observed, and for five days she walks alone after the tándá, encamping a little distance from it when the halt is called.

Language. The Chăran language seems a corruption of Márwádi, and a Chăran and Márwádi, each speaking his own language, can understand each other. The Márwádis of Jaipur and Jódhpúr do not speak exactly the same lingo, and it is said by themselves that, in every day's march through Márwád a different patois is met: similarly the Mathuria and Labâna dialects, being very much alike, the Chăran differs slightly from both, but all have a Márwád sound. Take the following as an example:—

	Banjara.			
	Mathuria.	*Labâna.*	*Chăran.*	*Márwádi.*
Babe	Bálo	Bálo	Bálak	Balak
Birth	Janam	Jallam	Jallam	Jallam
Blessing	Asirwád	Asirwad	Assís	Assís
Calamity	Bupata or Afat	Bupata or Afat	Afat	Bipat Bukhat Afat
Censure	Dos	Dos	Dos	Dos
To feed	Jewáná	Jewáná	Khoradena	Jewána
Angry?	Ras	Ras	Rís	Ris Rarr
What do you say?	Tukaho kahi?	Tukaho kahi?	Tukain ka hechhi?	Tukain kaho. chho?

Widowhood. The younger brother has a claim on his deceased elder brother's wife, and may marry her by simply assembling a *pancháyat*, giving a feast, and saying he will do so, taking her to his hut. But the brother may not care to do so, or she may refuse. In the first event, should she have a son by the elder brother (a daughter gives no claim) the effects are equally divided, and the brother must support her till re-marriage, which the Chârans allow. In the second event, if the brother is willing, the widow simply receives food and clothing at the brother's hands, and in either event she can only re-marry with the brother's consent, when he receives Rupees 75 from her husband, and Rupees 5, formerly taken for Bhangi Naik, is given to the Naik of her tándá or kúrí. Should the widow elope, the brother chooses ten or twelve associates to go and "sit in *dharna*," as theHindu puts it,—or squat down in front of any hut she may be in, to be fed and liquored up till the above-mentioned sum is paid, when she may marry her paramour. She can, however, elect to live in sin, and then it is said the claim is forfeited; but then a second claim or penalty sets in, amounting to exactly the same, and the widow would be given back to the brother, or his claim settled; for, on a refusal to liquidate his claim, a *pancháyat* forms, which orders the paramour to marry the widow and pay the sum claimed by the brother *to the puncháyat*,—leaving it optional to pay the brother or the *pancháyat* the required sum, and, under any circumstances, all the food, liquor, and tobacco consumed by the deputation must be defrayed by the paramour.

Infanticide and Human Sacrifice.—It is believed that infanticide, which at one time obtained to a great extent, has been stopped, but the following statement of a kidnapped child, some eleven or twelve years of age, referring, as it does, to human sacrifice, may be interesting. The wording has been retained as far as possible, but uninteresting portions are omitted. After explaining how

* These "curved" anklets are heavy *zigzag* anklets made of brass.—W. H.

he was kidnapped, and the tip of his tongue cut off to give him a defect in speech, the Kunbi lad, taken from Sahangarhi, in the Bhandara District, of the Central Provinces, went on to say: "The tándá encamped for the night in the jungle. In the morning a woman named Gangi said the devil was in her, and that a sacrifice must be made. On this four men and three women took a boy to a place they had made for "*puja*." They fed him with milk, rice, and *gur*, and then made him stand up, when Gangi drew a sword and approached the child, who tried to run away; caught and brought back to this place, Gangi, holding the sword with both hands, and, standing on the child's right side, cut off his head with one blow. Gangi collected the blood and sprinkled it on an idol; this idol is made of stone, is about nine inches high, and it has something sparkling on its forehead. The tándá marched that day, and for four or five days consecutively without another sacrifice, but on the fifth day a young woman came to the tándá to sell curds, and, having bought some, the Banjáras asked her to come in the evening and eat with them. She did come, and, after eating with the women, slept in the tándá. Early next morning she was sacrificed in the same way as the boy had been, but it took three blows to cut oft her head; it was done by Gangi, and the blood was sprinkled on the same idol. About a month ago, Sita Ram, a Gond lad, who had also been kidnapped, and was in the tándá, told me to run away; as it had been decided to offer me up in sacrifice at the Jeothi festival, I ran away."

It is not easy to determine satisfactorily to one's understanding what the child did see—if not what he described; nor can any reason be assigned why the child should run away, ask for protection, and make this voluntary statement, if untrue, the more especially as he had been wandering about some days, and could not tell exactly where the tándá he had escaped from was encamped, and certainly had no idea of causing injury to any one. Found wandering by a Bhât, to whom he told the above, he was taken to the nearest police station, and there repeating his story, a very searching and rather protracted inquiry was held, which, however determined nothing, while it did not disprove the child's statement. Did not the Gonds and Koláms in former years sacrifice a child instead of the goat now killed before the heap of grain first reaped at the harvest? I have often been told that they did, and, if so, we can hardly say a class admitted to have been addicted to murder for witchcraft, and that in very recent days cannot have committed human sacrifice. The above statement was made in 1871, and, had such practices been of frequent occurrence, we must have heard more regarding them. I think we may say they do not obtain now, but the possibility of one such crime being committed now and then should, I believe, be recognized.

(The peculiar privilege conferred on the Rahtors' by one of the phrases in the order given by Asaf Ján to Bhangi and Jhangi, "din ko tín khún muâf," may possibly have had some reference to the prevalence of human sacrifice among the Chârans. W. Haig.)

Religion. The Chârans are deists in reality. They say they look on Guru Nának as the propagandist of their religion, but have nothing in common with a Sikh, and, as they worship Hindu gods, it is very doubtful whether the class now recollects any of the tenets of the religion professed by the Sikhs. In fact, they choose their own guru now, as shewn below, or do without one. There are men known to me who have taken their guru from the Nandair shrine, who dress like a Sikh, conform to their customs, and profess the Sikh religion, and these men are living in tàndás with the Chârans who worship the gods below named. One and all reverence the name of Guru Nának, whilst they worship Báláji, Mariai or Mahákáli, Tuliá Devi, Shiva Bhai, Mithu Bhukia, and Sati. They have lesser gods also, and the Wartiyas add Shiva Das to the list, as do other denominations living in the Telinga country. Shiva Bhai was the first and only holy man of their own class, whose temple at Pahur is visited by thousands during the Dasahra festival, whilst Mithu Bhukia was a notorious freebooter. The oath they least like to take is by Shiva Bhai, but the most binding would be found in adding superstitious awe thereto in the following manner:—The man to be sworn places his right hand on the bare head of his son and heir; in his left he grasps a cow's tail, and then, swearing him by Shiva Bhai, there is a chance he will not perjure himself: whilst he fears injury in person through his *nám lene wálá* and murrain in his cattle, should he break his oath. If he can break this oath he will not keep faith in anything. But the Chârans have a guru, or spiritual teacher, and there are Bhagats also whom they consult; the bad Bhagat, called the Jántá, and the good Bhagat, called Nimbu-Katna. Sometimes the guru is chosen from the Udásis, or Bairágis, and now and then from the Nandair shrine, but usually from the Gosáwis, the divisions of which are:

Dwárka.	*Jagannáthi.*	*Badrináthi.*	*Rámeshwar.*
1. *Tírath.*	1. *Ban.*	1. *Giri.*	1. *Sáraswati.*
2. *Asram.*	2. *Arun.*	2. *Parwath.*	2. *Bhárti.*
		3. *Ságar.*	3. *Puri.*

After spending a certain time under instruction, the chela, or disciple, returns to his kúrí, and never sees his guru again, or mentions his name in any one's hearing.

The principal good Bhagats are :

1. *Hánya Barhwá*
2. *Satwya Barhwá.*
3. *Kályá Barhwá.*
4. *Bhadaríyá.*

The first three are brothers, and are all at the Kujli temple in H H. the Gaekwar's dominions. This tribunal is the most esteemed ; other Jántás decisions are taken to it on appeal ; it is, or was, their appellate court, and its decisions might not be questioned.

5. *Suka Bhai*, the pujári at the Pahur temple in the Basim District, in Berar, and all the above are classed with Nimbu Katnás.

The principal Jántás, or bad Bhagats, are :—

1. Choka, a Khetawat, residing at Bitargaon, in the Basim District.

2. Hirya, a Bhukia, of Thawar Naik's kúrí, which was formerly at Kánonli, Bárá, 9 kos south of Nagpur.

3. Tárá Bhao—a Bhukia, who seems to have disappeared now.

4. Nur Singh—a Bhukia, in Hatti Naik's kúrí, about 30 miles south of Raipur.

5. Hema—a Bhukia, of Chápá Naik's tándá, formerly at Garhsul, 9 kos west of Nagpur.

Khema Khetawat, who was frequently consulted, is now dead. Banjáras, therefore, worship Hindu gods, have a guru if they choose, and there is the good and the bad Bhagat for them to consult when they like. The Nimbu-Kátná is a total abstainer from meat and liquor ; he fasts once a week, on the day assigned to the god he worships and most venerates, usually Mahádeo, is highly respected, and never panders to vice. But the Jántá is of a different type, and the following will shew the devilry enacted when a deputation visits one to inquire the cause of an obstinate ailment, cattle murrain, a sudden death, or other misfortune, out of which the Chăran endeavours to make capital. And it must be remembered that other causes, such as personal dislike, were often the sole incentive for such inquiry : when it will be understood that the life of any woman was in the hands of any unscrupulous, disreputable, avaricious man : for if the following does not shew premeditation, collusion, and villainy of no ordinary type, an honest ring is wanting.

A woman is often called a "Dákan," or witch, spitefully, and when this word has been used, the husband or nearest male relative is regularly bullied into consulting a Jántá. But take this case. Some one has been ill for a week, an avaricious husband or brother will begin to whisper foul play ; will suggest that some one who knows an exorcising charm be sent for ; the name "Dákan" will then be heard, and the wise man arriving will mutter an incantation like the following, which the Banjáras say, is calculated to alleviate suffering or destroy the witch's spell. A betel leaf (*pán*) is given to the sufferer, and the wise man says :

Pán, pán, maká pán
Chuná kathá, bírmasán
Kháwe fuláne ká pán
Tut kalejá tyáchá prán
An án, mátá pityachí án
Bándh, bándh, Bír Imám ko bándh !
Sulaimán pír paighumbar ki duhákí !
Chele mantri Ishwarí Bádsháh !
Chhu !

Perhaps because it is an odd jumble some have faith in the above, yet it is rarely admitted to have done good, for, in that case what follows would be lost. There is money to be touched, cattle can be acquired, and on such easy terms what Chăran would forego a chance ? The incantation having had no soothing effect, the sufferer's relatives send for their naik, mention whom they suspect of witchcraft (for a woman is always named) or simply say the sufferer is under the influence of a dákan, and they wish him to send a deputation to some Jántá Bhagat to inquire of him who is the sorceress. One male adult is usually chosen from each family resident in the kúrí, and they are despatched to a Chăran Jánta forthwith, accompanied by the convener of the deputation. On the road this party buries a bone, or some other article, and the Jánta is presently made to name the article and say where it was buried, and now begins the by-play, for the Jántá is a wise man, and, recollecting that "*no dákan is no fee,*" he will not take any risks by entering on the matter at once, but bids the deputation rest, and come to him for consultation on the following day. Next day, time having been allowed any one to prime the Jántá throughout the night, and, name the obnoxious woman, &c., the Jántá begins by telling each man his name, class, gotra, and pārá, that they came to inquire because of a certain person's illness (naming the person) and orders them to bring the necessaries by nightfall. These consist of sweet oil, red-lead, *pánch khájá* (gur, dates, cocoanut, *chiraunji*, and til seed) and liquor. The men of the Bhagat's kúrí come and beat the nagára (Maráthi for naqqára نقاره) and sing, and the Jántá lights a wick, the relative of the sufferer places a rupee by this and it is taken up by the Jántá, who, holding it in his hand, begins to sway about and to make contortions of his face and body, whilst the goddess, Mariai is supposed to have entered his body. He is now inspired, puts down the rupee, and states the day and hour at which the sick man was first seized with illness, mentions its nature, and indignantly inquires why the deputation buried a certain article (naming it) at a certain place (describing it) on the road. Sometimes the deputation will require no further proofs of inspiration rom the Jántá, when he proceeds to further

business, but if they are not satisfied, a goat in kid is brought, the Jántá is made to mention the sex of, and any distinguishing marks on, the kid, the goat is then killed, and should he have guessed aright, the Jántá proceeds to mention the names of the people residing in the kúrí whence the deputation came, their children, and any valuable or prized cows or bullocks. The sufferer's representative is informed what family he married into, and he then presents his *nazar*, formerly fixed at Rs. 25, but often more than double this sum in present days. The Jántá now takes to song, and, during his chant, introduces the names of the families residing in the kúrí, other than the one to be mulcted, and, giving them all vile abuse disposes of them. He now assumes an ironical appearance, extols the virtues of a certain family, becomes facetious, and praises the representative of that family then before him, who immediately puts the Jántá numberless questions regarding his own family, his connections, worldly goods, what gods he worships, asks who is the witch, who taught her sorcery, and how and why she practised it in this particular instance. But the Jántá has been properly coached, has a good memory and his answers are correct. A goat is brought, offered up in sacrifice to Bhairoba, and the meat, with the liquor previously provided, being consumed, the deputation returns to its kúrí. The nearest male relative may now appeal to a higher tribunal, but a a woman proclaimed a dákan is a dákan at all events till greed has been satisfied and the expenses of the deputation have to be paid, with the sum fixed by a *pancháyat*, on the return of the deputation, the latter going to the poor sufferers family. The punishment for being proclaimed a dákan was formerly death to the woman and a fine for the sick man's family. The husband was usually deputed to kill his wife, or her own sons were, and if these refused, other men were told oft to kill and bury her at once, with all the clothing and ornaments then on her person, when a further sum would be taken from her nearest male relative. But we have, it is hoped, almost entirely stopped murder for witchcraft, and the husband, giving a few head of cattle to the sick man, is now generally turned out of the kúrí with his wife. But it is quite possible that an obnoxious old hag would not even now escape death, and that this lawless class would exact the penalty when the fine was not forthcoming. There is a known instance, in recent times, wherein her three sons killed their mother; the whole kúrí combined to screen these amiable young men, and, the investigation being pressed, they preferred making the Jántá the scapegoat, and he got seven years, whilst the murderers could not be touched! All allowed the proclamation—none the murder. In a more recent case Rs. 45 in cash and twelve head of cattle were given to a sick man, and the *pancháyat* and Jántá were run in for extortion, but even Ramu Naik, the representative of the Jhangi family, who was formerly a Jántá, being ill for some months together in 1880, turned his eldest son and every man, woman, and child out of his kúrí, with the exception of his youngest wife, her family and relations, and in 1881 he declared he had been better ever since he had done this, and that he was certain one of them was practising sorcery on him. But it would be very easy to give numerous instances to prove how deeply rooted is the Châran belief in sorcery, their antipathy to witches, whom they call dákan, and also that they frequently have an obnoxious woman proclaimed—young or old—by one of the Jántás, who will always lend themselves to any deceit, because they make a fair income out of the credulity of the proclaimed woman. Sometimes it is even known that the proclamation is only the result of a conspiracy, the moving parties are all well known, she knows she has intentionally offended no one, but the very name "dákan" cannot be borne, and she and hers will suffer any robbery of their worldly goods rather than live under the stigma. Perhaps all Jántás and *pancháyats* assembling for this purpose should be prosecuted for extortion directly the fine has been paid.

It would perhaps be better to treat the Dhári class now, before noting the crimes to which the different classes are addicted.

Dháris. The Dháris were formerly Hindus and Rátwán Bhats of the Gang Bhát family. Their ancestor's Hindu name is not remembered, but he was a servant of Guru Nának's and one day went with him to a feast given by the great Mughal, Húmáyún; he there ate beef, or buffalo, flesh, the Dhárís are not certain which, and was afterwards circumcised and became a Musalman, the name then given him being Mardána Mír. Mardána now became a musician in the service of the great Mughal, and had two sons Ghazi (Gaji) and Gandha, who, on their family increasing, for each had six sons, left the Court, joined the Chârans, and became the bards of the Banjára class. The above is Umla Dhárí's statement, but Hema Dhárí says their ancestor was Mulána Núr, who had one son, Dhyándás, whose only son, Gharíbdás, had twelve sons, named as follows. With this exception the statement of the two Dhárís, who were old men, and respected in their class, agree, and these twelve divisions represent the Dhárí family; they are:—(1) Tájnáth (2) Pochlá (3) Ratná (4) Dungroth (5) Shárá (6) Rudhá (7) Bájí (8) Sagnáwat (9) Bhagnáwat (10) Rámdás (11) Bhímlá (12) Deháwat. Of these, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 came to the Deccan as Banjára bards, whilst 1, 9, 10, 11, 12 still remained at the Mughal Court. It seems the descendants of 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 were prohibited from intermarrying, but those of

Tájnáth and Pochlá were not. The Dháris are both musicians and mendicants: they sing in praise of their own and the Chȃran ancestors, and of the old Kings of Delhi, whilst at certain seasons of the year they visit Chȃran kúrís, when each family gives them a young bullock, or a few rupees. They are Musalmáns, worship Saraswati, and at matrimonial ceremonies offer up a he-goat to Gájí and Gandhá, showing there is some foundation for a part of Umlá Dháris statement. Their marriage ceremonies are more like the Musalmán than the Hindu, but differ slightly in small details, and they consume large quantities of liquor on these oocasions. But they retain a custom found pretty generally in the lower classes of Hindus, *viz*:—the younger brother has the same claim on his elder brother's widow as described above, under the Chȃrans, and all the penalties are the same. A woman is only unclean three days, when the children of the kúrí are fed by her on cooked rice, and she then returns to her husband's hut. She may not, however, eat meat again until the anniversary of the child's birth, when a he-goat is sacrificed to the Pírs, friends are feasted, and then the woman partakes of meat for the first time. At burials a Faqír is called to read the prayers instead of a Qází.

Dháris were, and still are, musicians and bards; the Chȃrans were dancers, and their women still spend the better portion of the night dancing at their kúrìs, whilst some male strikes the nagára.

CRIMINAL PROPENSITIES OF BANJÁRAS.

The Mathuria and Labȃna have never been known to commit road crime, or to pilfer, but both, in common with the Chȃran, are much addicted to kidnapping and cattle-stealing. The two former classes will sometimes purchase children in times of scarcity, and drive off, with their own, any cattle found straying on their road, or which may have been stolen by the Cháran members of their tándá, or by their Jángars. "Kidnapping," in both the Mathuria and Labána dialects is "*Labáná phúsláná*," and the kidnapped children are called Jángars. These are whipped up or enticed away, whenever an opportunity presents itself, during their carrying expeditions. The children are at first put into górús (the grain-bags) on the bullocks, and are so carried for a few days, being made over at each halt to the care of some woman, who pops him back into his górú on any stranger passing by the encampment. The tongues of the males are often slit, whilst a female, if over six or seven years of age, is frequently disfigured for fear of recognition at a future period, and for this the marking-nut juice is generally smeared on one side of the face, which burns into the skin, and entirely alters her appearance. If they behave well, do not cry much, or attempt to escape, Jángars are generally fairly treated—the girls being frequently raised to the dignity of a concubine, even to a Mathuria, and should she bear a son to her lord, before he has sold or otherwise disposed of her, she is permitted, so long as she may live, to rest under his shadow, as slave to the married wife, the Jángar woman doing all the dirty work, but never cooking for her lord's household, whilst she eats separately and after every one else. All others, males and females, may be, and often are, sold to more wealthy men than the kidnapper, and are sent to tend cattle, draw water and cut wood and grass for their master, all of which is generally done cheerfully, and, if satisfaction is given, the master will presently defray his Jángar's marriage expenses, if a male, and thus acquire a second slave. The classes mostly kidnapped seem to be the Koshti, Gaoli, Kunbi and Koli, but any child not a Máng, Dher, or Chambhár, is acceptable. A Jángar can only marry a Jángar, and his descendants are all Jángars to the seventh generation, when they marry into the Cháran family, on which they take the name of the gotra into which they marry. But a male Jángar when arriving at puberty frequently refuses to oontinue a slave, and runs off with some Jángar girl to some distance, where his master is unlikely to hear of him,—the name, however, adheres to him for life, his children inherit it, and so do all his descendants to the seventh generation. There are thousands of Jángars now, and, though not done so openly as formerly, our daily experience shows that Banjáras kidnap to some extent, and that they are especially fond of the profitable crime of cattle-stealing. A Jángar woman may never wear the *wáṅkrí*, and is distinguishable at a glance from a Chȃran. Chȃrans and Dháris are notorious dacoits and road workers; they are burglars very often, stealers of grain and cotton from standing crops, of cattle, almost in the presence of the owner, will whip up and carry away goats from feeding flocks, break into pens of goats and take what they require; they have been caught and sentenced for shop-lifting in a bazár at night, and in one known instance for cutting away the strings wherewith a bundle was tied to a cart and making off with the bundle, in fact more what one would expect from a Tákankár, or a Kaikárí: they have indeed degenerated, and, formerly known as clever dacoits and robbers, have now become petty thieves. All Banjáras move out of the kúrí, if only for a few hundred yards, at the Dasahra. After this festival some tándás start on their carrying expeditions, but this is rare, for most start after the Diwálí. We know that most criminal tribes worship Mahákáli at the Dasahra festival, and for this purpose the temple at Pahur is visited yearly at this time by thousands of Banjáras, and it is generally understood that after this worship the omens will be taken, and a general outline be decided on for the working season. Some decide on the

route to Dumda, a wheat mart, some go to Haidarabad in the Deccan, whilst some prefer settling down in villages adjacent to a bazár town on harvesting pretences, but what the members of the kúrí will do has generally been decided on inmediately after the Dasahra, and, though the programme may be modified during the season, it is pretty generally adhered to. In former days Berar Banjáras, of whom alone any description is attempted, had almost the monopoly of the carriage of salt into Berar, the C. P. and the Deccan generally, the extension of railway lines took this from them, and their only great mart now is Dumda, in the Raipur District of the C. P., where the larger tándás mostly go twice during the season for the purchase of wheat, and it is during these expeditions that a tándá requires most watching in order to prevent kidnapping and cattle stealing with occasional dacoity; whilst those dotted about in villages around bazár towns most frequently commit dacoities, robberies, and petty thefts. A tándá leaving Berar will generally break up when it has crossed the Wardha; practise every dodge it can think of to hoodwink us whilst absent, but endeavour to return to us the same in number as it left. Sometimes the naik says a portion of his tándá wants to stay for harvesting at a village on the banks of the Wardha, and eight or ten men may be allowed to halt here, and become the outlying picket, able, frequently in one night, certainly in from eighteen to thirty hours, to run cattle, Jángars, or other acquisitions as brought to them by their confederates, into their old kúrí, where a few old men and women, with a few lads, have generally been left. This detachment generally prefers a village between two bazár towns, when it is also able to work on its own account, and will strive to keep the police misinformed of the movements of the party which has perhaps gone on to Dumda in one body, or been allowed to break up into small parties travelling separately along the same route and within a day's march of each other: all these parties will be composed of young and able-bodied men and women, with just an old deceiver here and there to do any talking to the authorities *en route*—the women being frequently used as messengers, and to run stolen property, which is hidden under their petticoats. Sometimes, having left its picket, the larger party will only go on a few miles, halt again, and drop another party between two bazár towns, and when once settled down in this way, whilst the tándá commands a large tract of country, and each party is under a distinct naik, it is frequently forgotten that all these so-called naiks and separate parties are members of one tándá, and are working in unison to the detriment of a large community. Other tándás, after throwing out pickets, will decide to go on to Dumda, when it will endeavour to break up into parties of eight or ten men, each party being one march of about five miles ahead of the other, and in this manner a moving tándá of, say, only 100 men, can cover fifty miles of country to and from Dumda; none of these parties will be seen communicating, but they do so freely during the night time, and the ground occupied by the foremost party is taken up by the next almost directly it has moved on. In fact, hardships most difficult to meet are invented or created directly the Wardha has been crossed, the naik says scarcity of grass, etc., prevent their keeping together, that there are different interests in the tándá, he wants and must be allowed to go on at once, in order to arrive at Dumda by a certain date, but others want to stay for a certain bazár (held close by) saying they are sure to pick up a load, and he cannot wait their pleasure; others say they only left the kúrí in company with the naik, who knowing that they had no cattle, could not expect them to do anything but harvesting, besides, what necessity is there for so long a journey when the Kunbís of the village they are at, want hands for the harvesting, and have promised them employment? These are matters in which we cannot very well interfere, and the wretched scamps work their wicked will in the end. They almost deserve to, for their imagination is always very fertile, and, whilst they are clever schemers, perhaps they are one of our most independent and manly criminal tribes, as, indeed, they have hitherto been one of our boldest. If the ceremonies formerly gone through by Chârans and Dhárís, and even now sometimes practised prior to the commission of serious road-crime and village dacoity, be added, we shall perhaps have enough to remember Banjáras by in the future, when they have settled down as cultivators of the soil, or when extended cultivation over areas now waste necessitates their "moving on" to more distant wilds.

Puja to Mithú Bhúkiya.—A hut was usually set apart in each kúrí, sacred to Mithú Bhúkiya, an old free-booter, and kept entirely for devotional purposes. A flagstaff was erected in front of it, on which a white rag flew. It is believed this free-booter lived in the C. P., and that his exploits did not extend beyond those provinces and the Deccan, whilst it is known his success engendered the respect felt for him by the class, and that he is worshipped only by the dacoits now, as the most clever, never-detected dacoit handed down by their ancestors. The worshipper washes, cooks, puts on clean clothing, and taking some of the cooked food on a *thálí* in which he also places some frankincense, approaches the flagstaff with some fire and a *lota* of water in his other hand. He ignites the frankincense and smokes the flagstaff, and then the hut, calling on Mithú Bhúkiya, leaves the frank-

incense on a *chabutra* in this hut, and goes home to his meal. The preliminary ceremonies now to be narrated are in present days often neglected, but after a successful haul the after-ceremonies are rarely forgotten. Having talked it over previously, and decided on the gang to be used, all selected assemble at this hut at night; an image of Sati is produced and placed on the *chabutra*; *ghi* is then put into a *kuliyá*, or small earthen cup, into which a wick shaped thus (Δ) is placed. This being lit, an appeal to Sati is made for an omen, and, the purpose for which they are assembled being mentioned, the wick is watched, and should it droop, as such a wick must in time, the omen is propitious; they then *salám* and start at once for their raid. They may not return to their homes after this *puja*, and should neither speak to each other, nor answer if challenged, for then the charm is broken, and they ought to return to take the omens again, or give up that particular dacoity altogether. The gang looks for omens on the road, and these are construed very much as they were by the Thags of the Upper Provinces in former days, and, in fact, by most of our criminal tribes—sneezing, a hare crossing their path, a jackal howling either in front or to the left hand. an owl screeching in front, are all considered unlucky signs or bad omens, and there are some fifty omens, good or bad, any one of which may impress them with a certainty of their success or entail their return. If successful, the property is buried in the jungle, and they return home as expeditiously as they can, but generally leave a false track to inculpate others, or hide their own route. When the hue and cry has subsided the property is dug up, it is decided what portion shall be set aside for Mithú Bhúkiya, and of the balance the Kúrí Naik receives two shares if he has participated in the crime, otherwise nothing; the man who struck the first blow, or who it may be decided did most towards their common object, also receives two shares, and all the rest one share. With Mithú Bhúkiya's share a goat or two, rice, flour and liquor are bought, some plausible reason assigned for a feast, the naik taking this on himself, and all the males in the kúrí, or tándá, are invited. All being assembled a spokesman rises with a *tháli* in his hand, containing some of the cooked food, some liquor and frankincense; he thanks Mithú Bhúkiya for gratifying their wishes, and, pouring the liquor down at the flagstaff, he leaves the burning frankincense on the *chabutra* inside the hut; he then makes an obeisance, says "the offering has been accepted," and all assembled thank Mithú Bhúkiya for accepting their gift. A portion of the food is now sent to the women and children, and the males sit down to their feed. Women *salám* to the flagstaff, but under no pretence may they enter this hut, and they are excluded from the ceremonies described above. The Chârans have no image of Mithú Bhúkiya, but nearly every one has one of Sati and all one of Mari Mái, whom they dread as well as reverence.

In the above the Dháliyás have not even been mentioned, because these notes were intended to be confined to the four divisions of the Banjára class; there are, however, Châran Mángs (these are the Dháliyás—W. Haig) Chambhárs, etc., as before mentioned. whose identity is swallowed up in the great Chàran family, for which they work, and every kúrí or tándá of any size at all has its low caste residents, who are treated with contempt by their masters and are hardly worthy of mention at all,—wanting as they do the independence of character common to the four classes described.

Multánís and Mukerís have been called Banjáras also, and perhaps because Multánís also carry grain and Mukerís carry wood this confusion has arisen. The former are dacoits and cattle-lifters; the latter wood-cutters, who also commit dacoity at times when not in British territory—both are Musalmáns. There are many other carrying classes mentioned by Colonel Stewart in his notes on these classes some years ago, any one of which has quite as much pretension to be called a Banjára as a Mukerí or Multání. The following extract will shew how very little was known of the Banjára class even in 1869, although they had been living in our midst for many years. Colonel Wilk writing of them says:—" Much has been conjectured and little ascertained regarding this extraordinary class of men, whose habits and history were at that period entirely unknown to the English army. Every man and many of the women were armed with a great variety of weapons, and though moving with their whole train of women and children, who could scarcely be classed among the impedimenta, proved themselves capable, in many instances, not only of military defence, but of military enterprise, as was particularly evinced in the slaughter and plunder of the lower fort of Kabaldurg (Cabal-droog). Further north they are known by the name of Brinjáríes, (scil. Birinjáris. W. H.) a supposed Persian compound designating their office with the army; in the south they are called "Lumbhánies," but no conjecture has been hazarded regarding this name, and *they have not even a tradition regarding their origin!!!* There is a number of grain-carrying classes and these have collectively received the name of Brinjáries, and each of these could be called a Brinjárí class, such us a Mukerí or Multání Brinjárí, but to call them Banjáras would be a misnomer, the former taking their name from their occupation of grain carriers; the latter, it is believed, from the Urdu word *banjar*, waste-land, which itself is only a corruption of the Sanskrit word bandhyá, "barren," and this perhaps because

they live in hamlets run up in *waste land* and *jungle tracts*. The Hindu * traders so well known in the Deccan by the name of Wanjárís might as well be called Banjáras as can a Mukerí or a Multání, and it has been endeavoured to shew that originally this class sprung from Brahman, Chhatri and Rajput strains, and that, joined by the Dhârí, or bard class, these four divisions represent the Banjára class in the present day. These Dhárís appear to have originally sprung from the great Sánsya class of the Upper Provinces, whose ancestor was also Mulla Nur, or Mauláná Nur, and the Wartiyá sub-division, which wishes to rank higher than the rest of the Chăran family, has evidently no claim to such an honour, for their own name of Wartiyá or Jádon clearly shows their intriguing ancestor was not a Brahman, but belonged to the Yádav, Jádav or Jádon Rajput class of Rajputana. It has been shown also that the Chăran tradition points to the Rajput lads joining the Labânas, staying with them, learning and adopting their occupation of carrying grain, and this may account for the indiscriminate application of the term Lambâni to distinguish a Banjára from other Birinjáris. The word is evidently a corruption of Labâna and is therefore not applicable to the whole class. The whole of the Chăran family, when carrying grain for an army, place a twig of some tree in their *pagris* to show they are on the war-path, in fact the *ním*, which is always used on such occasions when obtainable, was invariably used and would be now, if they had occasion to fight to the death on any social matter, or under any supposed grievance. Banjáras, with all their faults, are undoubtedly the finest, most independent, and certainly most interesting criminal class we have in Berar, and thinking these few notes, collected during rather a lengthened residence amongst them, might be considered interesting, and in some small measure tend towards the class itself being better understood, I have been induced to print them. If this aim be accomplished, and this manly class raised in the estimation of my reader, my time will have been well spent.

Note.—A Chăran in Berar, when asked his caste, will, in nine cases out of ten, reply "Labâna," when more closely questioned he will reply "Chăran Labâna"—the word "Banjára" is hardly ever used by them and "Labâna" seems to have taken its place as a generic term, at any rate for all Chăran and Labânas. This seems to bear out in some degree the account given by the Chărans of their early relations with the Labânas. They (the Chărans) in calling themselves Labânas do not appear to be actuated by any desire to pass themselves off as Labânas proper, but merely use the word as a convenient generic term, for when asked to what branch of the "Labânas" they belong, they will always reply "Chăran Labânas" with some pride, as who should say, "We are *Rajputs* who have taken up with the Labânas." A Mathuria, on the other hand, invariably describes himself as such, and not as Labâna.

I do not know what distinction Cumberlege intends to draw between Chhatris or Kshatriyas and Rajputs.

* The Wanjáris are agriculturists, not traders.—W. H.

With regard to the claim of the Wartiyás to a Brahman pedigree, there is one sub-division in particular, the Bhádáwats, who affect sanctity. They abstain from flesh and fish, and also (I believe) from liquor. They wear necklaces of the tulsi plant. They are reverenced by other Wartiyás as gurus, and (Colonel Mackenzie says) in this capacity sometimes officiate at weddings. They are an exagamous sub-division, but their females, when married to men of other sub-divisions, will not cook flesh or fish for them.

With reference to the sub-division the Wártiyas in 52 "páre," which I have mentioned above, I have not yet been able to obtain a table of these sub-divisions; or to ascertain whether the sub-divisions branch off from one only of the Wartiyá clans, or from more. The other castes referred to by Cumberlege as being included in the social system of the Banjáras are as follows:—

1. Sonárs.
2. Wáriks, or Barbers.
3. Dhálíyas, or Banjára Mangs

These three castes are distinct from the Hindu castes whose names they bear, and hold quite a subordinate position among the Banjáras, being, possibly, descended from Jángars, of castes lower than those from which Jángars are usually taken. This would explain the fact that they have not, as other Jángars may in time, amalgamated with the Chărans.

The Sonárs are distinctly lower in social status than the great Sonár caste. They do not wear the janeo, and they do not, as a rule, trade in the precious metals, but confine themselves to making up their clients' materials, which tends to shew that their position is not that of free artisans.—*W. Haig.*

APPENDIX.

The Chăran Family.

Divisions.

I. Ráhtor. II. Panwár. III. Chauhán. IV. Túrí. V. Wartiyá or Jádon.

I. *Ráhtors.*

1. Bhúkiya *
2. Múchál
3. Murháwat.
4. Dharmsod.
5. Játod.
6. Alod.
7. Bánód.

II. *Panwárs*

1. Jharbhalá.
2. Visháwat.
3. Gurhámá.
4. Lonsáwat.
5. Vinjiáwat.
6. Amgot.
7. Vánkród.
8. Chávjad
9. Lókéwat.
10. Lóhiyat.
11. Bâní.
12. Tarbáni.

III. *Chauhán.*

1. Kélód.
2. Páthya.
3. Kurrá.
4. Lávryá.
5. Sapáwát.
6. Múih.

IV. *Túris.*

1. Jasáwat.
2. Rajáwat
3. Tegáwat.
4. Vinjrod.

V. *Wartiyás or Jádons.*

1. Bhádáwat.
2. Bórrá.
3. Lákháwat.
4. Loníwat.
5. Tejáwat.
6. Dharíwat.
7. Ghogkód.
8. Haláwat.
9. Kunsád.
10. Málód.
11. Ajmera.
12. Jétód.

* The Búkiya family
Ancestor Bhika.

Mersi. — Rátrús.
1. Kanáwat.
2. Phuiya.
3. Khátód.
4. Modrichá.
5. Hajáwat.
6. Sakhwán.
7. Kókríchá.
8. Kupáwat.
9. Muláwat.
10. Khetáwat.

Molasi — Kholás.
1. Sudárat
2. Rámnya.
3. Jálpód.
4. Dálwán.

Dédá Mógha. — Meghâwats.
1. Udháwat.
2. Hápáwat.
3. Jónshi.
4. Bónshi.
5. Aslód.
6. Jamnáwat

Khamdar, brother of Deda's concubine. — Khamdrods.
1. Tainsod.
2. Karamtód.
3. Pátród.
4. Ramnáwat.
5. Dharáwat.
6. Uráwat.
7. Déósod.
9. Láhóri.
10. Pepáwat.
11. Dumáwat.
12. Kutáwat.

The Bánods.

1. Pángad.
2. Rupiwat.
3. Dhánáwat.
4. Kurnáwat.
5. Sudásód.
6. Dharáwat.
7. Khánáwat
8. Arhód.
13. *Bandáwat.*

(The Bhúkíyas, from the number of their sub-divisions describe themselves as "Sátáis páre.")—W. H.

FOLKTALES.

380. **The Butcher and his Generous Wife.** —Once upon a time a butcher and his wife lived in a village, where water was so scarce that the people had to buy it by the pailful. One day the butcher went out on business and, lest his wife should want water in his absence, he bought two pitchers full for a pice apiece and, giving them over to his wife, said: "Be sure, and don't waste it."

After the butcher left, a cow, more dead than alive for want of water, came and stood at the butcher's door. The cow made signs that she wanted water and the woman, pitying her, gave her as much water and grass as she needed. The cow blessed her and went off to the jungle.

In the evening the butcher came home and asked for water to wash his feet. His wife gave him all that was left.

"What has become of the water I bought for you this morning?" he asked.

"I gave it to a cow who was dying of thirst," she answered.

"What did you mean by giving water to an animal whom it is my business to kill?" he asked, and in his wrath he cut off her head with a sword.

But by the mercy of Paramesar she was re-born in the family of a Rája; and when she grew up, was married to another Rája. Her father-in-law was a notorious miser, and one day a poor Brâhman came to him, and said:

"I have two daughters whom I am too poor to marry. Kindly advance me five hundred rupees for the wedding."

But the miser drove him out with abuse, and he returned home weeping bitterly. The young Râni heard him and asked her maids what was the cause of his grief. When she heard the case she sent for him, and said:

"The Royal treasury is not in my hands, but take food for three days, which is all I can give you."

The young Ráni's mother-in-law hearing of her generosity refused food and drink and retired to the Bhawan well.* The Rája, when he heard of this, was much distressed at the anger of his wife, and, dismissing his court, went to her to find out what was the matter.

"How can I bear," said she, "to see my daughter-in-law becoming mistress of the house. I was never allowed to spend a cowry in charity, while she gives maunds of grain to beggars."

The king said: "I will order my son to put his wife to death or leave my kingdom."

At this the anger of the Ráni was appeased.

The Rája sent for his son and gave him the order.

"What crime have I committed that I should kill my loving wife, or leave the kingdom?" he asked.

* Ḳúpa Bhawan.

"You must obey my order, or lose your life," said his father.

The Prince went to his wife, and in tears directed her to be ready to fly to the jungle. Both of them departed. Many of the servants wished to go with them, but the Prince turned them back and told them to continue to serve his father and mother faithfully. Then he left his wife in the forest and went to the Court of the Rája of that land. For some days no one paid any attention to him. At last the Rája saw him and sent an order to the Chief of the Police † to purchase all the rods which might be brought to the city for sale. When the Wazîr heard this, he went to the Rája and asked the meaning of this strange order.

"I am angry with my courtiers," he said, "because no one has informed me of the arrival of this stranger."

The Wazîr appeased the Rája's wrath and with his officials went and asked the Prince who he was.

The Prince said: "I will come to Court to-morrow myself and tell the Rája myself."

Next day he addressed the Rája:—

"I am the son of a Rája and I throw myself on your protection."

The Rája said: "I pity you, and I confer on you a kingdom which I have lately conquered."

The Prince and Princess took possession of their kingdom and carried out works of charity and provided for the poor and needy. After he had ruled for many years, one day the Prince asked the Princess to play at dice with him.

The Princess said:

"Play with your courtiers, and when you have gained skill, play with me."

Soon after he again forced her to gamble with him. First, he threw a low number.

The Princess then threw the dice, murmuring three times.

"From that much so much, and from so ‡ much how much? Fall favorably, O shell!"

Hearing this the Prince seized her hand and asked the meaning of her words. She objected to tell him, but he insisted.

Then she told him the story of her former life, how she had been wife of a butcher and had given water to a cow, and how she had risen to wealth by giving alms to a Bráhman. This was the result of charity.

The Prince called his Wazîr and directed him to make proclamation that any one who needed aught was to come to him. Every beggar in the land appeared, and the Prince lavished all his wealth in alms. When nothing was left, the Prince and Princess started for Kási. § On the way a Bráhman met them and asked them for money to

† Kotwál.

‡ *Itná se itna, itné se kitná?*
Par kaurí barh pávé barh!

§ Benares.

marry his daughters, promising them the merit of virtuous acts if they gave it to him. The Prince said: "I have nothing here; but come to Kási and I will give you what you need."

The Bráhman accompanied them, and when they reached Kási, the Prince went to a banker and said:

"I have nought but my wife. Take her in pledge and lend me what the Bráhman needs."

The Princess remained in pledge and lived in a separate room in the banker's house. Some time after the Prince returned with the money which he had earned by service. The banker said: "It is late and I cannot make up your account. Come to-morrow morning."

The Prince left the money with him and went to the inn. Meanwhile the Princess asked the maid if the Prince had come. She said:

"He has not come."

The Princess asked her to lock her up in her room till he came, and then to tell him that she was dead, and had directed that her body should be burnt at the Manikarnika Ghât.*

Next morning the Prince came, cleared his account with the banker, and demanded his wife. He was taken to the room and was told she was dead. So he took her to the burning place and put her body on a pyre, and went to the Dom † for fire. He demanded ten rupees for the fire. The Prince offered five rupees, but he refused it. Then the Prince blew on the pyre and it began to burn. After the ceremony was over, he went to the banker and asked leave to sleep for the night in his verandah. When he awoke in the morning he found a gold-mohur lying on the ground. He thought that the banker had dropped it and took it to him. The banker went inside and asked his wife if she was willing to adopt the Prince, as they had no son. She agreed, and the banker asked the Prince. He consented.

Some time after he went to trade with the servants of the banker. Going through the forest, he saw that the place, where the wild cows used to stay for the night, was dirty. He cleaned it and went back to his shop. Next day he went again and hid behind some bushes. When the cows came, one said to the other:

"If he that cleaned our resting-place were here, it would please us."

He came forward, and the cows asked him what boon he desired. He answered:

"If you are pleased with me, change your dung into pearls."

They said:

"Be it so."

The Prince made the dung‡ into cakes and put them into his ship. On the way they wanted fuel, and the boatmen took some of the dung cakes, and found pearls in them: they joined together and threw him into the sea.

At the bottom of the sea lay an image of Mahádeva, and the Prince struck this and cut his head. Blood streamed over the image, and the diety was so pleased with the sacrifice that he called out: "Ask a boon."

"Carry me to the Manikarnika Ghât at Kási," said the Prince.

Then the diety gave him the fruit of life, and in the twinkling of an eye landed him at the ghât. The banker was informed that his adopted son had come and took him home, giving alms to the poor as a sign of joy. The Prince gave the fruit of life to the banker, and told him its qualities. The banker determined to give it to the Rája of Kási. The Rája was much pleased and showed it to his Wazír, who advised him that it was poisonous, and it would be well to throw it away.

Behind the palace was a hut in which a man lived with his mother and wife. The women were always quarrelling, and one day the wife beat her mother-in-law in his presence. The old woman going outside, saw the fruit which the Rája had thrown away, and, thinking it poison, ate it; and immediately her youth returned.

Tho Rája heard of the miracle; and, calling the banker said:

"If you do not bring me five fruits like this, you shall be put to death."

The banker was in despair at this order, but the Prince encouraged him and set off in his ship. He sailed back to the place where the idol of Siva lay. Siva asked him why he had come. He explained the reason, and Siva said:

"The fruit is not in my power, but in that of Brahma."

Siva went with the Prince to Brahma; but he said that the fruit was not with him, but with Vishnu.

The three went to Vishnu. He said, the fruit was not in his possession, but with Indra. They four went to Indra. Indra said:

"The fruit is in my garden, but my gardener will not allow any one to touch it."

Nevertheless, they went into Indra's garden and saw a girl of heavenly beauty sitting under the tree. Seeing the Prince she covered her face and cast her eyes on the ground. The gods asked her why she was ashamed.

"The Prince," she answered, "is my husband."

Then she embraced the Prince and handed the fruits to him.

The Prince took leave of her and hastened with the fruits to the banker, who gave them to the Rája of Kási. Then all three returned to the paradise of Indra which they had gained by the piety of the woman who in her former life had been the wife of the butcher.

[A folktale told by Jayajít Lál, Village Accountant of Songarha, Mirzapur district, recorded by Pandit Rámgharíb Chaubé.]

* One of the holiest places in Benares.

† The menial who gives fire for pyres.

‡ *Chiparí*—the dry fuel cakes used in villages.

MISCELLANEA.

381. **The unwelcome guest.**—A youth went to his father-in law's house and was treated with the utmost kindness and respect. One day he said:

Sasurár Sukh ki sár.—"The house of a father-in-law is the home of happiness."

His mother-in-law answered:

Jo rahe dina dui chár—"So it is if you stay only a couple of days."

Jo rahe dina das bís ? "If he stay a fortnight or?"

Khurpa phánsi hai bakhshish.

"He gets a spade and net and has to go and cut grass for the cattle."—*W. Crooke.*

382. **Montgomery: the crop china.**—The people have a marvellous legend about a Rája declaring chína should pay no revenue on account of the quantity of water it takes. It is a precarious crop, as high winds shake out the ripening grain: hence the saying:

Chína wa wahína,
Je ghar áwé ta jápa.

China a thing knocked down by the wind, if it gets to the house then perhaps (*i. e.*) perhaps the cultivator may get something.—*W. E. Purser, Settlement Report, page* 120.

[The N.-W. P. saying is much fuller: see my *Rural and Agricultural Glossary* S. V.—What is the legend referred to above.—ED.]

383. **Omens about falling of rain.**—When black ants come out of the ground and assemble high up on a wall, it is a sign of approaching rain.

2. When the halo around the moon is large, the rain is near, when it is small, it is far off.

3. *Ghobár-i-chehrai gardun dalíl-i-baranast.* Dust on the face of sky is a sign of rain.

To stop rain.

1. A little water is taken in an earthen pot from *seven* houses and buried under the ground.

N. B.—An old respected lady gravely informed me, that the Sirkár punishes people with fourteen years' imprisonment who try to stop rain by any means whatever.

2. A doll representing a male figure is made and a bundle is attached to its back to make it look like a traveller. It is then placed in a standing posture under the sky, they say the rain then stops.

3. A virgin is made to plaster a piece of ground with cow dug, and to bury a small frog, at the same time repeating "My Allah! I will take out my frog when rain falls."

4. Exhibiting a lighted chirágh under the sky.—*M. M. Beg.*

384. **Nepal: sacred fish.**—"The springs of the Sekar are to be seen close to this village, and though it is an inconsiderable rivulet emptying itself into the Bhágmati very soon after passing to the N.-W. of Pirphing, yet its sanctity and consequently its importance among the natives is very great, giving name to one of the four asthāns (shrines) of Náráyan for which Nepal is celebrated. The multitudes of small fish which the fountains of this stream contain cannot fail to attract the notice of the traveller, nor will it sufficiently account for these being so numerous to observe that the inhabitants are universally impressed with a conviction that any attempt to steal them (catching them openly being altogether out of the question) would be followed by immediate death.—Col. Kirkpatrick's *Account of the Kingdom of Nepal, page* 75.

385. **Benares: worship of Vyasa.**—There is a temple dedicated to Veda Vyása in the Mahárája's fort at Rámnagar. It is situated above the parapet overlooking the river. The approach to it is by the main stairs (*ghát*) leading up from the Ganges to the fort. Upon the stairs to the left in a small shrine is a richly dressed figure of Ganga or the goddess of the Ganges in white marble, seated on a crocodile and having a crown on her head. She has four hands, one of which hangs down, a second is uplifted, a third grasps a lotus, and a fourth a brass vessel (*lota*). Proceeding to the top of the stairs and turning to the left you enter a court bounded on one side by the parapet of the fort and open to the sky. Here are several shrines; in the first Mahádeo resides. Another rests against the trunk of the Asokh Biro tree, and contains various small deities. Near to this shrine is a platform and upon it a temple bearing the name of Veda Vyása. There is however no image of him inside, and the object of worship is the emblem of Siva. On the floor of the platform is a carved disk representing the sun and a short distance off a figure of Ganesa.—*Calcutta Review, XL, 288.*

386. **Marwari Weather Proverbs.**

Ugante ro máchhlo,
Athavte ri mogh.
Dank kahe Bhadli,
Nadyán chadhsi gogh.

Imperfect rainbow at sunrise,
And red clouds at sunset.
Dank says to Bhadli,
Rivers shall have foam.
(On account of heavy rains.)

Magha máchanta meha,
Nahin to udant kheha.

Magha (from 15th to 28th August) rain should be heavy,
Otherwise sand will fly.
(And famine follow.)

Magha meh máchant,
Magh meh gachant.

In Magha (from 15th to 28th August) the rain pours,
Or in Magha the rain ends.

Rohin tape Miragla bájey,
Adhra meh anchityo gájey.

Heat in Rohin (from 23rd May to 5th June) and wind in Mirag (from 6th to 19th June.)
Bring sudden thunder storms in Adhra (from 20th June to 3rd July.)

Rohin báje Mirgla tape,
Raja jünjhe ne parja khape.

Winds in Rohin (from 23rd May to 5th June) and heat in Mirag (from 6th to 19th June.)
Bring the King war, the people ruin.

Sukarwár ri bádli,
Rahi sanisar chháe,
Dank kahe he Bhadli,
Barsan bina na jáe.

Clouded skies on Friday,
Continued on Saturday,
Says Dank to Bhadli,
Must bring rain.

Parbátro gájio Satpurasan
Ro bolio ailo nahin jái.

Morning thunder,
And Saints word fail not.

Dusman ki kirpa buri,
Bhali sain ki trás.
Arang tap garmi kare,
Jad barsan ri ás.

Enemy's kindness is bad,
Good is friend's harshness,
As when heat is close and great,
There is hope of rain.

Sáwan más Surio báje,
Bhadarve Parwai,
Asso más Samandri báje,
Kati sákh sawaí.

When North-East wind blows in Sawan (August),
And East wind in Bhádon (September),
With Western wind in Asoj (October),
Harvest is 20 annas in Kartik (November.)

Páwan báje Surio,
Háli haláo kyon purio,
Théh erohi janio,
Toh bháto kyon anio.

(Said by a wife who had brought dinner for her husband),
Wife: The North-East wind blows
Ploughmen! why have you not opened the furrows
(the rain will come instantly),
Husband: If you knew so,
Why did you bring dinner?

Titar pankhi bádli,
Ambar lilo kachh,
Dank kahhe Bhadli,
Kankar kude Machh.

When partridge feather clouds,
Lie on a deep blue sky,
Dank says to Bhadli,
Fish will leap on land.

Titar pankhi bádli,
Jo pachhim dis jái
Pahar athára mén,
Jal thal ék karái.

If partridge feather clouds,
Drift to the West,
Within fifty four hours,
The desert will be water.

Kirkánto bahu rang kare,
Runk chade ati sánp,
Prithivi barsálo tano,
Utarsi Indar áp.

If the chameleon changes colour,
And the snake c imbs a tree,
The rain will fall,
As if Indra himself had descended.

Papiyo pio pio kare,
Báje uttar báo,
Machhi jal upar tire,
Awe meh sawái.

If the paiyo chatter,
And the North wind blows,
And fish swim on the surface,
Abundant rain will fall.

Jeth más jo jái tapanto,
Kun rákhe jal dhar barsanto.

If Jeth is intensely hot,
Who can prevent excessive fall of rain.

Agast ugon meh nahin mande,
Jo mande to dhár na khande.

After the rise of Canopus the rain falls not,
Or it falls in unbroken showers.

Chait chirpáro,
Sáwan nirmalo.

If it drizzles in Chait,
Sáwan is fair.

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387. **A pretty couplet by Alim Queen of Wazid Ali Shah, King of Oudh**—

Aé bághbán chaman men yih khadé pukárké
Lo bulbulo! chalé ki din áé bahár ké.

Ho gardener! go, sing out among the flowers!
Ho nightingales! come all for spring again is ours.

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388. **N.-W. P. Sneezing.**—When a men happens to sneeze, one of those present, if a Muhammadan, says *bismilláh*, if a Hindu, *Shatan-jíva* or may you live a hundred years.—*Pandit Káshi Nath, Muzaffarnagar.*

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389. **Hardoi: The Legend of Bharaiya Khera, a Nag.**—In those days a Nág haunted the forest and the tank, and in his trouble the Banjára went to the tank and prayed to the kindly Nág to help him in his strait, and vowed a shrine in his honour if the Nág would aid him, and the Nág listened to his prayer, and the Banjára went his way rejoicing and sold his bales for twice their cost: and when he had now become rich he remembered his vow and returned and built a stately shrine and placed in it an image of the friendly Nág; and the ruins of that shrine you may still see. And some say that the shrine was put up because the Banjára worshipped snakes and his servant had ignorantly killed the Nág. But, be this as it may, all Hindus still worship at the ruined shrine and offer milk at it for the sacred Nág.—*Settlement Report*, 151.

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390. **A Mantra to cure the headache.**—Take hold of the forehead of the patient with the right hand, placing the thumb and middle-finger on each side of it. Move the fingers slowly to meet in the middle and repeat the following mantra:—

Ses ghorá Ses plán. Uspar charain bábá Rahmán
Khet charain chaurási bhút
Mahábír ki chauki bandh
Dekhen Mahábír tere mantra ki shakt
Kám na kare to Mahábír na kahawe.

Serpent (be the) horse and saddle (be the) serpent mount on it Baba Rahman
Eighty-four ghosts graze the field
Let Mahábír be placed as guard.
O Mahábír let me see the power of your mantra.
If it serve not no more be called Mahábír.—*Chandra Bali Shukla.*

391. **Kumaun : Idol at Badari Nath.**—The name is derived from Sanskrit *badara*, the Jujube tree. The legends respecting the origin of this idol differ. By one account it is said to have been in remote ages an object of peculiar veneration and worship in the adjoining province of Tibet, from which it fled about 17 centuries past to the spot on which the temple now stands: the second, and more probable legend, represents the idol to have been originally found in the river near the temple which was then erected and dedicated to it by Sankarácharya, a missionary from Southern India: the appearance of the idol, which bears scarcely any resemblance to the human form and exhibits evident traces of having been once worn and polished by the action of water, gives strength to this tradition.—*G. W. Traill, Statistical Sketch of Kumaun*, edited by J. H. BATTEN, page 57.

(Also see E. T. Atkinson *Himalayan Gazetteer*, II, 783.)

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392. **Montgomery :—An Agricultural Proverb.**—

Jhoté nún gah : Budhi nún ráh :
Mard nún chaki : Ghoré nún chhati.
Cháré ráh kuráh.

For a buffalo to thresh; for an old woman to travel; for a man to grind corn; for a horse to carry the panier of an ass—all four ways of doing things are bad ways.—*W. E. Purser, Settlement Report, page 78.*

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393. **A Mahomedan Fakir - Prisoner of God.**—On the arrival of the Madras mail train this morning at the Victoria Terminus station of the G. I. P. Railway, Bori Bunder, a Mahomedan Fakir named Sabuth Ali, who joined the train at Sholapore and who occupied a whole compartment of a third class carriage together with his keeper, was taken out of that carriage and placed in a labour cart, together with his servant or keeper, and escorted by the Railway police, was conveyed to the Head Police Office, Byculla, and made over to the Bombay Executive Police authorities. This man is loaded with heavy iron chains and fetters, both his arms and legs are linked together with several heavy iron rings and chains, commencing from the ankles up to the knees, and the two arms from the wrist up to the elbows. There is a large iron ring around his neck with several long iron chains linked on to it and suspending to the ground, together with several marline spikes and a heavy iron hammer shackled on to the ends of these chains and dangling about his body. The whole of the iron chains and fetters together with his person was found to weigh over eight Bengal maunds or over 672 lbs., consequently it appears the man was booked as living luggage at the Sholapore Railway station, and charged for as such to his destination, the Bombay Terminus station. The man speaks and converses most reasonably, and has all his faculties about him. He is still a stout, well built and powerful man, with a long beard slightly grey and a large quantity of hair, long and knitted together for want of combing. He states that he has been in these fetters for the past twenty-four years and calls himself a prisoner to God's estate, and it is God's will, that caused him to act as he is doing. He lives upon the benevolence of the public at large and he has always been treated very kindly by the Lord Sahibs, whom he had occasion to converse with. He came from Lahore and it was his intention to go on to Calcutta, however he had changed his mind, and went on to Hydrabad, Deccan, and thence to Sholapore where he remained for about five months and then came on to Bombay. Here he expresses a desire to go and stop at the Mahomedan Musafferkhana. However he is at present located in a shed adjoining the Head Police Office, Byculla, the man can scarcely walk with the heavy iron fetters about him. He states that he lies in one position for about eight hours and when he requires to change his position he has to stand up first and then lay down again turning himself over. At present he states that he possesses no money, and as for the food what he eats is always provided to him by the benevolent through God's will. He has in his possession a book which relates to his past life and doings which is written in the Urdu dialect and he offers it willingly to any person who desires to see it. He appears to be very calm and collected in all his ways and manners and not in the least disturbed as to the future. He gives his age as 70 years, but apparently he is a little over 50 years of age.—*Indian Mirror*, Calcutta, 19th October, 1892.—*Azizuddin Ahmed.*

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394. **Bengal—A charm to move the heart of a woman** :—Say over oil "In the sky is tilochandi. If you take tilochandi" (as to what tilochandi means I have obtained no satisfactory explanation; the only explanation at all is that it means an image of Káli made out of sesamum seeds, but this does not seem to me to be the "Open sesame" of the problem) "in your hand and apply it to your hand, your hand turns. If you put it on your face (or in your mouth) it produces its effect—anger burns, candle burns, if you put it in the forest a tiger dies, a head of a snake (or perhaps oh! head of a snake) on the brow of a tiger, by the bowing of the head of a snake such an one (meaning I suppose the lover in question) conquers, despair vanishes, he conquers. To whom should praise be given, O foot of the teacher? By whose order is this done? By the order of the goddess, the daughter of the sweeper of Kámpur, the desirable—by the order of Barhaspati. Let it be quickly accomplished." Having said all this he is to procure a new earthen pot and plate, a small Barni's string (that is not the string of a small Barni but the small string of a Barni—who, as every one knows, grows and sells betels. I met one to-day who was mad and who suggests a story—the mad betel man—a sequel to the Bee man of Orn.) These he will take to the market on Saturday and Tuesday and buy oil in the first shop he comes to. Then he will tear up into rags clothes that are left at a burning ghât and use them as a wick for a lamp and put the plate on top of the pot and let them float in a tank—especially, perhaps, in Ram Pal's tank—when the lamp goes out he will keep the black which comes from the pot on to the plate. Afterwards he will mix this with the oil and sprinkle it on the cloth of whom he loves and he will attain his wish.—A Jungly Collector in the *Week's News* of August 25th, 1894.

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395. **Montgomery : remedies for lung disease in sheep.**—Brand the nose and ears or scald them with hot milk on the first Sunday after the new moon. In sheep rot, fish oil obtained by boiling down the *makni* fish is administered. When goats are attacked with *hung*, a miracle-working *faqir* is fed on a sound goat and the sick one rarely recovers: the remedy seems worse than the disease.—*W. E. Purser, Settlement Report, page 85.*

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POPULAR RELIGION.

396. **Saharanpur : Local Deities.**—The people of Saharanpur do homage annually, or on the realization of their objects, by vowing to worship the following gods and goddesses :—

I.—Sákambari Deví.
II.—Bálá Sundarí.
III.—Ujalí Deví.
IV.—Basanti Deví.
V.—Gugá.
VI.—Nastarpúr kí Mátá.
VII.—Buddhá Bábá.

I have given an account of Sákambari Deví in a separate paper, and need not give it here.

II.—Bálá Sundarí is a goddess not localised in the district of Saharanpur, but in the territory of Nahan. The people of Saharanpur visit her shrine annually in the month of Chaitrá. Most of the Hindus go to propitiate her and some go to fulfil the vow they have made in times of difficulty. They offer to the goddess a rupee, cakes, *halwá* and other sweets, cocoanuts and a kind of coloured garment called *chundarí*. Animal sacrifice is not offered to the goddess by common pilgrims, but the Rájá of Nahan, who considers the goddess his clan deity, offers to her the sacrifices of buffaloes on the 8th lunar day in the month of Chaitrá. I believe that this goddess Bálá Sundarí, is the goddess of the Kapálí or Kanphatá Yogís, a sect founded by Gorakh-Náth, or Muchhandar Náth, and those Yogís worship the goddess with the offerings of animal sacrifice and spirituous liquor. But the Brahman priests of the Bálá Sundarí of Nahan give out that their goddess is Bhakt and does not like flesh and blood.

III.—*Ujali Deví.*—The shrine of this goddess is at Kankhal. People go to visit her shrine in the month of Jéth. No particular date for her worship is fixed. They offer to her cows, garments, cocoanuts, coloured garments, called *chundarí*, fruits, sweets, &c. By her side is the shrine of Kálí, to whom low castes offer the sacrifices of goats and other animals and wine.

IV.—*Basanti Deví.*—The shrine of this goddess is at Raiwála, 14 miles above the Har kí paindí at Hardwár. They visit her shrine in the month of Jéth, and offer to her cocoanuts, coloured garments, called *chundarí*, and garlands of silken thread, called *sehrá*, and low castes offer to her sacrifices of goats.

V.—*Gugá.*—The description of Gugá has been given by me in a separate paper, and so I need not recapitulate it here.

Nastarpúr ki Mátá.—Chamárs and other low castes worship this goddess, who is the mistress of epidemics like small-pox and cholera. They worship her with the offering of sweetened cakes and *batáshá* sweets, and sometimes they offer sacrifices of animals and wine. They do her worship in the month of Baisákh, or just when the epidemics are likely to commence. They believe that by worshipping the goddess their children, even if affected with small-pox and cholera, will not lose their lives. She is represented by a mound of earth, and to protect this mound a small earthen temple is raised over it.

VII.—*Buddha Bibá.*—The shrine of this deity is in the village Salám Nagar, near Saharanpur. Those who suffer from baldness visit the shrine of this deity. They offer to him flour, treacle and pice, and believe that thereby their baldness will be cured. They throw some flour in the name of Buddha Bibá to the wind too.—*Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

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397. **Sakambari Devi.**—The following is an abstract of Mr. Williams' account of the goddess in *Calcutta Review*, Vol. LVIII, 201:—

Deví appears in the local mythology as the destroyer of the Daityas. The Asuras, Sumbha and Nisumbha drove the gods out of heaven and ruled over the three worlds. The gods made a rude image, in clay, or stone, of Deví and did penance on the Mount Himachal. Parvati descending from Kailása to bathe, saw the assembled gods and asked them what was the object of their worship. They remained silent, plunged in meditation: but Kálika Deví said: "They have come to complain of the Daityás." One day Chunda Munda, a follower of the Daityás, saw Parvati and described her beauty to his masters. They sent Sugriva to invite her to come to them. She scornfully refused, and, finally, after a terrible struggle defeated the Daityás. The fossils found in the Siwálik hills are regarded as the trophies of her power over the Daityás, while the sural (*pueraria tuberosa*) which grows there freely is a living monument of the herbage which she formed to save mankind from famine. "A striking object stands opposite the temple of Sákambari Deví—a lingam, about six feet high, bearing a representation of Mahádeva. The god's features are mild and placid, like those of an Egyptian deity, sculptured with a degree of skill unique in these regions. The rapt expression of the countenance and the long pendulous ears are of the Buddhistic type, yet the idol is pronounced to be Brahmanical. This specimen of forgotten art was rescued from the bottom of a ravine under the temple of Suhesra Thakur, two or three miles east of Sákambari."

398. **Saharanpur: Sacred Places.**—Besides the well-known shrines at Hardwár, Juálapur and Kankhal, there are many other shrines of note in the District of Saharanpur. Along the Siwáliks close to the shrine of Sákambari Deví there is the temple in honour of Sahansara Thakur, which is served by Bairágís. They say that Satrughna, the half-brother of Ráma, performed his austerities here in the Treta Yugá. Ten miles from this is the shrine of Yamána Yatí and, the ruins of the tomb of the saint are pointed out. About six miles from this is the tomb of Sháh Mansúr. At the village of Piran Kalyar, near Rurki, is the tomb of Shaikh Ali Ahmad Sabir, who is said to have been a descendant of the celebrated Shaikh Farid Shakkarganj, who died there in the year 670 Hijri in the reign of Jalál-ud-din Khilji. About seven miles from here is a tank in the hills called Chanda Tál. They say that Rájá Karan found the philosopher's stone in this tank, and that he spent all he made by means of it in charity.—*Pandit Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

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399. **Jhansi: Omens used by the Dacoits.**—The following are bad omens:—

1. *Ass.*—If at the time the dacoits are going out on an expedition an ass brays, they will not succeed in their undertaking, and hence they do not proceed.

2. *Deer.*—If a deer passes across the dacoits' path, it is a bad omen.

3. *Crow.*—If the dacoits meet a crow seated on the ground and crowing, they will never meet with success, and hence they regard it as a bad omen.

4. *Ox.*—If the dacoits meet on their way or in the village which they intend to plunder an ox bellowing, it is a bad omen.

5. *Cat.*—If in the village intended to be plundered the dacoits meet or happen to see a cat mewing, they will return without committing the dacoity.

6. *Snake.*—If a snake passes across the way it is very bad, and if a snake is seen on the back of another, it is worse.

7. *Partridge.*—If a partridge calls on the right hand on their way, it is a bad omen.

8. *Red-coloured Sky.*—If on the approach of the dacoits to the limits of the village intended to be plundered the sky overhead looks red, they never commit dacoity, and consider it a blessing if they return safe and sound. If on such an occasion they commit dacoity, bloodshed is sure to occur.

9. *Sneezing.*—If at the time of departure from their place a person in front sneezes, they never expect success.

10. *Man.*—If the dacoits at departure on their way meet a one-eyed man, especially a Bráhman, it is a very bad omen, and if a man is met with a bundle of wood or cowdung cakes, it is worse.

11. *Hare.*—If at the time of their expedition the cry of a hare is heard, it is a very bad omen.

12. *Leopard.*—If they meet a leopard in the way it is a very bad omen.

13. *Oilman.*—If they meet an oilman in their way, they never proceed further.

14. *Shama Bird.*—If a couple of *shama* birds are met chattering, it is a bad omen.

15. *Widow.*—If a widow is met with ornaments on one leg, it is a very bad omen, and the cry of a newly-born child is a very bad omen.

16. *Vulture.*—If at the time of departure a vulture be met flying over head, it is a very bad omen.

17. *Turban, hat or sáfa.*—If at the time of departure the turban, cap or head covering of a dacoit falls off, it is a very bad omen.

18. *Weapons.*—At the time of departure if a weapon falls out of a dacoit's hand, it is a bad omen.

19. *Elephant.*—If an elephant screams at the time of their departure, it is a very bad omen.

20. *Dog, Jackal.*—If a dog, a jackal and an ass be found howling together, it is a bad omen; indicative of danger of death.

400. **Good Omens.**—

1. *Rupá bird.*—This bird met seated in the way is the omen of victory. (The rupá is a bird with white or silvery feathers.)

2. *Sháma bird.*—This bird met in the way on the left is a very good omen, indicative of success, and if seen perched on a green tree is a more auspicious sign.

3. *Crow.*—A crow met seated on a large animal eating something is indicative of victory, and calling on the right hand is a more favourable omen.

4. *Cow.*—A cow met in the way suckling her calf, is the best of all omens.

5. *Mongoose.*—A mongoose met at departure is indicative of victory.

6. *Jackal.*—A jackal howling in the way on the right is a good omen.

7. *Mad jackal.*—A jackal that howls alone at night met in the way on the left is indicative of victory.*

8. *Snake.*—A snake met and killed is a good omen, and if seen on the left hand is more auspicious.

9. *Deer.*—A deer going from the right to the left and *vice versa* is a good omen.

10. *Owl.*—An owl hooting on the left foretells victory.

11. *Fox.*—A fox howling at the time of starting or looking back when running on foretells victory.

12. *Horse.*—A horse met on the left hand or a mounted man seen foretells victory.

* This is the phenkárin or solitary jackal, of which many wonderful tales are told.

13. *Woman.*—A married woman seen on the right with an earthen vessel filled with water on her head foretells victory.

14. *Sneeze.*—A sneeze at the back at the time of departure foretells victory.

15. *Corpse.*—A corpse seen burning or being buried foretells victory.

16. *Man.*—A Bráhman seen with a sacred book in his hand and a caste mark (*tilak*) on his forehead, or with a fish, a loaf of bread or tyre in his hand, foretells victory.

17. *Bread.*—A piece of bread found in the way foretells victory.

18. *Sweeper.*—A sweeper met at the time of departure with a broom and basket in his hand foretells victory.

19. *Ass.*—A he-ass met with a she-ass, or an ass braying behind the party at the time of departure, foretell victory.

20. *Chhapri or Khúsat.*—A *chhapri* or *khúsat* (believed to be varieties of owls) hooting in front within the limits of the village intended to be plundered is indicative of victory.

21. *Wind.*—Wind blowing at the time of departure from the north-west is a very good omen.

22. *Nilkanth or Jay.*—The Jay (*Nilkanth*) seen at the time of departure either perched on a tree or flying is a good omen.

When the dacoits approach the village intended to be attacked, one of them, who is reputed to be well versed in the interpretation of omens, takes off all his clothes, bows down three or four times with his face towards the village, and then takes the lead with a naked sword in his hand, and all the other dacoits follow him. If any native of the village accosts them in the way, it is binding on them to kill him, and similarly if a dog barks at them it is advisable to kill it.

After having committed the dacoity, they come out of the house, open the front door and break a cocoanut, uttering the words "*Jay Bajrang*," and take their departure. They regard it a bad omen to divide the booty amongst themselves in the village in which the dacoity is committed, and they divide it on reaching the limits of another village.

After uttering "*Jay Bajrang*" and going a few paces towards west, they clear off.—*W. Grierson-Jackson, C.S.*

[This list of omens follows very closely those of the Thugs of which instances were given in Vol. I, and illustrates the close connection which exists between consecutive generations of criminals in India. In the final paragraph we have a curious illustration of the nudity charm, of which instances have been already given in connection with incantations to procure rain-fall. Bajrang is Sanskrit *Vajruan-kita*, or "he with the auspicious mark of the thunderbolt." He seems to be some local godling of Bundelkhand, and it would be interesting to get some more information about him.—Ed.]

401. **Ahraura, Mirzapur District.**—*Bhandár Deví.*—At a distance of a mile northward from

Ahraurá there is a hillock known as *Bhandári Deví ká pahár.* This hillock derives its name from the name of the goddess whose temple stands on the top of it. This Bhandári Deví is revered and worshipped by the inhabitants of Ahraurá and the villages around it. Not only Hindús are counted among her votaries, but also low-caste Muhammadans. Her aid is especially invoked in times of trouble, that is to say, when the rain does not fall for a long time. In the Navarátri or nine lunar days of Chaitrá and Kuàr, Hindús of all classes visit her shrine and offer to her *halwá* (halwá is a kind of sweetmeat made of flour, ghi,) sugar, cooca-nut and spices cakes, cocoanuts, *chunari* (a kind of red cloth with spots of several colours especially made for the purpose of being offered to the Deví), garlands of flowers, red powder, etc. Many get the birth hair of their children shaved at the shrine of the goddess in the hope that the child whose hair is shaved there will live long and prosper. When the rains fail and other remedies prove fruitless, the inhabitants of Ahraurá and the neighbourhood put the images of Bhandári Deví in a palanquin and carry the palanquin with the images of the goddess to another hillock called *Karpál ká pahár.* They let the images remain there as long as the goddess, as they say, cannot be appeased and moved at the sight of the general loss to cause rain. Strangely enough when they do so a shower of rain always falls. Then they raise a fund by subscription and spend it in the worship of the goddess, bringing her images back from the hill of Karpál. Now, the question is, who Bhandári Deví is, and why so much reverence is given to her. The popular tradition about Bhandári Deví is the following:—

About seven centuries ago there was a Rájá named Karn Pál, whose capital was near Ahraurá, on the site of the village Belkará. In the same village there is a hillock named after the same Rájá, *Karpál Rájá ka kôt.* Karn Pál loved his only sister (whose real name is not known, though her popular name, Bhandári, is on the lips of every one) most dearly. Bhandári was a very pious and charitable girl. She hated worldly enjoyment and hence she intended to pass her life in celibacy and seclusion. But these objects could not be realized while she lived surrounded by all that is worldly. So she took leave of her affectionate brother, and going away into the neighbouring forest she began to live on the top of the hillock which is now happily associated with her name. Her brother afterwards got a tank dug near the hillock, so that Bhandári might not suffer from want of water in the forest. He gave to his sister a handsome allowance, which she spent in giving food to the homeless and the friendless and all those who stayed in her retreat. In Hindustáni the word *Bhandári* signifies one who keeps a store, especially of food. The grateful public conferred on her the title of Bhandári, in consideration of her possessing so much food as to give it to all that asked for it. The custom of taking her image to Karn Pál ká kôt or Karn Pál fort, owes its origin to the following:—In the lifetime of Karn Pál and Bhandári Deví, Karn Pál called his pious sister to his capital when his kingdom was visited by any calamity. Among us it is believed that a calamity is averted by the presence of a pious man. To an agricultural people nothing can be a greater calamity than the want of rain in the rainy season. Rain fell in abundance when she went to her brother's house. Why? "Bhagwán did so to increase the fame of His votary." This is the remark made by the villagers. After death, the custom survived, as Bhandári Deví, owing to her piety, was deified.

The temple which at present stands on the hillock of Bhandári Deví, is not the orignal temple. On the ruins of the original monastery of Bhandári Deví a new temple was built by Pandit Shankar Dayál, of Benáres, when the village in which the hillock of Bhandári Devi is and other villages were made over to him by the British when this part of the country came into their possession on the downfall of Chét Singh, the rebel Rájá of Benáres. The original image of Bhandári Deví has been retained, but two more images, one of Bhandári Deví and the other of Siva, have been put with it.—*Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

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402. **Diwali, or feast of Lights—Legend told at.**—The following legend is very commonly told by Hindú women at the celebration of the Diwáli. It is said that Sankránt (the entrance of the Sun into a new sign of the zodiac), Purnima (the full moon) and Amavásya (the night of the new moon) were sisters. Sankránt was haughty, Amavásya poor and Purnima an ascetic. Once Sankránt grew so poor that her family were starving, so she determined to go for help to Amavásya. When she reached the house of her sister she sent in notice of her arrival. Amavásya asked who was with her, and they told her that Sankránt had only her starving children and was poor and in rags. So Amavásya would not allow her to enter the house, and sent her to stay with a miserable potter in the village. After a time she sent her out some scraps, and paid no further heed to her. She was enraged, and, burying the food in the ground, said to her children—"You must fast one day more in the name of Parameswar."

Next day she determined to go and visit Purnima, who lived in a humble way in a little cottage by the banks of the Ganges. Purnima received her sister kindly, but said: "I have no food to give you." But she made five lumps of the clay of the river bank and gave them to her. She tied them up in her sheet and went her way.

But when she opened the sheet she found that the lumps of clay had turned into ingots of gold.

So with them she purchased good clothes and food and went again to Amavásya. This time her sister received her with hospitality and served her and her children with good food. Then Sankránt said: "Bring a basket and you may have as much of the clothes and jewelry as you please, because it is on account of these that your manner to us has changed."

Amavásya was silent through shame and hence it is that the three sisters now appear at different dates in the month.—*W. Crooke.*

403. **Religious Songs.**—

Tulsí rasaná tan bhali jan tú sumirai Rám ;
Nátar kárhi nikásiyé mukh mén bhaló na chám

"Tulsi says: The tongue is good in case it repeats Rám. It not, take it out of the mouth; for it is not good to keep skin in the mouth."

Tulsí pichhalé páp tén Hari churchá na suhai ;
Jaisé jwar ke ansh mén bhukh bidá hóe jai.

"Tulsi says: It is owing to the sin of the past life that a man does not like to talk about Hari. As a man who has got fever loses his desire for food."

Tulsí yá : sansár mén pánch tatwa hain sár ;
Sádhu milan an Hari bhajan Dayá Din upkar.

Tulsí says: There are only five essential things in this world—intercourse with pious men, worship of Hari, benevolence or generosity, humility or to be poor in spirit, to do good to others."

Kahán Suléman, khán Sikandar kahán hai Jam an kahán hai dárá ;

Yah sab ke sab khák ki the pútle bigar dálá banáke.

"Were is Solomon and where is Alexander? Where is Jam and where is Darius?

"These were all dolls of dust. He made them and again unmade them."—*Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*"

404. **The Legend of Nala and Nila.**—A well-known incident in the Ramayana is the account how Nala and Nila the monkey allies of Ramchandra, succeeded in bridging the strait between Lanka and the mainland. The Bhuiyás of South Mirzápur have a version of the legend, which may perhaps be independent of the orthodox tradition. According to them a Sádhu once lived in the jangal and used to worship Thákurji at a well. Two wild men lived close by, and whenever the Sádhu went away they used to throw into the well the stone on which he was accustomed to grind the sandalwood for his daily offering. The Sádhu hence was compelled to find a fresh stone every day for this purpose. One day after worshipping Thákurji he took water and *kusa* grass in his hand and cursed his tormentors in this way: "May those who threw my stones into the well be changed into monkeys, and if they ever thow a stone into water may it not be able to sink, but remain floating on the surface."

No sooner had the Sádhu pronounced this curse, than his persecutors were turned into monkeys, and they went off to the great city of Pamapapura, which now lies a mass of ruins on the Ganges above Mirzápur. They remained watching for the Sádhu, and when, after many years, he came there, they besought his pardon. He promised that after a time the curse should be removed and they changed back into men; but that first they must appear before Rámchandra and wash away their sin by doing an important service to him. Hence they joined his army and it was through the Sádhu's curse that the stones which they threw into the sea remained floating on the surface and formed the bridge on which Rámchandra and his army crossed to Lanka.—*W. Crooke.*

405. **Eastern Districts, N.-W. P.: A Song of the Pánchon Pír.**—

BALLADE II.

Haikal ghorí ko 'Ajab mangá, e, sone kí zín kaswáwe.
Sone kí zín baní Haikal kí; dumchí par lál jaráwe
Kuláh táj sir par dete, kamar se tegh lagáwe.
Hu, e, aswár Haikal úpar; mámú ke sís ho áwe.
Miyán Gájan uthe bol: "Bhái, abhí 'Ajab ho larke; tum Lanke ko jáwe?
Jab tum já, iyo Garh Lañke ko bahut deo charhe áwe,
Ek ek deo zína ke bandhke, chotí sarag lagáwe,
Ko, í thanak, ko, í garjat áwe Miyán líl sohe jáwe.
Aj: "*Majlis ke bích main ne kháyá pán ; marne se náhín daráwe.*
"*Yih sir de, ún Lanke ke bích, ki pakar deo ke láwe!*"
Huá bát suná Bálá ne, Birahná ke turant buláwe.
Sayyid Birahná án keyá salám: "Moheká Bálá farmáwe?"
Ghá "Bhá, i, 'Ajab jate Garh Lañke ko, unke sáth tum jáwe."
Itná bát sun Sayyid Birahná, loh langar kamar lagáwe;
Kát ká soñtá dhar kándhe par, sang 'Ajab ke jáwe.

BALLADE II.

Then 'Ajab called for the mare Haikal and had a golden saddle girded upon her. A golden saddle was wrought for Haikal and its crupper he had studded with rubies. A peaked bonnet with a diadem he set upon his head, and round his waist he girded a sword.

He mounted upon Haikal and approached his uncle.

Then spake Ghází Miyan: "Nay,' Ajab, still art thou but a child. Wilt thou journey to Lanká?

"When thou drawest nigh to Lanká's fort, many a demon will assail thee,

Each demon such that he could build a ladder and rest its top against the heavens. Some will come with a clatter, and some with a roar as of thunder. My gallant, they will gobble thee up."

'Ajab : "In the midst of the assembly, I tasted the leaf. Scare me not with fears of death!"

The master scarce heard these words, than straightway he summoned Birahná.

Sayyid Birahná appeared and made obeisance saying: "What is my master's bidding?"

Ghází : "'Ajab, forsooth, would journey to Lanká's fort. Do thou attend him."

Upon this word, Sayyid Birahná girded his iron chain about his loins;

A wooden bludgeon he cast over his shoulder, and so attended 'Ajab.

BALLADE III.

Sone ká sáng letá, 'Ajab jyon bijlí taraptí jáwe.
Miyán Gájan uthe hain, bol : " Bhá, í, 'Ajab játe Garh Lanké ke sáhib miláwe.
" To hogá dídár." Hú, e aswár Haikal úpar. mamu ke sís ho áwe.
Phir, hú, e aswár Haikal úpar, Lanké men sís lagáwe.
Rát diná in kiyá kúch, chal samundar kináre jáwe;
Lanké ki chaukí baithá deo, apná makán banáwe.
Jákar sáng in diyá gár, tah dhamak sís par jáwe.
Dil bhítar deo kare fikr ; tab bahut gyán dauráwe;
" Kahán ke walé á, e, gárá sáng, dhamak sís par áwe.
Birahna : "Bhítar se báhar hotá á, e dikh khará ho, e jawe !"
Lot pot Brahman pota máthe men tilak lagáwe.
Kándh janeu. háth lutya, chhal 'Ajab lagáwe.
Demon : " Main tumhen puchhún, he sáhib, ab tú kahwán se áwe ? "
Birah : " Derá hamárá Garh Gájan, ham Lanká dekhne ke áwe.
Demon : " Sone ká Lanká baná, jon ki tumárí nazar na áwe ;
Nahín thorí sí lakrí le, o mangá, e, use deo na phunk ; o tabhí nazar par jáwe.
Itná bát sun, Sayyid Birahná charh ke pahár par jáwe.
Charhe pahár jab Sayyid Birahná, bahut deo charhe áwe.
Ek ek deo zine ke bándh ke chotí sarag lagáwe.
Ko, í thankat, ko, í garjat áwe: dharke líl tohi jáwe !
Cháron taraf se liyá gher, bich Sayyid Birahná ho e jáwe.
Chhúte bán aur golá ho, e andhyárí áwe.
Hukm diyá sonte ke tá, in, deoñ ke már giráwe.
Ko, i langrá, ko, i lúnjá hotáko í thanaktá áwe.
" Apne sote ko lo, na boliye !" Thorí lakrí farmáwe;
Yih to deo zine ke bándhke láge per hiláwe ;
Ek ek per dhará kándhe par, chal 'Ajab lag áwe.

BALLADE III.

With a golden trident in his hand, 'Ajab moved flashing as the thunder-bolt.

Then Ghází Miyán arose, saying: "What ho, 'Ajab! if, after thy journey to Lanká's fort, thou shalt bring its lord before me,

Then will I look on thy face again." Mounting upon Haikal ('Ajab) made obeisance to his uncle, and, on Haikal's back, he set his face towards Lanká.

Night and day they marched, (until) they came to the brink of the ocean. On guard over Lanká sat a demon, who was building his house.

Then Birahná advanced, and dug in his trident, and the pang throbbed through the head of the demon.

In his heart the demon mused, and pondered deeply:

"Whence hail these princes, that have dug in a trident (till) the pang throbbed through my head?"

Birahná : "Come forth from within, and gaze upon us, and confront us."

Straightway the demon took the form of a Brahman and placed a caste-mark on his forehead.

And with a hallowed thread over his shoulder, and a brass-pot in his hand, did he deceive 'Ajab.

Demon : "I would ask ye, fair sirs, now whence are ye come?"

Birahná : "Our homestead is in Ghazni's fort, we come to see Lanká."

Demon : "Of gold is Lanká wrought, whereon your eyes shall never light, save only if ye send for a handful of firewood and burn it. Then shall ye behold it."

Upon these words, Sayyid Birahná scaled a mountain.

And, when he scaled the mountain, many a demon assailed him.

Each demon such that he could build a ladder and rest its top against the heavens.

Some came with a clatter and some with a roar as of thunder. Look, 'Ajab, they will gobble thee up.

On every side they formed a ring, in the midst stood Sayyid Birahná.

As shaft and sling-stone were loosed, the air was darkened.

Then he bade his bludgeon strike down the demons.

Some he lamed of foot, some he maimed of hand, some slunk up crying:

"Put up thy bludgeon. Hold—enough!"

A handful of firewood was his bidding.

And all the demons, like one long ladder, 'gan shaking trees;

And each cast a tree over his shoulder and carried it to 'Ajab.—*A Greeven.*

ANTHROPOLOGY.

406. **North-Western Provinces: Initiation among Carpenters.**—Numerous notes have appeared in these columns describing the system of initiation among various religious sects. Another form of initiation prevails among artizans. The following is the practice among carpenters:—

When a member of the caste desires initiation, he procures as many cocoanuts as there are chelás or disciples of the Ustád, or teacher, before whom he wishes to be initiated. A rupee and a cocoanut is also procured for the Ustád, as a sort of fee. The ceremony is performed one day before the Diwáli festival. The disciples purchase sweetmeats to the value of four or five rupees, and for the Ustád a turban and a coat. With these things he goes to the house of the Ustád and lays them before him in presence of the other initiated members. A piece of ground is plastered and the following invocation made to Ganesa:—

Jay Ganpati deo, árti kíjai tumharí nirmal budhi dewo.
Ridhi dewo, sidhí dewo, asht naw nidhi dewo.
Brahma se muni dháwain, tin ko bar dewo.
Mukhya Ganpati Sheonandan asur nikandan-
Sarwan kundal sájai nirgun gun dewo.
Jag ved ucháran, chatu rbhují dewo.
Bhay hartá, nidhi kartá, nirdhan dhan dewo.
Deo satgají Ishwar kar kankan sohai.
Mastak tilak birájai dewá ati sohai.
Jo nar árti gáwain Ganpati ko dháwain, kahain.
Shíwánand swámí bánchhit phal páwain.

"Victory to Ganesa. I move propitiatory lamps over you so that you may give us pure wisdom. Bring to us the eight Siddhís and the nine Nidhís. Thou art worshipped, Bráhma, and thou grantest boons. Thou art, O Ganesa, the son of Siva, the chief deity and thou art the destroyer of the Asurás. Thou hast beautiful ear-rings. Thou art the giver of knowledge to the ignorant. Thou art the expounder of the Vedás to the world. Thou art a god with four arms. Thou art the remover of fear. Thou art the giver of wealth. Thou makest the poor rich. Thou art a god seven yards high. Thou hast a beautiful bracelet round the wrist. Thou art Ishwar or God. Thou hast beautiful forehead marks. Shivanand, the ascetic, says that those who worship Ganesa and sing his praises get the objects of their hearts realized."

Then red powder and tumeric are sprinkled on the figure of Ganesa, and the gaj, or yard measure, is worshipped. Then the would-be disciple ties the turban he has brought on the head of the Ustád, and the Ustád puts on the other garments. Then he repeats the following incantation into the ears of the would-be disciple:—

"Tan guniya, man áwani, sahal, sút, parkár;
Utho bináyak puj lo, Viswakarmá ke auláá."

"The body is the measuring square. In the mind imagine the builder's cord and the compasses.

"O descendant of Viswakarmá, get up and worship Ganesa, the god of good luck." Then the sweetmeats are distributed among the clansmen, cocoanuts and sweetmeats among other disciples of the Ustád, and a rupee and a cocoanut are given to the Ustád himself. Then the newly initiated disciple salutes his Ustád and fellow-disciples and clansmen, and the ceremony of initiation comes to a close.—*Pandit Rám Gharib Chaubé.*

407. **Gypsies' Homage to the River-god.**—Kanjars in the western districts of the N.-W. P., trade in *khas*, or the fragrant garss that grows in tanks or in swamps and of which *tattís* are made in the hot weather. To procure the object of their trade these people have to frequent rivers and tanks. Hence their dread for the river or water-god. In order to propitiate him, they offer to him on the bank of a river or a tank which they have often occasion to visit, boiled rice mixed with sugar and clarified butter. The proper month for the offering is Chaitrá, or the beginning of the hot weather, when their business is most active. —*Pandit Rám Gharib Chaubé.*

408. **Offering of Children to Ganga Mai.**—When mothers lose children in infancy it is very common for them to vow to present the next baby to Ganga Mái, or Mother Ganges. The mother, when the time comes, dresses the child in its best clothes and, accompanied by a priest, takes it to the river, where she and the child are bathed. The priest, after they are dressed again, stands knee deep in the water, and the mother makes over to him the child in the name of the Ganges, saying—"O Mother Ganges! as you have realised my objects, so I now perform my vow. Protect me and my children for ever, and I will do this annual worship."

Then the mother buys the child back from the priest for a sum of money proportionate to her means, and calls it, if a boy, Ganga Dín, "Given of the Ganges," or Ganga Prasád—"The Sacred Offering of the Ganges."

The whole rite looks like a survival of the more primitive custom of actual child sacrifice to the river.—*W. Crooke.*

409. **Saharanpur: Marriage Customs of Banjaras.** – No Banjára here marries his daughter without getting a price for her—any one who violates this rule is put out of caste. The bride price is not usually given in money, but in cattle, jewelry or other valuables. It is paid in two instalments, one at betrothal and the second when the marriage procession arrives. Even when the procession arrives the bride will not be surrendered until the price is paid This custom is known as Niyaman, which is the Sanskrit Niyamana—"restriction, limitation."—*W. Crooke.*

410. A Short Note on Burial Customs among the Bhuinhar Brahmans in the Saran District, Behar. By Babu Sarat Chandra Mitra, of Behar.—One of the most essential differences between the Hindú religion on the one hand and the Mahomedan and the Christian religions on the other is that persons following the former persuasion burn their dead, whilst those professing the latter creeds dispose of their dead by interring them underneath the ground. This is the popularly-accepted criterion of difference between the two peoples. But, on a careful observation of the practices and customs of the various sects of the Hindús in different parts of the country, it would appear that this criterion does not hold good universally. There are certain circumstances under which certain sects of Hindús dispose of their dead by burying them. In Bengal there is a certain caste of Hindús who go by the name of *Jogís*, which differs from all other castes of Hindús, in the fact of its disposing of the dead in the following manner: First of all, they perform the Mukhagni मुखाग्नि ceremony, that is, they set fire to the faces of their corpses, and then, instead of burning them, they bury them under the ground.

Similarly, certain classes of वैरागी (*Bairagís*) or religious mendicants belonging to the Vaishnava sects are buried in a sitting posture. Thus much for Bengal.

In other parts of India, especially Madras, certain classes of Hindús also practise the custom of burying their dead. The chief sect which practises this custom of burial (*uttara-kriyá*) is the *Lingadhárís*—a class of *Saivas*, as their name indicates—who mostly bury their dead in a sitting posture. The grave is partially filled up with earth to the waist of the deceased, when the friends who are present there throw in handfuls of earth over the grave till a small mound is erected over it. This they do after the usual reading of the *mantras* and the performance of the other ceremonies. Like the *Bairagís* of Bengal, *Sanyásís*, or those mendicants who have given up the world and live by begging, are always buried. In their case the performance of the necessary funeral rites is dispensed with, as they are considered to be too holy for these. Some castes of Hindús, like the *Jogís* of Bengal, bury all unmarried girls. The *Sudrás* bury those who are below the age of ten and those who die of small-pox. Hindú soldiers who die in battle are all buried. Also boys who have not had the *upanayanam* ceremony performed with respect to them, *i. e.*, those who have not been invested with the sacred thread, are buried.

A burial custom, similar to this last-mentioned one, exists among the *Bhuinhár* Bráhmans of this district of Behar (Saran). I have heard on good authority that this practice also obtains among other classes of Hindús in this district, who wear the *upavíta*, or the sacred thread. In the March-April Criminal Sessions of this district, which are still going on, a case, *viz.*, *Empress* vs. *Rampat Rai*, was lately tried, during the trial of which the existence of this curious custom among the *Bhuinhár* Bráhmans, to which class the accused belonged, came to light. The prosecution alleged in this case that the accused had falsely charged three other persons with murdering his nephew for the sake of his ornaments, and had, in order to create evidence against them, disinterred the corpse of his nephew, who had died of natural causes, and who had been buried according to the custom of his caste, and had, subsequently, been thrown into a well. During the course of the trial it transpired that the *Bhuinhár* Bráhmans and other sacred-thread-wearing castes of this district bury their boys aged up to twelve years. There are two exceptions to this rule, *viz*:—

(1) Those boys who who are aged twelve years or below that age are not buried when they have undergone the *janeo* (Sanskrit *upanayanam*) ceremony, *i. e.*, when they have been invested with the sacred thread. The undergoing of this *janeo*, or sacred-thread-investiture ceremony is considered tantamount to being half-married.

(2) Those boys aged 12 or below that age who have been married are not buried. A boy cannot get married unless he has undergone the *janeo* ceremony, *i.e.*, has been invested with the sacred thread.

In the cases of these two classes of boys who have been either invested with the sacred thread or have been married they are burned in the usual way, and the *káraj* or *srádh* ceremonies are performed on the expiration of the usual period of mourning. But boys aged 12 or below that age who have not undergone either of the aforesaid two ceremonies are buried underneath the ground. The corpses are taken to the neighbourhood of some tank which is usually used as a burying place for them. Then a grave suited to the dimensions of the corpse is dug, and the body is interred therein. Sometimes a *pípal* tree (*Ficus religiosa*) is planted over it. In cases of boys who are buried, no *káraj* or *srádh* ceremony or any other funeral obsequies is performed.—*Journal, Anthropological Society, Bombay.*

411. Khwaja Khizr worshipped by Kahars.—In Saharanpur the Kahárs recognise Khwája Khizr as their tribal deity. They worship him on Sundays in the months of Kártik and Asárh with an offering of goats and darra or wheat parched and mixed with treacle. The offering is taken by the Dhiyána, or daughter or daughter's son, or any connection of the worshipper through the daughter. This is apparently an instance of the survival of descent in the female line.—*W. Crooke.*

412. **N.-W.P. Fictitious Form of Marriage.**—Remaining unmarried is considered very bad for a woman in India. Among a class of Bráhmans in which a girl cannot be married unless she have large dowry it sometimes happens that a girl remains unmarried. In order to remove the curse of her dying a maid, she is made to go through a fictitious form of marriage with a pípal tree by going seven times round it. My sole authority for the above note is a Bráhman woman, and as such I send it for enquiry where the custom does really exist.—*Bhagwán Dás.*

[For these tree marriages, see *Introduction to Popular Religion and Folklore*, 258.—Ed.]

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413. **The Horse in Ancient Iran.**—The following is an abstract of an interesting paper read before the January Meeting of the Anthropological Society of Bombay :—

Mr. Jevanjee Jumshedjee Modhi, B.A., read a paper on "The Horse in Ancient Iran."

The following is an outline of the paper :—Ancient Iran, *i.e.*, the whole of Central Asia, once ruled over by the Ancient Persians, is believed by many to be the first home of the horse. As Porter says, the old historians point to Siahdan in Persia as the place which supplied the best cavalry of the East. Alexander considered a Median horse as the most Royal gift. Again, ancient Iran is believed to be the home of horse-racing. Chariot races played an important part in the Mithraic festivals of Persia, from which the Olympic games of Greece took their chariot races. When Rome took its Mithraic worship from Greece it seems to have taken its horse-racing also from that country. According to Plutarch, chariot racing was first held in Rome in the time of Pompey, and that was in honour of Mithras. With their invasion the Romans are believed to have introduced into England their well-known chariot races. Thus, though England is now foremost in horse-racing, ancient Iran was the country where it first began. According to Herodotus the Persians instructed their sons in riding at the early age of five. According to Xenophon, horsemanship was established among the ancient Persians by the law of reputation. Of all animals the horse was the special favourite of an Iranian from his very young age. He prayed daily not only for himself and his family, but also for his horse. Mithras and Ashi Vanghui granted his prayers in this respect. A horse well cared for, blessed his master, and that ill-treated cursed him. According to the Dinkard, in later times they had special veterinary surgeons for the horse, and one of the Nusks had rules and regulations for the selection of a horse, his training, and for the proper distribution of food to him. The Bundehesh mentions eight species of the horse, and mentions the genus of horse as specially hostile to snakes. This reminds us of the story in Herodotus, where the Persian horses of the time of Crœsus are represented as feeding on snakes. The soothsayers of Telmessus explained this unusual sight as predicting the defeat of Crœsus by Cyrus. The Sháyast la Sháyast prohibits the killing of war horses for animal food, but Herodotus points to no exception when he says that the horse formed a special dish among the richer Persians on grand occasions. An ancient Persian looked as much for strength as for speed in his horse. According to Malcolm and Porter, even in modern Persia, "the object of horse racing is not so much to try the speed as the strength of the horses, and to discover those which can be depended on for long and rapid marches." The speed of the horse was the cause which connected horse racing with Mithraic festivals in honour of the god of light. A primitive Iranian, just as he saw his swift horse cover long distances in short times, saw the sun go over the immense orb of heaven in a short time, so he called the Sun in his Avesta Aurvataspa, *i.e.*, swift-horsed. Mithra, the angel of light, had four horses for his chariot, just as the Sun among the ancient Greeks had four for his. Canon Taylor has raised the question whether the horse was first used for drawing chariots or for riding. He thinks that it was first used for driving. Mr. William Ridgeway, in an article in the *Academy*, comes to the same conclusion. According to Professor Max Müller, it appears from the Vedás that in ancient India the horse was put to the use both of chariot driving and riding. According to Xenophon the ancient Persians used the horse for both, but various considerations point to the use of the horse in chariot driving before his use in riding. As the speed of the horse gave an epithet to the sun, so it gave names to some of the rivers of Persia, Hyaspa (*i.e.*, the good-horsed) compared with the Choaspes of the Greek, is an instance of that kind. Again they measured the lengths of rivers and other distances by the speed of horses. For example, they said of one of the tributaries of the Ardvicura that it would take forty days for a rider on a swift horse to go from one end to another. Wood says of the modern Uzbeks that they even now measure their distances by the speed of horses. Xenophon refers to the speed of Persian post horses, and says that it is illustrated by a Persian saying which says, "the Persian post riders fly faster than the crane." A powerful sight is the next physical property of a horse spoken of by Oriental writers. The Yashts and the Bundehsesh refer to it. Sir Henry Layard gives an instance where, when the master lost his way in a pitch-dark night in a city visited two years before, the horse, when left to himself, discovered the proper way, and even the house of the host. Sympathy for the master

xt characteristic which had endeared the an Iranian. Firdousi's description of e Behezád of Siavakhsh reminds one of description of the horse of Hector, and of the grief of the horse of Achilles. As to the breeding of horses, their troops were bred in a free and almost savage state in large enclosed forests. When a choice was to be made they threw large nooses from a distance over the animals to be selected. The pressing of the back with a heavy hand to test his strength, and the examining of the teeth, were the principal tests known to the ancient Persians. Again, they took care that the animal had no inauspicious marks over it. This is specially alluded to by Firdousi in Rustam's selection of his Rakhsh, which was to his master what Bucephalus was to Alexander. The horse being a great favourite with them, Darius and his six colleagues, after killing the pretender to the Persian throne, resolved, as described by Herodotus, to make their horses the arbiters as it were of their fortune. They resolved that "they would ride out together next morning into the skirts of the city, and he whose steed first neighed after the sun was up should have the kingdom." The great esteem in which the ancient Persians held Royal horses is inherited by the modern Persians to such an extent that, according to Malcolm, "The king's stable is deemed one of the most sacred of sanctuaries." No person, taking his refuge there could be arrested while there. "The place of safety is at the horse's head, and if that is tied up in the open air, the person who takes refuge is to touch the head-stall." Mr. Dubeux supports Malcolm on this point.

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414. **A Belief among the Gharuk Sub-caste of Kahars.**—The Gharuk sub-caste of Kahárs are peculiar in refusing to bathe at Kurukshetra. They say that they are the descendants of the Kauravás, who were killed in the tank there by the Pandavás. Hence Kurukshetra is a forbidden place to them and they will not go there to bathe.—*W. Crooke.*

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415. **Ascetics Lying on a Bed of Iron Spikes.**—About three years ago my attention was called, when walking round one of the Gháts on the Ganges at Mirzápur, to a Sádhu who was lying on a bed of iron spikes. I went up, carefully examined the man and had a long conversation with him. The bed on which he lay was in shape something like a European couch, with the part towards the head raised and sloping. The whole of it was covered with iron nails projecting about an inch from the boarding which formed the seat of the couch. It had evidently been for some time in use and the nails had the tops bright from friction. The points were not specially sharp, but, as far as I could judge, there had been no regular attempt to blunt them. They were spread over the couch about an inch apart. At the time of my visit the man was lying asleep on the couch, and between himself and the nails he had only a thin ochre-coloured cotton sheet. He was most certainly sleeping (this was in the early morning) and had to be awakened to converse with me. He told me that he was doing this as a penance for a sin which he had committed in a previous life; what the particular offence was he declined to say. I examined him carefully. He was a stalwart, well-nourished man of about forty years of age. He said he had done this penance for about fifteen years. He had no hesitation in showing me his back, loins and legs which had been exposed to the nails, and I failed to see any wound or abrasion on his body. I was informed by credible persons that they had often seen him sleeping calmly for hours at a time in this position. He never begged or asked for anything, and ate only food which was laid close to his couch by pious people. Besides the couch he had a chair of the ordinary Indian pattern with arms and a plank seat, which was studded with nails like the couch. On this he used occasionally to sit. He seemed to be treated with much respect by the people, especially by women, who used to come and touch his body in the hope of obtaining offspring. He informed me that he was by caste a Bihár Bráhman, and had in the course of his wanderings visited most of the sacred shrines in India.

Pandit Rám Gharíb Chaubé informs me that he has recently seen an ascetic of the same kind at Hardwár. This man had a piece of deer skin, with which he used to protect himself in some measure from the nails. This particular form of devotion is called Hatha-dharma, or "the acquirement of virtue by force." It seems to be now much less common than used formerly to be the case, when it was often hereditary in certain families.—*W. Crooke.*

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416. **The Two Ancient and Sacred Musical Instruments of the Hindus.**—The Bánsuri and Bina, the two musical instruments of the Hindús, are the most ancient, and they are associated with their gods. It will therefore be interesting to know how many kinds of them there are and what are their names. According to Sanskrit works on music the Bánsuri is of three kinds:—

1. *Murli.*—It is 12 finger-breadths long and it is blown by Krishna.

2. *Bansi.*—It is 18 finger-breadths long and it is blown to call together Gopís by Krishna.

3. *Benu.*—It is one cubit long and it is used in calling the kine from the forest.

The Benu is again of the following kinds :—

1. *Mahánand*, which is only 10 finger-breadths long and whose god is Brahma.

2. *Nanda*, which is 11 finger-breadths long and whose god is Rúdrá.

3. *Bijay*, which is 12 finger-breadths long and whose god is Súrya.

4. *Jay*, which is 14 finger-breadths long and whose god is Vishnu.

The Bina is of the following kinds :—

1. *Mahati*, which Nárada blows.
2. *Lambi*, which Diwáki blows.
3. *Kachchhapi*, which Saraswati or the goddess of learning blows.
4. *Kaláwati*, which Tumburu blows.
5. *Vrihasti*, which Viswábásu blows.
6. *Kandil Bina*, which Chandáls or Dôms used to blow at the cremation ground when a dead body was being burnt.—*Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

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417. **A Case of Human Sacrifice.**—Among the criminal appeals disposed of by the Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Parker was one from Satru Kannazza, a "doctor" among the hill tribes in the Godavery district, who appealed against the sentence of transportation for life passed upon him by the Sessions Judge of the District on a charge of having, on the 14th August last, dashed out the brains of a child named Valadu, who had been brought to him for medical treatment. The appellant admitted the murder of the child, but said he had been inspired by his goddess to offer a human sacrifice. Their lordships dismissed the appeal, confirming the sentence passed by the Lower Court.

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418. **Sweepers.**—Instead of Sweepers believing themselves a degraded tribe, they have a great deal of self-respect. There is a tradition among them that in return for the contempt with which they are received in this world they are to be rulers in the next.—*W. Crooke.*

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419. **The Zamindara Caste.**—The following is taken from paras. 124-125 of the Settlement Report of Azamgarh district :—

The Zamindáras or Rautáras form a distinctly marked and well-known class. The use of the word *Rautára* excites great indignation among some of those who belong to the Zamindára class, but apparently without cause. The origin of the word has not been ascertained, but it seems to contain no obscene insinuation like those which underlie most Indian terms of abuse. The Zamindáras admit themselves to be descended from Hindú converts to Islám. Those who do not belong to their class, allege that the converts were of low caste, and some suppose them to be converted Rajbhars and Suirís. It is, however, by no means certain that the popular belief is altogether correct. There are families among the Zamindáras whose traditions point to their ancestors having been Bráhmans or Kshatrís at the time of their conversion, and who still retain the appearance of Nau-Muslims of those castes, though from intermarriages and other circumstances they are now reckoned Zamindáras. Probably the Zamindára class has been recruited from a variety of agricultural Hindú castes, and strains of Milki blood, which have come in by occasional intermarriages, may not be wanting. There are many old Zamindára communities in Pargana Nizámábád. Now, in the list of landholders for that pargana given in the *Ain-i-Akbari*, some of them are said to be Rahmatulláhís. The Zamindáras are probably referred to. It is true that Badaoni (Volume I, page 411, Cal. edn.) says that Julláhás are called Rahmatulláhís in India. But there is no evidence that Julláhás ever were landholders in Nizámábád. The name *Rahmatulláíhs* is still sometimes applied to the Zamindáras in Azamgarh, but not to Julláhás. And while the latter are fanatics, and mostly reverence the flag of Ghází Miyán (Sálár Masaud Ghází) to whom they ascribe the conversion of their ancestors, the former disregard it altogether, and have very little of the *Josh Musalmáni* or fanaticism of Islám. The period at which and the circumstances under which the Zamindáras embraced Islám are not clear. Very few of them have any other tradition, except that their ancestors were converted under the teaching of some Moslem Saint; and none carry back their descent for more than twelve or fourteen generations.

The Zamindáras are parsimonious in habit and character, and are most industrious and skilful cultivators. They make the most of the land and the means of cultivating at their disposal, and the embankments, wells and fences in their villages will generally be found in good order. Where not impoverished by the excess of their own numbers, and the smallness of their shares of land, they are well-to-do. The women of those of them who have no pretension to gentility are not kept shut up, they do not engage in out-door labour, but may often be seen clad in breeches and sheet of dark cotton cloth, carrying food to the men in the field. The men are unpolished and rough in speech and manner, and they have a number of little traits, modes of pronunciation, and forms of words peculiar to themselves which are the subject of merriment among their neighbours. They are generally illiterate, but in recent times some of the class have entered the legal profession and otherewise raised themselves into influential positions. Their advance has been regarded by the Milkis with much jealousy. Unfortunately, the Zamindáras do not bear with equanimity the sneers in which the jealousy finds vent, and are very touchy about any reference to themselves as a separate class of Mohamedans.

FOLKTALES.

420. **The Banker and His Servant.**—There was once a banker who used to put his servants absurd questions and when they failed to give an answer he used to cut off their noses. In this way hundreds of men lost their noses.

One day a crafty old fellow went and offered to serve the banker. He said: "You know the condition. If you fail to answer any question of mine you will lose your nose." The man agreed. "But," said he, "I must make one more condition. If you fail in asking questions you must let me cut off your nose." To this the banker assented.

Next day the banker sent out his servant to collect some money that was due him, and when he came back he asked: "What did you say when you met my creditor?" "I asked for the money." "And then?" "Then he paid me." "And then?" "I gave him a receipt" "And then?" "I started for home." "And then?" "I came to a jungle." "And then?" "I met a fowler who had trapped hundreds of birds in a snare." "And then?" "A bird broke the snare and flew away." "And then?" "A second flew away." "And then?" "A third flew away." "And then?" "A fourth flew away." "And then?" "Then a fifth flew away." "Confound you and the birds," said the banker. "I am tired of asking you questions." "Then," said the servant, pulling out a knife, "I regret to say I must cut off your nose." So the banker was glad to pay him a lot of money and get rid of him.

(This is somewhat on the lines of the Mac-a-Rusgaich and the Dour tenant of Campbell (*Popular Tales of the West Highlands*—II—318) and the Shan an Omadhan and his master of Kennedy. (*Fireside Stories of Ireland*, 74.)

(Told by Madho Prasâd, Káyasth, and recorded by Bihári Lál Káyasth, of Gusainganj, Sitapur District.)

421. **The Benevolent Merchant and the Poet.**—There was once a pious merchant who used to give alms to the poor at the four gates of his house daily. But he was so modest that he never raised his eyes from the ground. One day a poet thus addressed him:

Kin sikhlâyê det ho chi bidhí karké nain?
Châro duârê det ho, nîchê karkê nain?

"By whose advice do you thus give alms at your four gates and hang down your eyes?"

The banker answered:

Krishna sabon ko det hain, sânjh, saverê, rain.
Duniyá ham ko kahat hai—Yih bidhi nîchê nain.

Krishna gives alms to all, at morn and eve and night. The world says "You give alms," so I hang down my head.—*Pandit Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

422. **Shaikh Chilli and the Robber.**—One day Shaikh Chilli was going on a journey, and his wife cooked some cakes for his support on the road. As he was eating, a robber came up and said: "I am hungry." So the Shaikh gave him a share, and they went on together. They came to an inn, and the robber managed to get a room. But Shaikh Chilli had to sleep in the verandah at the door of a room in which were four blind beggars. After a while the Shaikh heard one of the blind men say, "I have an *ashrafi** in my cap." "I don't believe you," said the second. "Show it to me." As the first blind man passed the *ashrafi* to the second, the Shaikh put in his hand and took it. When he did not find the coin, the second blind man said: "I knew you were a liar. But I have an *ashrafi* in my bludgeon." "I don't believe you," said a third. As the coin was passed to him, the Shaikh seized it too. "I knew you were a liar," said the third. "But I have an *ashrafi* in my rags." When he passed this to the fourth, the Shaikh put in his hand and snatched it away. The fourth said, "I have an *ashrafi* in my shoe." When he passed it over to the first the Shaikh got it too. The the four blind men began to fight until they were all dead.

Then the Shaikh thought to himself—"If am found near these corpses I shall get into trouble." So he called the robber and bringing out one of the corpes, propped it up against the wall. When the robber came out the Shaikh said: "My servant has died. Take his body and throw it away and I will give you a rupee and a quarter." So he gave the robber a rupee, and said "Take the the corpse away, and when you come back I will give you four annas."

The robber took the corpse and threw it a long distance away. In the meantime the Shaikh brought out the second corpse and put it up against the wall. When the robber returned he said: "See. He has come back. You must take him away again." Thus the Shaikh did with the third body. When it came to the fourth, the robber said: "I am half dead carrying your servant's body all night." But the Shaikh said, "Try it once more. Perhaps he won't return this time."

So the robber tied the fourth body neck and heels and took it away on his back. He came to a tank and had just thrown it into the water when a Bráhman who was washing himself near seeing this awful sight cried out and ran away. The robber thought that this was the corpse which had come out of the water. So he ran after him shouting: "You rascal. You have deceived me three times already and I will take care you do not do so again." At last the robber caught the Bráhman and dragged him to the

* A Gold Mohur is worth about Rs. 30.

Shaikh. The Brahman cried, "My lord, save me from this Rákshasa. My loin cloth and six rupees are at the bank of the tank. Take them all and let me go." So the Shaikh gave the robber the loin cloth and kept the rupees himself. Then he left his friend and went home.

(Told by Muhammad Hálim and recorded by M. Rám Sahay, Sub-editor, *Educational Gazette*, Lucknow.)

423. **How the weaver went to Heaven.**—There was once a weaver whose field used to be grazed every night by an elephant, of Rájá Indra, who used to come down from Indrásan. He asked the other weavers what animal could be injuring his field. "Perhaps it is the village grindstones that do it," they said. So he had every grindstone in the village tied up, but the damage went on as before: He again consulted his friends and they said: "Perchance it is the village rice pounders that do it." So he had all the rice pounders tied up, but the damage continued as before.

Then he went one night and lay in wait in the field. He saw the elephant fly down and graze the crop, and as it was flying away again he caught hold of its tail and flew away with it to Indrásan. There he sat for the night in the darbár of Rájá Indra and saw the fairies dance and heard them sing. Next night, when the elephant was flying back to earth, he held on by his tail and came home.

When he arrived he told his friends all the wonders he had seen and said: "What is the use of living in this wretched place? Let us all go to Indrásan." They agreed, and when the elephant was flying back after his nightly meal, first the weaver clung on to his tail, his wife held on to his legs, and so all his kinsfolk held on too. The elephant flew away with them through the air. When they had got ever so high the weaver began to think to himself: "What a fool I was not to bring my loom with me!" And with this he let go his hold and they all came tumbling down to earth again. This is why a weaver has never succeeded in getting to heaven since.

(Told by Bindeswari Prasád Tiwári, Bráhman of Tilauriya Bansi, Basti District, recorded by the Head Master, High School, Aligarh.)

424. **The rascality of the Jat.**—The wife of a Ját once told him to go into the jungle to cut wood. He climbed up a tree and while he was cutting a branch a Sádhu came and sat under the same tree. He bathed at a well close by, worshipped his Sálagráma and then untying his tangled locks took out a small box. This he opened and taking out sixteen *ashrafis*, counted them over and put the box away in the same place. The Ját was watching him all the time and when the Sádhu went away he followed him and asked him to come and take food at his house. The Sádhu said, "How can I eat at the house of a Súdra?" "I am a Súdra no doubt," said the Ját, "but you can eat *pakkí rôti* (food cooked in *ghi*) at my house." So he went home with the Ját and when he went in, his host said to his wife: "I have brought home with me a Sádhu who has sixteen *ashrafis* tied up in his hair. You must go and cook *púri* cakes for him; when you bring them to him I will go into the kitchen and rush about the place; then you must ask me what is the matter."

She did as he ordered, and when he began to rush about the kitchen she called out and asked him what was the matter.

"Matter enough," he shouted. "Either you or this rascally Sádhu has robbed my box containing sixteen *ashrafis*. "The Játní shook her clothes and said: "I never touched your box; you may search me if you like." The Sádhu too began to shake his clothes, but the Ját rushed at him with his bludgeon and cut off his matted locks with his sickle, when the box fell out. "You thief," said the Ját, and raised the alarm and all his kinsmen ran out with their clubs and hunted the wretched Sádhu out of the village, and he was hard pressed to save his life.

Such are the Játs, and may Bhagwán never bring one of them near me!

(Told by Bihári, Barber, and recorded by Soné Lál, teacher of the Village School, Sonhár, Etah District.)

[It is allowable to eat *pakkí rôti*, or cakes cooked in *ghí*, even at the house of a man of low caste. The *ashrafi* is worth from Rs. 25 to Rs. 30. The people of the Central Jumna-Ganges Duab have a great hatred and fear of the Játs.—Ed.]

425. **Akbar and Birbal.**—Akbar once said to his minister Bírbal: "You must bring me three things—the finest jewel and the most faithful and the most faithless thing in the world."* Akbar further ordered that if he failed he should lose head. Bírbal went home very sorrowful and lay down on his bed refusing to eat or drink. When his daughter saw his state, she asked the cause, and, when she heard the orders of the Emperor, she said: "Do not be anxious. I will carry out his orders."

So she got three boxes, locked them up and gave them to her father, saying: "Take these and show them to the Emperor." When the boxes were opened in the first was found a lamp.

"This," said Bírbal, "is the finest jewel in the world, because it illuminates the houses of the rich and poor alike." In the next box was found a dog. "This," said Birbal, "is the most faithful thing in the world, because you give it a little food and it guards your property with its life."

* In the original the words are *halali* and *háramí*.

In the third box was found the Emperor's son-in-law. "This," said Bírbal, is the most faithless creature in your Majesty's dominions, for give him as much as you will he is never satisfied and you will never gain any honour through him."

Akbar was much pleased at the wit of his minister and dismissed him with a lordly present.

(Told by Sayyid Ihsán Ali, of Chiraula, Etah District, and recorded by him).

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426. **The Rani and the Fairies.**—There was once a Rájá who had two Ránis. He loved the younger Ráni, but he feared the elder. One day in company with a learned Bráhman he went out hunting, and wandering far into the jungle was oppressed with thirst. He sent the Bráhman to get water. The Bráhman went to the bank of the river and was drawing water when some fairies (*Pari*) who lived on an island in the river, saw him and called to him to come to them. He asked how he could cross the river. They said: "Only believe and you can cross."

So his faith was established, and as he entered the water it parted on each side and he was able to cross. Then the fairies gave him food for himself and the Rájá and also presented him with an amulet on a string with sixteen knots. They told him how to worship Mahálakshmi with this and win good fortune.

The Bráhman brought the amulet to his master, and told him what the fairies had said. The Rájá took it home and wished to give it to his young Ráni, but he feared the elder Ráni, and gave it to her. She was proud and headstrong, and threw it away in contempt. The maid of the young Ráni saw it and took it to her mistress. She at once determined to fast and worship Mahálakshmi. So she sent for the Rájá and they with their clothes knotted together were engaged in the worship, when the elder Ráni heard of it, and in her jealousy came and looked in through the house drain to see what they were doing. Just then the maid threw into the drain the water in which the rice for the sacrifice had been washed, and some of it fell on the face of the Ráni, and forthwith she got the head and face of a pig.

She ran into the Rájá's garden and began rooting up the plants with her snout. They drove her out, and being pursued she ran into a cattle shed. The owner saw that she was a woman under a spell, so he took her to a Sádhu who lived in a neighbouring forest. He kept her with him for some time, and one day he told her of the fairies who lived on the island who were always worshipping Mahálakshmi. He advised her to go to them. So she went to the island, and there she used every day with her snout to clean the place for the sacrifice. The fairies were surprised and pleased at her devotion; so they sprinkled over her some consecrated rice, and she forthwith recovered her original form.

She returned to the Sádhu and stayed some time with him. One day some servants of the Rájá saw her and were amazed at her beauty. They told the Rájá, and he came and upbraided the Sádhu for keeping a woman in his hermitage. But when the Rájá saw her he knew her to be his Ráni. So he took her home, and they lived in perfect happiness.

(Told by Siva Prasád, Assistant Teacher of the school at Orai, Jalaun District.)

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427. **The Wicked Step-mother and the Prince.**—There was once a king whose queen bore him a son and a daughter. But the queen died, and the king married a second wife. Before he married he had a house built a long way off, and there he sent the princess, but he kept the little prince with him. The prince was very fond of playing ball, and his father had a golden ball made for him, and with this he used to play. But his step-mother hated him. One day the ball fell near her, and the prince went to her very politely and said: "Pardon me; had I known you were there, I would not have thrown the ball, and will never do it again." But the queen seized the ball, and said she would not give it back till his father returned. So the prince slunk away, and went to bed in sorrow.

When the king came back, what does he see? the queen's clothes are all torn, her hair is dishevelled, there is dust on her face and she is lying on the ground. "What on earth is the matter?" asked the king. At first she made no reply. At last she asked; "Did you marry me for the sake of your son, or for yourself?" "For myself of course," he answered. "Your son," she said, "struck me with his ball to-day and then came to fetch it. When I would not give it to him, he tore my clothes and pulled my hair, threw me on the ground and beat me." The king hearing this was sore displeased and sent for the prince at once and taking him to the shore of the sea threw him in and returning to the queen said: "Don't fret any longer. I have drowned the boy. Now get up and wash your face and hands." She was much pleased and did as her husband said.

When the prince was thrown into the sea he came up at last and floated to a distant shore. But his skin and flesh were all rotted away in the water, and, when only the bones remained, he turned into a parrot and came and perched on a tree near his father's palace, and from there he called out: "My mother got me killed, my father drowned me, all my body rotted in the water and my bones became a parrot." When the queen heard this she thought: "This must be the boy

whom I got killed, and now he has become a parrot." So she sent for all the fowlers of the land and ordered them to catch the parrot. Though she promised large rewards and they used all their skill, they could not catch the parrot.

At last the parrot flew away and came to the house of his sister. There too be called out: "My mother got me killed, my father drowned me, all my body rotted in the water and my bones became a parrot." When his sister saw him, her heart turned towards him and she cried: "If you are my brother come and lie in my bosom. If you are not my brother go away." No sooner had she said this, than the parrot flew down and sat in her bosom and she took him and put him in a cage of gold and used to feed him daily with her own hand. One day she fell ill and told her handmaid to go and feed the parrot. But be very careful," she enjoined. "If this parrot flies away, I will give my life for him."

The handmaid opened the cage with great care, but as she was feeding him he got out and flew off and again sat on a tree near the palace of his father. And then he again called out: "My mother got me killed, my father drowned me, all my body rotted in the water and my bones became a parrot." When the queen heard this she again said: "Catch this parrot and I will give a great reward. If you again fail, I will put you to death." So they used all their skill and by chance they caught the parrot.

Then the queen twisted his neck and threw his body behind the palace. Near there was a garden in which no tree or flower would grow. But that night flowers of a thousand kinds sprang up there and myriads of lovely trees. And a tank was made in the midst of the garden and in the middle of it grew up a lovely flower. Next morning the King's gardener awoke and when he saw this sight he was confounded and went and told the king. When the queen heard it, she thought in her mind. "Surely this is on account of the boy." The king said: "Pluck me the flower which grows in the midst of the tank." When the gardener went to pluck it and went into the water the flower sunk down and disappeared. And the same happened when any one tried to pluck the flower. So the gardener went and told this wonder to the king. The queen said, "If your Majesty gives me leave I will go myself and pluck it." Now she intended when she had plucked the flower to throw it away, and bring some other flower to show to the king. The king replied: "I shall be much pleased if you pluck the flower." So she went and had the tank dragged with a net, but though she used all her skill, she could not find the flower. And whenever the flower came to the top of the water a voice came from it saying: "My mother got me killed, my father drowned me, all my body rotted in the water, my bones became a parrot. Then my mother killed me again and flung me away, and then I became a flower."

When the king heard this he was confounded. Near him his daughter was standing disguised in filthy rags and he knew her not. "What," said she, "will you give if I pluck the flower?" "I will give you half my kingdom," said the king. "But, she said, "I do not want your kingdom; but will you give me whatever I ask?" "I agree, "said the king." She made him promise thus three times. "You must kill the enemy of the flower." "I will do so," said the king. Then the girl called out: "If you are my brother come into my bosom." So the flower came into her bosom, and lo! it was shaded by two leaves, one on each side, and when the king opened the leaves out camehis son, who said: "I was innocent and you slew me for no fault." The king embraced him, and the king knew it was his daughter, and embraced her. He had the queen killed forthwith, and the three lived happily together ever after.

(A folktale told by Beni Aíhr, a cultivator of Mirzápur, recorded by E. David, Native Christian.)

[For animal metamorphosis see Lang's Grimm I., LXXI, and for the Wicked Step-mother, Temple, *Wideawake Stories*, 347. —Ed.]

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428. **The Clever Wife of the Wazír.**—There was once a Wazír of a certain King who had amassed much wealth, and was very rich. He was so devoted to this that he neglected his business at Court, and finally lost his post. For some time he supported himself on his savings, but when he began to fall into want his wife advised him to go to another city and try to obtain service.

They came to another city, and the Wazír took a small house, where he placed his wife, and he himself began to attend the King's court and sat with the other courtiers. No one took any notice of him, till one day the Wazír of the King was passing his house and, seeing his wife, was carried away by her beauty. He asked who lived there, and when he heard the story he sent for the ex-Wazír and promised to protect him. So next day he took him to the court and said: "This man can bring the Rangtátiya bird from the forest."

Now the King had been long seeking the Rangtátiya bird; so he was much pleased and gave the young man a thousand rupees, and said: "I give you a month's time to fetch the bird."

The young man was afraid to protest; so he went home and told his wife. She said: "The Wazír is sending you to get you out of the way as he wants me. Sit in the back room and do not show yourself, and I will outwit him."

When her husband was supposed to have gonein search of the bird, the Wazír used to visither daily. At last he said: "Your husband will never return and you had better come to live with me." She answered: "Come to-morrow and I will give you an answer."

Then she gave her husband fifty rupees, and said: "Go secretly to the bazár and buy several jars of treacle and some cotton dyed in various colours."

When he brought these things home she made him dig a deep pit in the inner room and she spread a sheet and on it she laid the coloured cotton. Then she said to her husband: "Go into hiding, and when the Wazír comes make a great knocking outside."

The Wazír came in and sat down, and by and by her husband made a noise at the door. "This must be my husband," she said. "He has doubtless brought the Rangtátiya bird."

The Wazír was afraid and asked her to hide him. So she took him into the inner room, and he at once fell into the treacle. Then she signed to her husband to go out, and she pulled the Wazír out of the hole. He asked her to wipe him, and she threw over him the sheet with the coloured cotton, which stuck all over him. Then she shouted to her husband: "Here is the Rangtátiya bird." When he saw him he went at once to the King, and the King sent his courtiers to fetch the bird. When he was brought into the court, the young man said: "Pour some water over him and you will see how his colour will improve."

So they poured water over him, and all the cotton fell off, and they found it was the Wazír. The King laughed, and when he heard the tale he dismissed the Wazír and appointed the young man in his place.

(A folktale told by Jagat Bihari Lal, Kayasth of Kasganj, Etah District.)

429. **The Mahajan and the Beggarly Brahman.**—One day a rich mahájan went to bathe on the bank of the Ganges and he found no one to attend him but a beggarly Ghatiya Bráhman. The Brahman managed the bathing successfully, but when it came to putting on the forehead mark he took up some of the sand of the Ganges and, making the mark with it, said: *Ganga ji ko renuka chandan karke jan.* ("Consider the sand of the Ganges to be as sandal-wood"). As the banker began to go away the Bráhman asked for his fee, and the banker caught a frog and gave it to him, saying: *Ganga ji ki menduki gaue karke ján* ("Know that the frog of the Ganges is a cow"). : and with this he went away and left the Bráhman disconsolate.

A folktale told by Lau Halwái, and recorded by Sohan Lál, Master, Zilla School, Jaunpur.)

430. **The Goat and the Hog.**—Once upon a time a goat and a hog were great friends, and for some time they lived together. One day the goat said to the hog: "Good-bye, I am going to earn my own living."

So he went into a city close by, and finding the shop of a Banya open, went in, and as the Banya was away from home, he began to devour the grain and anything else he could find in the shop. By and by the Banya and his daughter returned, and the Banya sat down in the verandah and went on doing his business. Soon after the little girl began to cry, and said to her father: "I want some sugar." The Banya said: "You may go into the inner room and fetch some from the pot." No sooner had she gone into the store-room behind the shop than the goat said to her:—

Ek sing meri anrur ganrur ; dusri sing meri, sone marhawál.
Banya beti awo nahin, dhenruki phoron.

"One of my horns is twisted, the other gilt with gold. Don't come in, Banya girl, or I will tear your stomach open."

When she heard these terrible words she shrieked out and ran to her father. Then the Banya went in, and when the goat addressed him in the same way, he was frightened and ran out. So he sent for the Kotwál, and when he went in the goat addressed him in the same way, and when he heard him, he said: "Whatever demon you may be that is in the inner room, have pity upon me and I will do any worship you prescribe."

Then the goat came out majestically and stood in the shop, and all of them knowing him to be some demon bowed their heads before him. Then the goat said: "I want sweetmeats, ornaments for my neck, my feet, my horns and my tail."

The Banya went to his box and took all the jewels he had in pawn and gave them to the goat, and said: "Wear them as your honour pleases."

The goat went home and showed all these valuables to the hog, and when his friend asked him how he had come by them, he told him the whole story.

The hog thought he would do the same. So he too went into the Banya's shop and hid himself in the inner room. The Banya happened to go in any saw him. But the hog knew no verses and was unable to frighten the Banya as the goat had done. So the Banya seized his bludgeon and said: "Get out you foul beast," and he thrashed him till he was tired, and all the townspeople hunted him out of the place with the dogs, till he was nearly dead.

(A folktale told by Suraj Singh, Assistant Master of the Kandhla Shcool, Muzafarnagar District.)

MISCELLANEA.

431. **Folklore of the peacock.**—Muhammadans respect the peacock. Allah first of all created a tree with a thousand branches and on it he placed the Prophet in the form of a peacock He placed before him the bird in which his image was reflected and when he saw his own loveliness he could not help shedding tears of delight. Out of these tears Allah created the universe.

The peacock loves the clouds; hence the verse :—

Bharit neh nau nir nit basarat suras athor ;
Jayati apurab ghan kau, lakhi náchat men mor.

"Glory to the cloud which is full of moisture and sheds the refreshing rain. Whatever that wondrous cloud may be, my heart dances with joy beholding it."

Much of the respect for the peacock rests on the belief that it increases in a way unlike that of any other creature, by the tears which the male drops as it dances before its mate.—*Pàndit Rám Gharìb Chaubê.*

[The peacock is the vehicle of Saraswati and Kartikeya. Its feathers, worn as a wristlet, are a cure for sore eyes. According to Mr. Campbell (*Notes*, 298: The Varlis and Kolis of Thana worship peacock's feathers on their fast days. The Konkan Maráthas, when the belly is swollen, burn a peacock's feather, mix the ashes with oil and rub it on the navel. The Vasudev beggars worship the coronet of peacock feathers they wear on their heads. The Jains rub the statue of their deity with a peacock hair brush and the Gonds tattoo their bodies with a representation of the bird.—ED.]

432. **Hoshyarpur : Agricultural superstitions.**—The land sleeps on certain days in the month, neither ploughing nor sowing should be begun on one of these days, though apparently there is no harm in continuing such an operation if begun on a previous day. It is considered unlucky to plough in the month of Jeth. If land has been sown with a spring (*rabi*) crop, and seed fails to germinate or is otherwise destroyed, it should not be resown : but this is not the case with the autumn (*kharif*) crop, which may be resown as often as required.—*Settlement Report, p. 36.*

433. **Allahabad : Objection to opium cultivation.**—I have made inquiry about the trans-Ganges Kurmis and this is what I have been told :

About 60 years ago, poppy cultivation was first introduced here. In those days Opium officers got heavy commissions on out-turn and also had, I think, some magisterial powers, so that a good deal of what, to quote Mr. Brass, "remotely verged on" *zulm* of sorts went on for extension of cultivation. When the time came to take advances, the Kurmis of Pargana Mah, Jhùsi, Kewai, and Sekandra stoutly refused to take advances in spite of all that could be done to them. The tradition is, that the Sub-Inspector of the time, had his *matkas* set before him, one empty and one with new poppy seed in it. As each man came up he was required to touch one of the *matkas*. If he touched the empty one it was understood that he refused to sow; if the one with the seed in it, that he agreed to do so. In spite of threats and promises the men who touched the empty *matkas* stood to their prices and bound themselves by a "solemn oath and covenant" to have nothing to do with poppy in *sæcula sæculorum*. They also promptly boycotted the few of their *jat-bhais* who had taken advances. Hence the cultivation never came to anything in that pargana, and a few years ago it was shut up altogether. The account I have given is what the natives tell me and, I dare say, is approximately true. I have no opportunity of enquiring from the Kurmis themselves, as I have nothing now to do with the men across the river at all.—*H. J. Lloyd.*

434. **The Brahman mode of driving away female demons.**—Make a fire of *Nim* wood and offer a burnt-offering of salt and mustard seeds. The female demons will run away crying and weeping when the smoke enters the nostrils.—*Rám Gharib Chaubé.*

435. **Omens : Prospect of abundant rains.**—There is a prospect of abundant rains, if we notice in the month of Asárh the eggs of fish in abundance.—*Chandra Bali Shukla.*

436. **Barah Patthar.**—Bárah Patthar, "the twelve stones," is a common term for the boundaries of a Military Cantonment. On this Pandit Bhán Pratáp Tivári writes from Chunár :

"When Lieutenant-Colonel Grant was in command a Chunar in 1818 a Military Board, consisting of six European and six Native officers, was constituted. There is a stone Chauki, or platform, near the river Ganges where the Board used to sit. This is known by natives as the Bárah Patthar and by Europeans as the Military Board. All cases occurring within the Cantonments, such as theft, house-breaking, &c., were brought before the Board by the Kotwál. The offenders when convicted were mounted on a pony with half their faces blackened and the other half smeared with whitewash, and a necklace of old shoes was tied round their necks. In this way they were paraded round the Cantonment and finally expelled from the Cantonment. Many natives in Chunár still remember the proceedings of the Military Board.'

Was this peculiar to Chunár, or was the same procedure carried out at other Military Stations at the time?

437. **Sneezing omens.**—A man should not set out on a journey or commence some good work if he happens to sneeze. In such a case the undertaking should be either abandoned or at least postponed for a time. One sneeze immediately following another neutralizes the effect of the former.—*Pàndit Kashi Nath, Muzaffarnagar.*

438. **Mr. Gubbins at Benares.**—Many tales are told about Mr. Gubbins, who was Collector of Benares at the time of the Mutiny. One day he was driving to Cutcherry and met a potter with a cart full of earthen pots. He asked him at what rate he sold them. He said at one anna apiece. Mr. Gubbins jumped down and shouted :

Gubbins Sahib gunda :
Take take kunda.

"Mr. Gubbins is an expert; the price of pots is two pice each."

And at this rate they have been sold ever since and the verse is still in the mouths of the people.—*Pândit Bhán Pratáp Tivári.*

439. **Folklore of the Sun and Moon.**—The old women say that the Moon was a dutiful daughter, who gave water to her mother when she was thirsty. The Sun was an undutiful son and would give nothing to his mother; so he has been doomed to burn ever since.—*Pándit Rám Gharib Chaubé.*

440. **The castor oil plant.**—The castor oil plant is an ill-omened plant (*Introduction to Popular Religion and Folklore,* 196; 359). It is most unlucky to plant it in the house; and in the Eastern Districts they have a proverb—

Jahán rukh na birukh,
Tahán renrwai purukh.

"Where there is no other plant but the castor oi plant it is the only man in the house."

Hence if planted in a house it ruins all the male members of the family.—*Ramlal Dube.*

441. **The conditions of happiness.**—
Raharí kai dál silahati kai bhát;
Kágazí nibua hóya jó tát;
Bhainsí kai dahi sankh as hóya;
Báníká nain parosai jóya;
Unch atariya madhur batás:
Kahen Ghágh tahán bhóg bilás.
Urdi kai dal jarahane kai bhát;
Gal gal nibua au ghiwa tát;
Jewen baithain charo bháya;
Bhainsi kai dudh parósai máya:
Unch atariya madhur bilás,
Kahai Ghágh tahain bhóg bilas.

The pulse of *arhar* and the rice of Silhat;
The small lime of good flavour.
The curd of buffaloes milk as white as the conch shell;
If a woman with bright eyes serve the dinner,
A high storied house and a pleasant breeze—
Ghagh says that this is real enjoyment.
The pulse of *urad* and the winter rice
The ripe lime and warm clarified butter;
The four brothers sitting down to eat together;
And the curd of the buffaloes milk served by the mother:
The high storied house and a sweet breeze—
Ghagh says that this is real pleasure.—*Pándit Rám Gharib Chaubé.*

442. **Sir John Shore** (see No. 151, Vol. IV, page 62).—The book quoted is not by Sir John Shore (Lord Teignmouth), but by his son, the Hon'ble Frederick John Shore, Judge of Farrukhabad: see the title-page, 2 vols. 8vo., London (J. W. Parker), 1837. He was afterwards Commissioner of the Saugor and Nerbudda Territories. I bought the book (cost 1*s.* 6*d.*) in March 1863, on the recommendation of Professor Fitz Edward Hall, who thought very highly of it. Dr. Hall told us, as a story current in India in his time, that Government had offered a reward for the name of the anonymous author. The letters appeared originally in the *India Gazette*, a Calcutta daily paper, under the signature of "A Friend of India." After a time, along with a letter resigning the service, Mr. Shore gave up his name and claimed the reward! Sir H. M. Lawrence says of Shore (*Calcutta Review*, March, 1854, p. 208):—The Hon'ble Mr. Shore was a good, honest man of strong prejudices, ill-directed energies and moderate talent, more fitted to lead a squadron than to administer a province. His book did good, though he too often took the exception for the rule. Nine-tenths of the abuses he remarks on have been corrected." As proof of his eminent fitness "to lead a squadron," I may refer readers to the *N.-W. Provinces Gazetteer* (either the Dehra Doon or the Saharanpur district article, I forget which), where Mr. G. R. C. Williams tells the story of Shore's gallant storming and capture of a Gujar robber's stronghold, half way between Saharanpur and Rurki. Thirty years ago the exploit was still remembered by the people in that part of the country.—*W. I.*, 15-11-94.

443. **Rain Stone.**—Major H. G. Raverty, "Notes on Afghanistan," p. 301, has the following passage: "Jade has for centuries been deemed by the Turks, Tartars, Mughals, and Khitá-is a sure protection against lightning which, in Mughilistán and adjoining parts, from the beginning of spring to the end of summer is said to be fearful. The jade stone is supposed to divert lightning from persons who wear it about them, and also from the place in which it is contained. Another of the precious qualities it is said to possess is that a cup or vessel made from it flies to pieces if poison is put in it; and liquid imbibed from a vessel of jade is said to allay irregular palpitations of the heart. It is also known as the *yadah tásh*, or rain stone. It is the nephrite, which was so much esteemed in Europe in the middle ages and kept about the person because it was considered a cure or remedy for diseases of the kidneys, hence the name, particularly the gravel or stone in the bladder. It was probably first brought into Europe when Bátá Khán invaded it." Again in his translation of the *Talakát-i-Nasiri* (p. 941, note) the same author refers to the alleged use of this stone in 595 H. (1198-1199 A.D.) A sorcerer was called in, and by recourse to his art and the use of the *sang-i-yadah,* which was thrown into the water, he brought on snow, mist, and wind. But the magic recoiled upon those who had employed it, and their army was nearly destroyed by the cold. Colonel Jarrett (*Ain-i-Akbari*, II, 348, note 1) says the stone was found in the head of a horse or cow, and when used was steeped in blood. He says that Babar frequently alludes to it, and reference is made to Leyden and Erskine's "Memoirs of Babar," introduction, XLVII, and to D'Herbelot.—*W. I.*, 15-11-94.

444. **Gopalpur, Gorakhpur: Feeding Brahmans on the Banks of Rivers.**—The family of the local Rájá here sometimes feed Bráhmans on the bank of the Ghághra, near Gopálpur, in honour of Sarayu Mátá, the mother goddess of the river. But respectable Bráhmans do not care to join in these feasts, as river banks, owing to the cremation and disposal of the dead which go on there, are haunts of evil spirits, and may enter with the food into the bodies of people who eat in such places.—*Pándit Rámbakhsh Chaubé.*

445. **How Earthquakes are caused.**—According to the belief of the Kanjar Gypsies, in the western districts of N.-W. P., this earth is placed on the horns of a wild cow, and the cow is standing on a tortoise and the tortoise is standing on a snake. When any of the three moves earthquakes take place.—*Pándit Rám Gharib Chaubé.*

446. **Wolf's Bones.**—The low-castes in the western districts of N.-W. P. tie round the waist of their children the bones of the hind legs of the wolf and believe that thereby the child becomes strong and active, and neither evil eye nor evil spirits can do him or her any harm through its influence.—*Pándit Rám Gharib Chaubé.*

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POPULAR RELIGION.

447. **Presiding Gods of Planets.**—Hindus say that different planets have their different presiding gods and godlings. As this superstition of theirs plays no mean part in their custom and ceremonies I may give them:

Sun—has Siva as his presiding god.
Moon—has Párvati as his presiding goddess.
Mars—has for his presiding god Skanda.
Mercury—has for his presiding god Vishnu.
Jupiter—has for his presiding god Rudra.
Venus—has for her presiding god Brahmá.
Saturn—has for his presiding god the Moon.

When they have Presidents they must have Vice-Presidents. The following are Vice-Presidents :—

Sun—has for his Vice-President		Agni Deotá.
Moon—has for his	Do.	Water.
Mars—has for his	Do.	Earth.
Mercury—has for his	Do.	Hari.
Jupiter—has for his	Do.	Indra.
Venus—has for her	Do.	Indráni.
Saturn—has for his	Do.	Bráhmá.

—*Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

448. **Rules of Shaving.**—A Bráhman cannot shave his hair at any time he chooses. He has hard-and-fast rules about it, which he is obliged to follow if he wishes to maintain his respect among his brethren. As it is a matter of much importance, I give the rules on the subject. If a man shave his hair on Sunday he will lose one month of his life; if on Saturday he will lose seven months of his life; if on Tuesday he will lose eight months of his life; if on Wednesday he will add five months to his life; if on Monday he will add seven months to his life; if on Thursday he will add ten months to his life, and if on Friday he will add eleven months to his life.

Besides the above, the following prohibitions are strictly observed :

In Bhadrá *nakshatra;* on the last day and 15th day of a Hindu month; on 4th, 9th and 14th day of a Hindu month; on the day when one fasts; on the first and the eighth of the month; on the *sráddha* day; on the 6th day of the Hindu months; at night; in the twilight; in the *nakshatra* in which one has been born; in the month in which one has been born; on the days sacred to the gods; at the time of sacrifice; at the time of wearing ornaments; at the time of

commencing a journey, after taking food; after getting the body anointed, after instalment; at the beginning of any auspicious work, shaving is prohibited.

If a Bráhman or a king give orders to get the hair shaved, it is lucky on any day and on any moment. At the death of a man he who burns the dead may shave without any regard for prohibitions; so may one have his hair shaved after getting release from imprisonment; before performing a sacrifice; before investiture with the sacred thread.—*Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

449. **Legend of the Poet Sur Das.**—It is said that Sur Das was originally a poor wood-cutter who used to live by selling wood in a town near the village in which he lived. One day as he was carrying his wood about for sale his glance fell on the wife of a Banya who was of surpassing beauty. He was so madly in love with her that, in order to see her again, he went next day to her house and, calling her out, gave her a bundle of wood, saying that her husband had bought it. Next day he did the same and for many days after. At last she began to wonder what her husband was buying such a quantity of wood for, and when she asked him, he said that he had bought no wood. So next day he stayed at home and when Sur Das came he enquired what he meant by coming to his house in this way. Sur Das at once admitted that he had fallen in love with his wife, and the Banya struck by his devotion made her over to him. When Sur Das had the woman in his power he began to reflect on the generosity of the Banya and the obedience of his wife; so he took up a needle and put out his eyes.

Then the Banya offered to support him, but he refused and said he would go to Brindaban and sing the praises of Sri Krishna for the rest of his life. As he wandered along with the aid of a stick he fell into a well and remained there a week absorbed in devotion of Sri Krishna. At last the deity appeared and let down a rope into the well and offered to pull him up. But Sur Das refused, unless Sri Krishna appeared in his real form. So the deity opened his eyes and appeared unto him. Then Sur Das asked him to close his eyes again and send him to Brindaban, where he devoted himself to the worship of Sri Krishna and made a vow that he would write a lakh and a quarter of verses in his honour. When he had finished composing a lakh of verses the time came for him to die, and he prayed to the deity to give him time to write the twenty-five thousand verses that remained. But Bhagwán said that the will of fate could not be set aside. At the same time he promised to compose the remainder of the verses himself. So the last verses of Sur Das are the work of Bhagwán. These verses are distinguished from the real verses of Sur Das, in that they are written in the name of Dur Syama, not in that of Sur Das.—*Pandit Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

[For further information about the Poet Sur Das, see Grierson *Modern Vernacular Literature of Hindustan*, 20 f. f.; Wilson: *Essays* I—LXI—f. f. Ed.]

450. **The Songs (bani) of Kinnu Ram.**—

Man mahuá gur gyán dhyán karu tan kar bhathi banaibón; Brahm agin ke jori ke re madiyá nám chuaibón; ham kalwárin hoibon.

Yah mad piyalen sab kon máte O sant bhaye matwála;

Kahen Kinnu Ram kalyngjí ki mahimá jag men nám chabibón.—Main kalwárin hoibón.

I shall make my mind *mahúa* (the flowers of *Bassia latifoliá*) and knowledge (of god) and devotion treacle and my body a furnace.

Kindling a fire of Bráhm (God)

I shall distil spirituous liquor—

I shall (then) become a female Kalwár (distiller).

All those who drink this liquor become intoxicated, but the saints become mad.

Kinnu Rám says that under the auspices of the iron age (Kaliyug) I shall make a name. I shall become a female distiller (Kalwárin).

II.

Ham to ghóri ghóri pihile katori ham to nám ke hain aghori;

Piyat piyat almast huá hai chaitó piyá ki orì;

Ingaeá pingaeá sukhamá taji ke paitho gagan ki khori—

Ham to nám ke hain aghori.

I drink up (the contents of) the cup again and again; I am commonly called a foul beggar (*Aghori*); you have become intoxicated by drinking again and over again; now look at the beloved (God).

Setting aside learning and estate enter the way to heaven.

I am an *Aghori* only in name.—*Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

451. **Superstitions regarding the Stars.**—According to Hindu belief the Morning Star is but the reflection of the great Rishi Agastya, who from being born from a jar is also known as Kumbhaj Rishi. He is now chiefly remembered because once in a fit of wrath he drank up the ocean. It is said that he was one day performing his devotions on the banks of the ocean, when the ocean intruded on the scene of his prayers and washed away the articles which he

had prepared for the sacrifice. He warned the ocean, but to no effect, and then he drank it up, and, putting it in the hollow beneath his thumb closed his fingers upon it. At the instance of the gods he restored the ocean to his former place. Of this Tulasi Dás writes—

Kahán Kumbhaj, Kahán Sindhu apára ?
Sokhen sujas sakal sansára.

"Compare Agastya with the ocean; but the saint drank it up, and his fame is over the world."

In the same way the Polar Star is Dhruva Rishi. They have been since the beginning occupants of paradise, and if they move it is round the throne of Vishnu Bhagwán. When the star of Agastya Rishi appears in the sky know that the rainy season has ended. So Tulasi Dás writes—

Udit Agastya panth jal sokha ;
Jimi la lobhahin sokhe santokha.

"The saint Agastya has appeared in the sky and has drunk up the water which covered the roads : so contentment devours covetousness."

The star Agastya is supposed to possess marvellous powers of drying up water. If he drank up the ocean what is the ordinary water of the rainy season to him ?

As regards the meteors, the common Hindu belief as to their origin is as follows: Varuna, the lord of the waters had twenty-four sons. He once ordered his sons to devote themselves to the work of creation, but they disobeyed him and remained absorbed in devotion and penance. He was wrath and cursed them that they should always remain moving in the sky and appear only when there was a great famine, the death of a king, the destruction of a kingdom, or some other calamity. Hence when they appear in the heavens evil is always to be apprehended.

The stars of the Constellation of the Great Bear are the seven great Rishis—Gautama, Atri, Bharadvája, Visvamitra, Kasyapa, Jamadagni, and Vasishtha. Brahma created them by the force of his mental abstraction, and they move in the sky round the paradise of Vishnu Bhagwán. They show their piety by performing a constant perambulation (*parikrama*) round the throne of the Godhead. In the space of one hundred years they pass from one asterism to another. Their appearance is most propitious, and when anyone sees them he ought to salute them.

All the stars are beings of the Golden Age, who have for their piety been removed to the sky and revolve round the sun, which is always revolving round the throne of Vishnu Bhagwán. Mangala, or Mars, is the son of the Earth; the Sun is the son of Kasyapa Rishi; Budha, or Mercury, is the son of Chandrama, or the Moon; Sukra, or Venus, is the son of the Rishi Bhrigu; Sanischara, or Saturn, is the son of the Sun. It is the lustre of these worthies that we see, and not the stars themselves.—*Pandit Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

452. **Worship of the Planet Mars.**—It is a popular belief among Hindus that if a man worship the Planet Mars, or Mangala, on Tuesday, with an offering of red flowers and red sandal wood, he will be free from the danger of fire, foe, snake and jail. On that day the worshipper should not eat from the hands of the women of his household, and what grain he eats should be of a black colour. As usual, the due performance of the rite involves the feeding of Bráhmans. If he can afford to give a Bráhman a piece of gold he is protected from the assaults of the various demons known as Bhút, Vetála, Sakinís.—*Pandit Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

453. **Some Verses of the Dadu Panthis.**—

Jó Hari kó taji án upásat sóm ati mand phajitahi hói ;

Jyón apné bhartárahin chhári bhái byabhichárin kamin kói ;

Sundar táhi na ádar mán phirai bimukhi apani pati khói ;

Búri marain kin kúp man jhár kahá jag jiwat hai sath soi.

He who forsaking Hari worships another god will be disgraced.

As a woman forsaking her husband becomes unchaste and, in spite of her beauty, walks abroad without any respect.

So man who forsakes his Hari loses his respect and honor.

Why does not such a man die by drowning himself in a well ?

Hóya ananya bhajai Bhagwanta hin aur kachhu ur mén nahin rákhai ;

Dévi wó déwa jahán lagi hain dar kétij sún wah dín na bhákhai ;

Yogahú yagyan bratádi kriyá tin kún tú nahín sapné abhilák hai ;

Sundar amrit pán kiyó tab tau kahu kaun halá hal chákhai.

Giving thyself entirely to Him worship Bhagwán and do not keep anything else in your heart; do not entertain any fear of gods and goddesses and do not make thyself humble before them even by words; do not desire even in a dream *yóg*, sacrifice, fasts and other actions. When you have drunk the choice nectar then who desires to taste poison.—*Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

454. Smallpox Shrines.—The two most famous smallpox shrines to the west of the North-Western Provinces are those at Kankhal near Hardwár and that at Raewála, a place in the Dehra Dún District, about seven miles from Hardwár. The deity at the Kankhal shrine is known as Túrki or the Turkish Muhammadan; that at the Raewála shrine is called Basanti—"she of the colour of the yellow blossoms of spring."

The tale of the Túrki goddess is thus told:—There was once born in the family of one of the Mughal Emperors a very lovely and accomplished princess, who from her youth gave herself up to the study of religion and philosophy. In the course of her wanderings she came to the neighbourhood of Hardwár, and eventually proposed to make a pilgrimage to the temple of Badarináth in Garhwál. She got only as far Lakshmana Jhúla, which is the first stage up the valley of the Ganges, when Badarináth himself appeared to her and said: "I approve of your devotion in proposing to visit my shrine. But you must not forget that you are a Musalmán, and if Musalmáns in general acquire the habit of travelling in this holy land of mine it will be an inconvenience to me. Your desire, therefore, cannot be accomplished. You must return to Kankhal and remain there till the day of your death, when you will become the guardian deity of children and the ruler of smallpox and other infantile diseases."

So the princess returned to Kankhal, where she died not long after. When she died, the Hindús erected a shrine in her honour, and she is now worshipped as the smallpox goddess. Her other name is Ujali Máta, or the "White Mother." The curious thing about her is that in direct violation of Hindu usage calves are let loose at her shrine. This can hardly be anything else but a survival of a primitive practice of cow sacrifice, which would point to the connection of the worship with some of the non-Aryan tribes, the legend being now brought down into connection with Mughal rule to explain the facts.

Both Hindús and Musalmáns worship the goddess, and near her shrine is a very interesting collection of Sati shrines.

The goddess at Raewála is a Sati. She was the wife of Dhritarashtra, Gandhári, who was mother of Duryodhana. When Dhritaráshtra through the force of his divine absorption (yoga) was consumed with fire at Saptasrotra, near Hardwár, Gandhári also jumped into the flames and was consumed. The gods blessed her with this boon in recognition of her devotion, that in the Iron Age she should be worshipped as the protector of children and the goddess of smallpox.

It rather looks as if this smallpox and disease worship was one of the most primitive cults in the country, and it would be very well worth while to collect the legends of other shrines of the same kind.—*W. Crooke.*

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455. A Popular Song.—

Raghunandan so binati itni dukh dwand hamár niwárahuji.

Apné pad pankaj pinjar mén ek hans hamár ubárahuli;

Parmárth ki partít nahí parlók hamár sudhára huji;

Tulshi yah karain hari so binati bhaw ságar pár utárahuji.

"I make only this request to Raghunandan: Remove my pain and free me from the pain and tumults of the world. Save my swan in the cage of your lotus-like fort. I do not believe in my virtuous deeds; but, O master, mend my condition in the next world. Tulsi implores Hari to help him in crossing the ocean of the world."—*Rám Gharib Chaubé.*

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456. Marriages—Auspicious times for.—The following are lucky and unlucky times for Hindú marriages:—

Months.—Mágh, Phálgun, Baisákh, Jeth and Ásárh are lucky months for Hindú marriages. Some writers say that Aghan is also a lucky month for this purpose. But this month has been degraded in the public estimation owing to the unfortunate results of two of the most important of marriages that ever took place in India. Of these two marriages the first is said to have been the marriage of Mahádeva with Párbati in a former life when she was called Sati, and the second that of Rám Chandra with Jánki or Sitá. The result of the first marriage, as the world knows, was that the pair had to part and the wife had to throw herself into the sacrificial-pit and was consumed to ashes. The result of the second marriage was that Sitá was stolen and carried away by the giant Ráwan beyond the sea and Rám Chandra was hard put to bring her back, and after fourteen years of extreme difficulty, when he recovered her, he was again obliged to put her away, the result of which was bloodshed and anarchy, and the family of Dasarath, the great King of Ayodhyá, came to an end eventually. These mishaps the Hindús at large took to heart and have pronounced, therefore, the month of Aghan as an unlucky month for the purpose of marriage. The remaining months of the year are unlucky ones for this purpose.

Dates.—15th, 4th, 9th, 14th, are unlucky dates of each fortnight of Hindú month; 1st, 6th, 11th, 2nd, 12th, 7th, 3rd; 13th, 8th, 5th, 10th and the day of full moon are lucky days. 4th, 9th and 14th are called *Riktá tithi*; 1st, 6th and 11th are called *Nandá tithi*, and 2nd, 12th, and 7th are called *Bhadrá tithi*; 3rd, 13th and 8th are called *Jaya tithi.*

Days and parts of days.—Sunday and the fourth watch of Sunday, 7th watch of Tuesday, 2nd watch of Wednesday, 5th watch of Thursday, 8th watch of Friday, 3rd watch of Saturday, are unlucky for marriages and, except Sunday, other watches in this paragraph are called collectively *bár belá.*

Nakshatra or asterism.—Róhiní, Uttará Phálguni, Uttará Khár, Uttará Bhádrapad, Réwati, Múl, Swáti, Mrigshirá, Magha, Anuradha, Hast, are lucky nakshatras for marriages.

Lagna, or conjunctions—Tulá Mithun, Kanyá, Brikh, are lucky lagnas. The remaining lagnas are not good.

Yóg, or periods.—Half of *Parikhya Yóg* and *Vyatipát Yóg, Baidhriti Yóg, Gand Yóg*, are unlucky *Yógas*, and the first nine dandas or moments of *Byaghat Yóg* are also unlucky.

Bhadrá Karkach, Yamghant Kulik Yóg are also unlucky *yógás.*

Marriages in the concluding part of a date (*tithi*) which part is 2 gharí of 20 minutes each, and in the concluding part of a nakshatra (which part consists in the last 3 gharís) are also prohibited.

In the *Janma más*, or the month in which one has been born, Janma Nakshatra (the Nakshatra in which one has been born) and Janma din (the day on which one has been born, marriage ceremony ought not to be performed. Also, if the bridegroom be the eldest son of his father and the bride be the eldest daughter, the marriage ought not to be performed in the month of Jeth.—*Rám-Gharib Chaubé.*

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457. The Custom of Bagh ka byah, or Marrying a Mango Tree to a Creeper or Bel, or a Tree or a Wooden Image of a Man to a Well.—According to semi-religious books a Hindú garden ought to contain one pipal tree, one banyan tree, one kait tree (*Feronia elephantum*), one anwará tree (*Phyllanthus emblica*), one gular or fig-tree, one jámuni tree (*Eugenia jambos* or *Syzygium jambolanum*), one bel tree (*Ægle marmelos*) and ten trees of tamarind, in addition to mango trees, whose number is not commonly fixed. But the marriage of no other tree is performed than that of the mango. In some places the marriage of a mango tree is solemnized with a well, and in some places the marriage of a mango tree is performed with a creeper (*bél*). In Basti and Gorakhpur, for instance, the marriage of a well is performed with a mango tree, and in Mirzápúr not far off from Basti and Gorakhpur, the marriage of a garden is performed with a *bél.* The marriage of a well is performed with a wooden image of a man. The form of the ceremony is the same all over the country. When a man intends to marry his mango tree to a *bél*, he plants the *bél* under one mango tree or under all of them. He appoints a man who stands in the relation of a brother-in-law (*sálá*) or son's father-in-law (*samadhi*) to act as the guardian of the *bél* as far as the marriage ceremonies are connected, and the owner of the garden becomes the guardian or father of the mango tree and his wife becomes the mother of the tree. Sometimes it so happens that a Bráhman is made to represent the guardian of the *bél.* Then, as in the case of a son, an auspicious time is determined through astrological calculations, so in the case of the trees these days are fixed, and on those days all the ceremonies connected with the marriage ceremonies of the Hindús of high-caste are performed with the same ritual, at the houses of the persons who have become the guardians of the marrying trees. Only preliminary ceremonies are performed at the houses of the guardians. The real ceremony of marriage is performed in the garden itself. A marriage-shed is set up at the central mango tree and all those things that are put in the marriage-shed in the case of a human bride and bridegroom are put in it. All the ceremonies are performed by the guardians, and the ceremonies which are performed by the bride and bridegroom themselves in the case of human beings are performed in the case of trees by Bráhmans who touch the tree with the offerings. The garments which the bride and bridegroom put on at the time of marriage, are put on the mango tree and the *bél.* The mango is considered the bridegroom and the *bél* the bride, and so male garments are put on the mango tree and female garments are put on the *bél.* When other ceremonies have been performed and the ceremony of putting red-lead in the parting of the hair of the bride comes on, the owner of the garden makes a Bráhman priest put some red-lead on one leaf of the mango tree and, bending a bough of the mango tree the leaf of which contains the red-lead, makes the red-lead fall on the *bél.* The marriage ceremonies then come to an end. Then the Bráhmans are fed and given rewards. The peculiar point in the marriage, of gardens is that no other Bráhmans officiate at the ceremonies except the Dakshini Bráhmans. The things offered to gods or the things given to the mango tree as a dowry are received by the officiating Dakshini Bráhmans. The expenses incurred on th

side of the mango tree, or on the side of the *bél*, are borne by the owner of the garden himself. The substance of all this is that the ceremonies for the bride as well as for the bridegroom are performed by men who become the guardians of them for the time being. Some men who can afford to spend much money get all the ceremonies performed in a single day and those who are rich get all the ceremonies performed in proper ways and methods. As there is no ceremony peculiar to garden marriage which is not found in the marriage ceremonies of high-caste Hindús generally, I do not describe them here. What seems peculiar in this ceremony is that the *kalsa*, or pitcher, is put under all the trees, though the ceremony is performed under only one mango tree under which is the marriage-shed. After the binding portion of the marriage ceremony is performed, a yellow thread is wrapped round the mango trees in the garden five times. Then curds and treacle mixed together are put near the *bél* and the mango tree. This is the ceremony performed at the time when the bride goes into the house of the bridegroom and the mother of the bridegroom making them sit together makes them eat curds and treacle mixed together.—*Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

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458. **Mirzapur—The Agori Fort—The Family Deities of the Chandel Rajputs.**—Agori, on the Son, was the capital of the Chandel Rajputs, now represented by the family of the Rani of Barhar. The place is now said to be inhabited by demons, and has been deserted. The popular story is that Chunár was inhabited when Agori was deserted and that it was formerly much larger than Chunár. Near it are temples in honour of Maihar-ki Bhawáni, Maniya Deo and Bhaironnáth, who are the tribal deities of the Chandels. The first two are said to have been originally brought from Mahoba, in the Hamirpur District, which was the original seat of the Chandel power. In the Naurátra of Chait and Kuár people from all parts of the country come to worship Maihar-ki Devi, who is considered to rank on an equality with the Vindhybasini Devi of Bindháchal. They offer to her sacrifices of goats and young rams, with pieces of spotted cloth known as *Chunari*. Some only give flowers and sweets with a small money gift to the officiating priest. Some bring their boys there to be invested with the sacred cord, or to get their heads shaven. The offerings to Maniya Deo are of the same kind. The peculiarity about him is that his priests are Bháts, or genealogists, which looks as if he was in some way attached to the royal family of Mahoba. This deity receives large money offerings and his priests are very prosperous. The Chandel family believes that these deities have often in days gone by rescued them from danger. They have a story that if a goat is sacrificed to them in the evening its head speaks within twelve hours of its death. Of the origin of Maniya Deo there is no local tradition ; but it may be noted that one of the chief deities of Mahoba (*Gazetteer North-West Provinces*, I, 523) is called Muniya Devi and the name of Maniya Deo may be a corruption of this.—*W. Crooke.*

The Legend of Sakhi Gopal.—Close to the town of Jaggannath, in Orissa, is the temple known as Sakhi Gopal-ka Mandir, of which the following legend is told.

Once upon a time an old Bráhman, accompanied by a boy of his own caste, went on a pilgrimage to Jaggannáth. There he was attacked by a sore disease and the boy nursed him until he recovered. He had no money wherewith to reward him, so he promised to give him his daughter in marriage. The boy doubted him and said, "If you will swear by Gopálji of Brindaban, I will agree to marry her." The Bráhman took the oath.

Afterwards when he went home and told his sons of the promise he had made, they refused their consent, and when the boy came to claim his bride, her father and her brothers defied him.

So the boy went to Brindaban and fell before the idol of Gopálji and claimed justice and said, that if Gopálji would not support his cause he would then and there give up his life. Gopálji agreed to accompany him and give evidence in his case. Says he, "I will follow you to Jaggannáth. But you must not look behind. You will know that I am following you by hearing the tinkling of my golden anklets." So they went on together until they reached the neighbourhood of Jaggannath ; the young Bráhman observed the conditions; but when they had nearly reached their destination, though he heard the tinkling of the golden bangles, he doubted if Gopálji was really following him or not. So he looked round and saw that the deity was there. Then the deity said : "I would have altogether given up your cause if you had not come so far without violating the conditions." So he came on to the place where his temple now stands, and all the people flocked out to see the lord Gopálji.

Then he called the old Bráhman and his sons and when they saw the god they grew pale with fear. Then Gopálji warned them of the sin of breaking such a solemn oath and he made them give the girl in marriage to the Bráhman boy. So they built a temple at the place where he halted, and it is still known as Gopálji Sakhi-ka Mandir or the "Temple of Gopálji, the witness," and crowds of people who are wronged by an enemy resort there for redress.—*Pandit Rám Gharib Chaubé.*

ANTHROPOLOGY.

459. The Customs of the Mahsud Waziris.— The Mahsuds, in spite of their numerous clans, yet are a very united race, inter-sectional feuds being almost if not quite unknown, while murder is in their law visited very heavily on the guilty party; life is valued at a much higher figure amongst them, and the common Pathan custom of the murdered man's nearest relative being bound to square accounts by killing his relative's murderer is not practised. The maliks of each section pretend to have influence over their tribe, but practically they are powerless to restrain the young bloods from continuing in the footsteps of their fathers by raiding other tribes, etc. The Powindahs, *i. e.*, Ghilzai traders, who come down from Afghanistan to India, and penetrate even to Australia, trading, are, on the contrary, completely ruled by a few leading maliks, whose decision on all matters is final. This is a remarkable contrast between these two long-sworn enemies. Considering the above, *viz.*, the want of influence of the Mahsud maliks, and the, so to speak, sworn friendship between the various sections of the Mahsud tribe, it might be possible to secure a peaceful state of affairs along the new Shahur Zam route by taking from each sub-section, whose lands border on this route, a certain number of hostages, rifles, guns, etc., to be kept for a certain period in Dera Ismail Khan, and then, if all went satisfactorily, to return all, with a pecuniary reward to these special sections for having fulfilled their contract. These sections then might be willing to endeavour as a whole to restrain the *badmashes* of other sections; it is not to be expected that after this expedition any general or combined attack would be made on travellers or convoys proceeding by the Shahur Zam.

After this expedition there is little doubt that the more enlightened of the tribe will overcome by degrees the more bigoted members, and gradually the whole of the Mahsuds will profit by the civilising effects of constant intercourse with British territory.

The customs of this tribe merit mention. The women do not cover their faces, but mix freely with the men; the former wear a black gown ornamented with needle-work with cloth pyjamas underneath, the men have a white or blue puggri and a shirt extending down to their knees, with the chest or front embroidered in a square, and a pair of loose pyjamas; the common foot gear is "chupli," made out of *pish* or dwarf-palm, which is abundant on the bank of the nullahs at lower altitudes. The men buy their wives, paying from Rs. 50 to Rs. 150, the marriage ceremony resembling very much that among Mahomedans in India. When a woman is in distress she shows it by beating her breast violently with her hands and wailing, they wear their dress inside out for luck when their male relatives go to war, and when so absent they are busy collecting and taking provisions to the front. The women are brave and are often seen in the front rank urging on their men to fight and throwing stones down on the enemy; they often followed a column for miles just to watch and take back information; and knowing we never allow a woman to be taken prisoner or hurt, they trade on this and conceal their husband's arms, &c, in their dress. In cases of murder a heavy fine is inflicted on the guilty one, Rs. 1,200 being the amount for a man and Rs. 600 for a woman; for a sword-cut Rs. 120 is fixed for each half inch of the length of the wound. Similarly for the loss of a limb or an eye and other wounds there are various fixed sums. For adultery and other offences the punishment is very similar to that which prevails among Pathans. The Mahsuds are very illiterate, and owing to their great pride in owning no master except those of their own tribe, they resent bitterly the advance of a force into their territory, and loathe the idea of its being occupied permanently. They don't enlist at present, but by degrees may agree to bow before civilisation and enter our ranks; they should make good soldiers in many ways, being of very fine physique and well inured to hardships and privations. They will never leave a wounded or dead comrade behind if they possibly can carry him away, it being a slur on their name if they do. One thing is certain, and that is, that there is no man amongst the whole tribe who has sufficient influence over all to constitute himself as their leader or commander-in-chief, and unless the Mahsuds have such a man, either a malik or, what is more probable, a "jehad" preaching mullah, to collect under, their mode of fighting against us will be confined, as in the present instance, to guerilla warfare. We have just read the terms given by Government to the tribe, and though they do not strike one as severe, there appears little doubt that the one regarding the opening up of the Shahur Zam will be the one which will strike home the strongest, for it is a blow at their pride. On former occasions we have walked in and out of their country, but now we insist, as we might possibly have done in 1881, on the best line of advance into their country being made safe for all travellers who may use it.—*Pioneer.*

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460. Omens Determining the Sites of Towns. (*Vide* the Editor's query appended to Note 248, No. 6, Vol. IV.)—The Nawab Muhammad Khan Miyazi was one day out hunting in the neighbour-

hood of the temple of Pinglai Devi, in the Amraoti district, Berar. Suddenly a hare turned on one of his hounds and put it to flight. The Nawab took this as a good omen and founded a village, Ner Pinglai, where he afterwards lived. A portion of the gateway built by the Nawab is still standing, and near it is a small building on the site of which, it is said, the Nawab's darbar hall formerly stood. A representation of the Nawab's gaddi, covered with a green cloth and flanked by plumes of peacock's feathers, is kept in this small building. The Nawab is said to have lived in the reign of 'Alá-u-'d-din Hussain, Kangoh Bahmani, the first of the Bahmani dynasty, but I cannot answer for my informant's chronology.

A similar legend is current regarding the founding of the Fort of Gavilgarh in Berar, famous for its capture by Sir Arthur Wellesley after the battle of Argaum. In this case, if I remember rightly, a black partridge turned on a falcon. The legend will be communicated as soon as I can discover the note made by me regarding it.—*Wolseley Haig.*

Saharanpur: Marriage Deities of the Ahirs.—The Ahírs, in Saharanpur, have two marriage deities—Brahm Deota and Bar Deota. Brahm Deota is Brahma, and is represented by an image of gold in human form, and Bar Deota is the Banyan tree. On the night of the wedding an image of Brahm Deota is brought by the goldsmith and placed on the marriage platform. When the binding portion of the ritual has been performed, the bride and bridegroom offer to the image sandal-wood, washed rice, flowers, incense, lamps, sweetmeats and cakes. The women of the household then bury the image in the kitchen and raise an earthen platform over it. The members of the family worship this daily by pouring water over it, and on feast days offerings of rich cakes and rice-milk are made to it. This is done until a second marriage takes place in the family, when it is removed and replaced by a similar new image.

The Banyan tree is worshipped only on the marriage day. After the marriage ceremonies are finished the bride and bridegroom accompanied by the women, friends of the pair, go in procession to the oldest Banyan tree in the village and smear the trunk with vermilion. Each woman offers two cakes to the tree and some Brahmanical cords.

In some familes the Banyan tree is worshipped during the performance of the marriage rites, and the bridegroom marks the tree with vermilion at the same time as he marks the parting of the hair of the bride.

This is an obvious survival of actual marriage to the tree.—*W. Crooke.*

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461. **Menstrual Impurity.**—Indra was once guilty of the sin of killing a Bráhman. He prayed to Brahma for forgiveness, and the goddess cut the sin into four parts. One he threw into fire, the second into the rivers, the third into the mountains, and the fourth into women. In the last the sin breaks out once a month. On the first day the woman is as one of the Chandála caste, in the second as the wife of one who has killed a Bráhman, in the third as the wife of a Dhôbi or washerman. Any one who touches her incurs the sin equal to the killing of a Bráhman. On the fourth day she bathes and is clean.—*Pandit Rám Gharíb Chaubé.*

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462. **Expulsion of the Cholera Spirit.**—The following are two methods of expelling the cholera spirit on the occasion of an outbreak of the disease in a town or village in Berar:—

1. A plough is yoked and is driven round the village by the Patel, the villagers following in procession and bearing with them a fowl and a sheep. The circuit is not quite completed, a narrow opening being left for the escape of the spirit. When the circuit has thus been nearly completed, the fowl and the goat are sacrificed to Mari Máta (Mari Mai), their heads being cut off by a pujári. They are then buried, and on the same spot the beam and yoke of the plough are fixed into the ground, and, after being daubed with a few spots of *sénduv* are worshipped. The spot selected for the halt of the procession is usually the principal entrance of the village, or, in the case of a walled town, the main gate. The ceremony is always performed on a Tuesday. It has been twice performed within recent years at Amraoti, the principal town of the Province, the last occasion being an epidemic in 1891.

2. In some villages the object of worship at the open-air shrine of Mari Mai consist of two small roughly carved wooden images in a miniature cart. These are said to represent Mari and "her sister Jari." (I have never before heard of this goddess.) On the occasion of an outbreak the villagers assemble, worship at the shrine, and sacrifice a goat there, which is buried on the spot. The small cart is then removed from the shrine and dragged by one of the Mahárs to the boundary of another village, the villagers following and bringing with them a young male buffalo. On arrival at the village boundary the figures are again worshipped and the buffalo-calf is

sacrificed and buried. The belief is that having been thus royally feasted before being shown the door the goddess will depart peaceably.—*Wolseley Haig.*

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463. **Note on Káyasthas as clerks under Hindu Kings.**—In my previous note on "The Kayasthas of Behar" (Note No. 260) published in the *North Indian Notes and Queries* for October, 1894, I stated that, during the early days of British rule in Bengal, the Kayasthas were mostly employed as writers or clerks in the late E. I. Company's offices and that, in consequence thereof, the term *Káyastha* was frequently rendered into English by the expression "Writer caste." This statement requires a little modification. It appears that, long previous to the establishment of British rule in India, the Káyasthas, or the members of the great caste of that name, had been employed as writers and accountants under the Hindu Kings of old. Even in those remote times the Káyasthas had the evil repute of being oppressive in their dealings and were accused of sharp practices. There is a sloka by the Hindu lawgiver Jájnavalkya extant at the present day, which enjoins the Hindu Kings to protect their subjects from the nefarious practices of the wily Káyasthas. It is as follows:—

चाढतर कर दुव्र त्त महासाह्स सिकादिभिः ।
पोष्यमाना प्रजा च्चित् कायस्थेभ्यो विशेषतः ॥

that is, "The subjects are to be protected from the deceivers, thieves, evil-doers and other desperados *specially from the Káyasthas.*"

In those times, it appears that the writers were of two classes, namely, one, the *Jyestha Káyastha* and the other the *Inferior Káyasthas* or Patwaris. The Jyestha Káyasthas (ज्येष्ठकायस्थ) performed the duties of the head writer or head ministerial officer to the *Visayapati*, or the officer under the old Hindu Kings who held charge of an administrative division corresponding to something like the Pargana of Mahomedan times, and kept, in his custody, the Revenue Records of his circle. The word *Jyéstha Káyastha* frequently occurs in old grants by Hindu Kings. In a recently discovered copper-plate grant of Dharmapála, the aforementioned word occurs in line 47 of the inscription engraved thereon. (See Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, Vol. LXIII (1894), Part I, No. 1, page 57.) The inferior Káyasthas were employed as writers or accountants in the villages under the charge of the Visayapati. These latter performed similiar functions to those discharged by the patwaris of the present day.

A synonym of the term *Káyastha* in the olden times, when the Hindu Kings held sway over this land, was the word करण (Karana). Both of these terms appear to have been promiscuously applied to the great caste of writers and accountants, as will appear from the fact that, even at the present day, it is the usual practice in social gatherings of the Káyasthas, to salute the Brahmans first of all with the words ब्राह्मणेभ्योनमः and then to salute the Káyasthas with the greeting श्री करणेभ्योनमः In line 48 of the copper-plate inscription above referred to, occurs the word सकरणान् which means "with all the *Karanas* or subordinate writers and accountants." It would thus appear that the Káyasthas were to be found in large numbers in Bengal in ancient times and plied their vocation of quill-driving from remoter times than those of the late John Company.—*Sarat Chandra Mitra, Superintendent of Survey Settlement, Raj Hutwa.*

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464. **Impregnation by the Sun.**—In connection with impregnation by the Sun the people tell a curious tale about Rája Mán Sinh of Jeypur. They say that when his father went to fetch his mother after their marriage, he heard the partridges calling near the city in which she lived. He asked the Pandits who were with him, what the birds were saying, and they told him that the partridges said that his promised wife was already in child. He was wroth and asked how he, a Rajput prince, could marry such a woman. Again the birds called and he asked what they said. They replied that the birds were saying that she was in child by Súrya Náráyan, the Sun god, of whom she was the devoted votary.

So her husband took her home and in due time her child was born. This was the famous Mán Sinh.

One time while he was a child his mother went away leaving him in charge of a maid. He was hungry and cried, so she nursed him at her own breast. When his mother came and saw that he had the milk of a low caste woman in his mouth, she tried to take it out with her own hand, but some remained, and this was why he was defeated by the Afgháns. When his mother heard of his defeat she smiled, and said: "The low caste woman's milk has had its effect after all." She, however, foretold that for the rest of the campaign he would be victorious, and so it happened. —*W. Crooke.*

FOLKTALES.

465. **A Hillman's Apologue.**—The following story is neither instructive, pathetic nor amusing. Its only interest lies in the fact that it is told exactly as it was told to me, one cold winter's evening in camp at the foot of the great Bhutan hills. The narrator was one Daukhah Rabha, a picturesque ruffian, who, like all his race, was very reticent and reserved—except when he was full of liquor. That particular evening my friend Daukhah was as nearly drunk as a seasoned hillman can become under the influence of the national rice-beer, a mawkish stimulant of which he and his brethren consume vast and, to the uninitiated, incredible quantities. As he sat in the light of the blazing camp-fire, a huge quid of *pán* distending one cheek, his bluff Tartar features shone with the contentment which possesses the hillman when he is filled with beer. A tot of whiskey and a cigar made his tongue wag with wonderful volubility, and among other miscellaneous matters, he told me this foolish story which, as aforesaid, possesses the sole merit of being the genuine folktale of a half-savage hillman:—

"Once upon a time" (I declare, on my word of honour, that the old drunkard began with the time-honoured formula,) "lived a rabbit and a monkey. And the monkey and the rabbit were friends. And, as they sat by the road-side talking together (just as you and I talk, O Saheb,) there passed by that way a man bearing on a bamboo pole a load of plantains and sugar. Said the monkey to the rabbit, 'Friend, of my heart, do as I tell thee. Go thou and sit on the road in front of that man: when he approacheth thee, run from him along the road. Assuredly he will put down his load and pursue thee. And as for me, I will convey his plantains and sugar to a place of security, and when thou returnest, we two will feast together as befits friends.' Just as you—you and I, O Saheb—have drunk smoke and wine together this night, being friends like the monkey and the rabbit. No sooner said than done. The rabbit ran and the man, depositing his burden, ran after him, whereat the monkey, who had been crouching in the tall jungle grass by the road-side, seized the plantains and the sugar, and taking them into a tree, devoured them at his leisure. For the monkey, as the Saheb has doubtless observed, is a greedy and covetous being. Presently the man returned disappointed in his chase, and finding his wares gone, went home, to a scolding from his wife, with much dejection. The rabbit also returned and, after much search, found his friend seated in a rubber tree. Accosting the monkey, then, he invited him to come down and feast. But the monkey assuming an indignant air, pelted him with the peel of the plantains and the shards in which the sugar had been. 'Why, O fool,' said he, 'didst thou run so far and return so late? Behold, hunger possessed me and I have eaten all.' But the rabbit, thinking his friend was joking, still asked for his share. On which the monkey said: 'If thou believest aught remains, come and see.' And so saying, he seized the rabbit by the ears and hoisted him into the rubber tree where, after divers insults, he left him trembling, and went his way.

"Now, many animals passed under the great tree, but none took pity on the rabbit, till at last there came a very old, lean and foolish rhinoceros who rubbed his withered folds of skin against the tree, and grunted dull complaints of the infirmities of age. And him the rabbit asked for leave to jump on to his back; to which the rhinoceros, being old and simple, consented. But the rabbit jumped with such force, that the aged rhinoceros, falling on his stupid old nose, broke his neck and died.

"As for the rabbit, he went away to the Raja's court, and took refuge under the Raja's throne. And when the Raja and the courtiers were all assembled the rabbit sneezed loudly. And the Raja cried—'What unmannerly rogue sneezes in the presence? Off with his head!' But the courtiers with one accord denied that they had sneezed. On which the rabbit sneezed again, and was caught and dragged out by the ears, and the Raja bid the executioner fetch his sword. But the rabbit, sitting up in a respectful attitude, said: 'O Raja, strike but hear! If thou wilt send a score of men with me, I will give thee a dead rhinoceros.' Whereat the Raja laughed, and, just to see what would happen, gave him a score of men. And sure enough they presently returned, bearing the dead rhino, and the court physician made powerful and sovereign medicine out of the ground powder of the rhino's horn. And the Raja was so pleased that he gave the rabbit a fine coat and a horse. And so the rabbit rode proudly home. On the way he met has friend, the monkey. And the monkey seeing the rabbit thus gorgeously attired and on horseback, was extremely respectful in his demeanour, and begged to know whence these prizes had been got. And the rabbit said: 'Know, O haughty one, that I, whom you call fool, got these by sneezing in an auspicious manner under the Raja's throne, whereby the soothsayers and astrologers were gratified, and prophesied to the Raja a long life and many male children, whereat the Raja was pleased, and gave me these of his bounty.' Whereat the monkey became thoughtful, and pondered whether he too might not get a horse and a robe of state. Accordingly, next day, he too crept under the Raja's throne, and sneezed in the most auspicious manner he could contrive. And again the Raja asked what unmannerly rogue it

was who sneezed in the presence. And the monkey was discovered and dragged out, smirking with joy and respect. And the Raja cried, 'What hast *thou*, O wily tree-climber, to give me that I do not bid them cut off thy head?' And the monkey, being unprepared with an answer, could think of nothing but the plantain skins and pot shards. And these he offered in exchange of his life. So they cut off his head. And that is all, Saheb."

Doukhah's songs are better than his stories, and have a savage redundance of rhyme which I wish I could reproduce in English. But I have thought it may interest readers who care about savage men and their thoughts to read a genuine hillman's story, translated as literally as the difference in the methods of the two languages will allow. *Hazo.—Pioneer*

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466. **The Nawab and his Syce.**—There was once a Nawáb who employed a silly fellow as his syce. "If you please me," said he, "I will increase your wages" As he was going to bed he said to the syce:—"Tie the horse to a tree and watch him during the night." He himself went up to the upper room and fell asleep. By and bye the syce went to sleep and a thief came and carried off the horse. When the syce woke up and missed the animal, he went up the stairs and into where the Nawáb was asleep and began to look under his bed. "What are you doing, you fool?" said the Nawáb, and began to laugh. The syce answered:—"As the horse was so fond of you I thought when I missed him that perhaps he had come and lain down under your bed. Now as you are pleased with me, I want you to raise my wages."

[Told by Budha, Chamar, and recorded by Radha Krishna, Master of the Zila School, Jaunpur.]

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467. **The One-eyed Rajput and the Demon.**—A one-eyed Rajput lived in a certain village; and his field was near his house, on the road. He had no son or wife. He used to sit at all times near his field, and if any traveller passed by his field on the road, he took whatever fine he could extract from him, saying: "Why do you walk over my field?" By chance, one day, a barber was going with an invitation to a marriage (*neota*) somewhere. When the Thakur saw him walking over his field, he ran after him with a stick. When the barber saw him, he said: "Hear what I have to say first, and then beat me. I am going to settle your marriage," Then the Thakur was very happy and took the barber home with him and treated him very well. As he was going, the barber said: "Please give me some money." So the Thakur gave him Rs. 500. The barber went off home with the money. A few days after the Thakur got in a great state, thinking the barber had taken that money and given him no return; but as he didn't know where the barber lived, or anything about him, what could he do? A few days after it happened that the barber had to go in the same direction with an invitation from the zemindar of his village; but there was no other road except the one he had gone by before. Then the barber was at a loss what to do. "Well," he thought, "the Thakur will certainly kill me." Thinking thus, he went on his way, taking a little sandal-wood. When he got near the Thakur's field, the owner, immediately he saw him, gave chase. The barber, seeing him some distance off, said: "Be pleased to listen a little to what I have to say." The Thakur said: "You took my money and gave me no return for it, and now you want to make up some cock-and-bull story about it." The barber said: "Why! you have got a son, and I am going to rub him with sandal-wood, and here you are talking like this!" Then the foolish Thakur was very pleased and received the barber very kindly, and, taking him to his house, gave him some money for rubbing on him the sandal-wood, and said to the barber: "Take me with you and show me to my wife's family." In short, the barber took him with him, and as they passed through a village, pointed him out the house door of a very strong man, and said, "There's where your wife's father lives." So saying, the barber went on, and the Thakur sat down by that door. The owner of the house had gone to his field. When his wife saw the Thakur sitting there, she thought that probably some friend of her husband had arrived. For this reason she sent him some breakfast, and when dinner was ready, then she thought that perhaps her husband won't be home for some time, and his friend's dinner will be delayed, so she called the Thakur to come into the house for dinner. While the Thakur was sitting eating, the woman sat apart behind a screen. As it happened, the woman's child began to cry; the Thakur said: "There's the child crying: go and lift it up." The poor woman, for shame, dared give no answer and didn't come out before the Thakur. The Thakur, thinking them to be his wife and his child, got up in a great state of rage and went and beat the woman well with a stool, and said: "The child is crying and I keep telling you to take it up, but you pay me no heed." The poor woman uttered not a word, but thought to herself, "This man orders me about as if I was his wife." Well, after this, the Thakur went off in a rage and sat at the door. In the meanwhile the owner of the house came back and saw a stranger sitting at his door, and thought it must be some traveller. So he went into his house without saying anything. When he got inside he saw his wife on the ground. He asked her, "Who's that fellow sitting outside?" The woman said: "I thought he was some friend of

yours: so I invited him to dinner;" and she told him the whole story of how he had beaten her. Then her husband was very angry and set about to go and kill the Thakur, and went out with his sword in hand. And when the Thakur, who was sitting outside in a state of rage, had seen him come and go into his house without asking his permission, he got still more angry and took up his position, sword in hand, outside the door thinking, "When he comes out. I'll kill him." So as soon as the owner of the house put his head out of the doorway, the Thakur struck him such a blow with the sword, that he died: and then going into the house abused the woman most foully and said, "What fellow was this?" The poor woman saw that her husband was dead, and that she had now no one to help her, so, thinking it advisable, she said: "Oh! that was your brother-in-law." The Thakur said: "He was a very bad man, for he saw his brother-in-law sitting outside his door, and without asking his permission or saluting him, goes into his house." Well, after this they lived together, and the house &c., became the property of the Thakur. After some days the Thakur said to his wife: "Bring my sword, I will go and take service with the King of this place." So the woman fetched him his sword, and the Thakur went to the King. Although the courtiers tried to stop him, he paid no attention to them, and going unceremoniously into the Raja's presence, sat down without even saluting him. The people were annoyed at this, but said nothing. In fine, the Thakur demanded service of the King. The King thinking him to be a bold scoundrel, told him there was no vacancy for a servant, but that he might have a small plot of land on lease, which was haunted by a demon. For this reason, no one would ever take the land, and it always remained fallow. The King thought, "If this land be given to the Thakur, the demon is certain to eat him up.' So the Thakur agreed, and said: "Write the lease on a sheet of copper." The King did so, hoping he would be eaten up by the demon. The Thakur took the lease home, and one day went with his spade and basket to the plot of land, and said: "First, on all four sides, I must surround the field with boundary embankments, then I'll plough and sow it." So saying, he went to look for some earth and saw a large mound in the middle of his road, and that mound was the lair of the demon. The Thakur began to dig into it, and then the demon came out roaring, and said: "Don't you know I'm a demon?" The Thakur said: "Well, suppose you are, what are you going to do to me?" And so saying, was about to hit him with his spade. Then the demon was somewhat put out. When he saw that this bold man would not mind him, he said: "Brother, take as much grain as you think this land will give for a crop, and don't disturb the ground here." In short, the Thakur having settled on 700 maunds of one year's grain went his way, and the demon gave up the full amount. There was a drought one year; the demon was in sore straits from having given up his grain, so he went to his uncle and said, "I made an agreement with a man and paid him in full: but now I'm in a bad plight owing to this drought, so what am I to do?" His uncle wasvery angry, and said: "You're a very feckless demon to give into a man and present him with grain." The demon said: "He's a terrible fellow." Then his uncle said: "Very well, take me to him." And so the demon took his uncle to the Thakur's house and, seeing no way of entrance, they went in by the drain. As it happened, that day the Thakur had put out some milk for his child to drink and the cat had drunk it all up. When the Thakur had heard of this, he had taken his sword and sat himself down in this yard, intending to kill the cat if it came. In the interval, the demon's uncle put his head out of the drain, and the Thakur thinking this was the cat struck him on the head with a mallet and said: "Look out; don't go back. Come out, or I'll kill you!" Then the demon was compelled to come out. The Thakur said: "Say truly, why you came here!" Then the demon told him the reason, and said, "Pardon me, I did wrong in coming." The Thakur said: "Very well, this shall be your punishment: that all the yearly grain your nephew gives me, you will have to send here ground and cleaned." Accordingly the demon's uncle to used grind and clean all the grain the demon gave the Thakur. In this way in a very short time the Thakur became a wealthy man, and in the end dethroned the reigning King, and took the kingdom himself.

[A folktale told by Benī, Barber, Mirzapur District: recorded by Ahmadullah.]

[A similar tale in an abbreviated form appeared in "*North Indian Notes and Queries,*" II., 30.—Ed.]

468. **The Magic bone.**—A Sannyási once lived under a pipal tree in a wretched hut and a pious girl used to attend upon him. One day a crow flew on the tree and left on one of the branches a bone of the corpse of some evil man. From that day the tree began to wither. The Sannyási was perplexed to know what had happened to the tree. As he was absorbed in meditation a voice came from heaven and told him that the tree withered on account of the bone. The Sannyási took down the bone and, reflecting that if he threw it elsewhere it would do more mischief, he ground it to powder and put it in a pot in the corner of his hut. At the same time he warned the girl not to touch it.

Long after she was one day cleaning the hut and saw the pot. She forgot what the Sannyási had told her and smelt the dust and at once conceived.

When it became known that the girl was in child a scandal arose against the Sannyási and the girl and they were both called before the Raja, who abused them. The Sannyási protested and told the Raja that it was not his doing, but the effect of the bone So he brought the pot with the dust to the Raja, who, when he saw it, was wroth and said: "This is only common dust," and with these words he threw it on the roof of the palace. As he threw the dust it became a blazing fire and the palace was consumed. Then the Raja knew that the Sannyási and the girl had spoken the truth. So he begged their forgiveness and dismissed them with a great reward.

[Told by Lala Shankar Lal, Kayasth, Village Accountant of Chamkari, Etah District.]

469. **The Rání who was a Witch.**—A Raja was once walking along the road when a beautiful witch passed him in a litter. She offered to marry the Raja if he would turn out his other Rání, and to this the Raja agreed.

The Rání, when she was driven from the palace, used to live in a hut near the banks of the river, and there she brought forth a son, who was so beautiful that he was known as Lál Sáhib, or Master Ruby. One day one of the Raja's elephants was passing by the hut on his way to water, when the boy struck it such a blow that it ran back to its stable. The Raja was informed of the matter and when he sent for Lál Sáhib he was so pleased with his manliness, that he oftered him service. Lál Sáhib objected at first, but at last agreed to serve the Raja.

Now the kingdom of the Raja was beset by a demon *(deo)* who used to eat a man daily*; all the brave men of the land failed to overcome him; at last Lál Sáhib was deputed by the Raja and, after a great struggle, defeated the demon and made his wife give up one of her anklets, which he brought to the Raja, who gave it to the witch Rání. She was much pleased, and demanded a second to make up the pair, which the Raja ordered Lál Sáhlb to find.

The boy knew that it was only in the realm of Raja Indra that such ornaments could be found, so he took the road for Indralok. On the way he met a Sádhu, who said: "There are two roads to Indralok. One way is safe and takes six months to traverse; the other is beset be tigers and Bhúts and can be passed in three." Lál Sáhib chose the shorter road, and got a spell (*mantra*) from the Sádhu which enabled him to overcome all danger. At last he reached Indrapuri, the city of Raja Indra, and there Indra was so pleased with his bravery that he offered him any boon he chose.

"Give me," said Lál Sáhib, Harí Parí, the green fairy," and Raja Indra gave her to him, as well as a second anklet. Lál Sáhib returned home with Harí Parí and the jewel. The Raja was so pleased that he asked Lál Sáhib to show him his house. He took the Raja there and lo! she that served the table was his own loved Rání.

The Raja was delighted with his Rání and son. He took them home, killed the witch Rání; and they all lived happily ever after.

[A folktale told by Munishwar Tiwari, a student of Chandausi, Morádábád District.]

470. **The legend of the daughter of the Raja of Kosala.**—There was in the old time a Raja of the land of Kosala and he had a daughter named Kausalya. One day the Muni Narada came to that city and began to measure the ground all round it. The demon Ravana came up and asked him what he was doing. He said: "I am measuring the place to see if there will be room for the wedding procession of the Raja Dasaratha." Ravana thought to himself that it had been foretold by the astrologers that Dasaratha would marry Kausalya and have by her a son named Rama, who would cause his death. So he beat the Raja of Kosala and carried off the princess Kausalya. He shut her up in a box and, carrying her to the bank of the sea, made her over to the fish Raghava. The fish swallowed the box and swam to a distant island. When he wanted to get his food he vomited up the box and when he had eaten, swallowed it again. This he did daily.

When the marriage procession was ready to start, the Raja Dasaratha sent the Muni Narada to the city of the Raja of Kosala to learn tidings of the bride. He came there and could find no trace of her. As he was coming back he met Ravana, who asked his business. He said he was arranging for the marriage. Ravana laughed and said: "How can there be a marriage without a bride?" So Narada returned and told the tidings to the Raja Dasaratha, who sent him again to search for the princess. As he was wandering about, by and by he came to an island where he saw a box and when he opened it, he found the Princess Kausalya. So he took her out, and filling the box with stones, shut it up again. He brought the princess back to the Raja of Kosala, her father, and she was married to the Raja Dasaratha, and in due time was born to them the deity Rama, by whom Ravana was killed.

[Told by Akbar Sah, Manjhi of Manbasa, Dudhi, Mirzapur District, and recorded by Qazi Hamid Husain.]

[This is curious as showing the form in which the Hindu legends have been adopted by the Dravidian Gonds. The shutting up of the heroine in a box which is swallowed by a fish is common in folklore—ED.]

471. **The legend of Raja Karak.**—In olden times, where the villages of Thana Bhawa

* On such monsters see Knowles' *Folktales of Kashmir*, 172; Temple *Wide-awake Stories*, 396.

and Jalalabad now stand in the Muzaffarnagar district, there was a great city and the king of it was Kesari Sinh. He had a daughter, Sánwal Dah, and her he married to the son of Raja Dharmpál Sinh, of Delhi. When the bridegroom started for home with his bride, they lost their way in the jungle, and sat down under a tree. Just then a kite flew down and seized a snake that lived in a hole in the tree. When the prince saw this he fired his arrow and transfixed the kite to an upper branch. He began to climb up to take out the arrow, but his wife warned him not to do this. He would not mind her, but climbed the tree, and just as he was taking the arrow out of the body of the kite the snake bit him. He fell down dead at the foot of the tree.

His widow raised a wail and a servant came. Him she sent to her father for aid; but it was then a custom with the Rajputs that they had nothing to do with their daughters after they were married; so he refused to assist her. Then she put the corpse of her husband in the bridal litter and carried it off to her father-in-law at Delhi. But when he saw her he cursed her for causing the death of his son and she was obliged to return to the jungle with the body. She sat down under the same tree and suddenly the gracious Lord Mahadeva appeared, and when he learnt the cause of her grief he sprinkled some of the water of life from his gourd over the corpse of her husband and he came to life with the words, Rám! Rám! Then they went to Delhi, where they lived for many years in happiness.

[Told by Ami Chand, Master of the School at Kandla, Muzaffarnagar District.

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472. **The triumph of Virtue.**—The prince and the son of the Wazír of a certain kingdom were great friends. One day they were playing at dice and the prince, in the hope of winning, invoked the aid of Parameswar. When the son of the Wazír heard him, he on the contrary cursed Parameswar and he won. Then he said: "You see the result of worshipping Parameswar." On this an argument arose as whether virtue or vice was the better and they bet one hundred rupees on the result and agreed to make the first person whom they met passing through the city gate the arbitrator. They went to the gate and laid the case before the first man they met there. He said :—

"I was once a worshipper of Bhagwán, but then I was always poor and miserable. Then I became a Thag, and now I live by murdering children and robbing their jewelry. Now I am rich and have a home and family. Surely vice is better than virtue."

The prince was not convinced, and proposed to the son of the Wazír to bet again. This time they bet their eyes on the result, and they again agreed to make the first person they met at the city gate the arbitrator. This time the first person they met was a dancing girl. When they laid the case before her, she said :—

"Once I was the wife of a Brahman, but my husband died and I was treated with contempt. Then I became a dancing girl and since then every one loves me and I get heaps of presents. Surely vice is better than virtue."

Then the son of the Wazír put out the eyes of the prince and he lay in agony under a tree by the roadside. By chance a pair of swans came and settled on the tree and the prince, who knew the language of birds, heard one say to the other, "If this miserable prince only knew, he would apply some of our dung to his eyes and be cured."

The prince searched and found some of the dung and putting it to his eyes he recovered his sight. He heard that the princess of a neighbouring city was blind and that her father had promised her hand to whoever would cure her. So he took some of the dung of the swans and with this he cured the princess of her blindness. So he married her and was appointed to rule half the kingdom. One day he was sitting in Darbár, when the son of the Wazír appeared, the prince received him kindly and treated him as his brother. Some time after the old king asked the Wazír's son why he was so kindly treated by his son-in-law. The son of the Wazír said :—

"He is kind to me because he fears me. He is really the son of a sweeper and he is afraid lest I may disclose his secret."

The king was wroth that he should have married his daughter to a sweeper. So he planned his death, and sending some assassins to the jungle, he directed them to kill whomsoever he should send. That night he pretended to have a headache and calling his son-in-law he sent him to the jungle in search of a special root by which his pain might be cured. The prince sent the son of the Wazír by chance in his stead and the assassins killed him. Next day, when the old king saw his son-in-law safe and sound, he was amazed; but when he enquired into the case he found that his son-in-law was the son of a king. So the prince prospered and ruled both kingdoms and the son of the Wazír met his death.

May Parameswar so deal with all sinners and reward the virtuous!

[Told by Anmol Sinh, of Lahuan, Azamgarh.]

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473. **The Prince and the old Witch.**—There was once a Prince who was very fond of hunting. One day he went into the jungle and saw a mungoose with hair like gold and ears the colour of silver. He tried to catch it, but failed, and wandering a long way he came at last to a magnificent palace. He found the door open and went in and saw that the place was empty and in every room there were splendid beds and other

furniture. He was tired and lay down on one of the beds and fell asleep.

In the night he was awakened by an old woman coming in, who was dressed in splendid clothes. The moment she saw him she asked him who he was, and when he told her, she called four men and ordered them to take him away and put him to death. But he begged for mercy, and she spared his life. When he tried to get away he found the doors locked and he had to stay with her.

One day he was picking fruits in the garden, when the daughter of the old witch saw him and fell in love with him. "What a fool you are," said she, "to live with an old woman. Come and live in my garden." So she took the Prince into her garden and he began to live with her there. In the evening the old woman returned, and when she missed the Prince she began to roar like a lion. The Prince when he heard her, trembled with fear. But the girl told him not to fear. "My mother will come and fight with me soon," she said. "As I am young I will become a white, and she, as she is old, a black, kite. I will give you a sword and when we are fighting you must kill her." All happened as she said, and when the old witch was killed the Prince lived with her daughter.

After a while he began to be home-sick and when she saw him in trouble she asked him the cause. When he told her, she said, "Let us go to your land." So they went together and lived there many years in happiness.

[Told by Ram Ganesa Dúbe, Bráhman, of Aksauli, Mirzapur.]

474. **Folklore in Monghyr.**—There is scarcely a Hindu legend throughout the length and breadth of India which owes its interest to the fact that it appeals to those common sympathies which make all men kin. Weird, ghostly, grotesque, the legendary lore of the country powerfully and painfully impresses the imagination, and fills the mind with terror as a rule. Yet here and there crops up a story which has in it something of the love and sweetness which speaks to the heart of man and woman. Such a one is to be found in the district of Monghyr. Travelling lately through that part of India I noticed, wherever there was any cultivation, there were always at intervals on the verge of the fields raised platforms of earth which were called *Chauntisa*, or the "Thirty-four." These small platforms, about a yard long, by three-quarters of a yard wide, were raised about three inches from the surface of the ground. In the centre of these stood two small cones, one rather higher than the other, and both of them painted with vermilion. At the foot of the larger cone were placed neatly-made models of agricultural implements: a tiny plough, a small ox-cart, and other things used by cultivators of the soil. Around the smaller cone were placed various articles used by women at their marriage: a small round box containing the red-lead with which a bride adorns the parting of her hair on her wedding morning, bangles for her arms, and the silken necklace which is tied round her throat as a sign that the marriage ceremony is complete. Last, but not least, there stood at the foot of the cone a tiny mirror.

Looking about for some one who could tell me the history of the cones, I saw a well-dressed and intelligent-looking Brahman advancing down the road. As he approached me I requested him to stop, and said, "Will you tell me what these places represent?" He looked at me for a moment, and then in a hesitating manner answered: "These platforms are called *Chauntisa*, or 'Thirty-four,' but why I cannot say, nor can I give you any information regarding them, except that they are also called. 'The headless.' Salam." And my friend was gone with a manner which plainly said "Ask me nothing more, for I am determined to say as little as I can help."

Extending my walk a little further I came upon another of these strange erections. It stood in a pretty shady spot under a graceful clump of bamboo trees, and resting beside it sat a sturdy wood-cutter, his load of wood cut from the neighbouring jungles at his side. He was a Musahar,* with the frank, good-tempered expression common to his race, and he answered my question regarding the platforms with a smile. "I cannot tell you," he said, "why they are called the 'Thirty-four' but I can tell you the story of their rise, and it is only from a man of my people you would hear it. No Hindu of good caste will ever relate it, as he thinks it a degradation to his race to tell the tale; and yet, Sahib, strange as it may seem, there is not a Brahman, however high, nor a Musalman, however strict, who would object through me, or any of my caste, to offer to the spirits of those in whose honour these places are raised offerings of fowls and other animals in the hope of securing to their cattle health, and to their fields a bountiful harvest. They will deny that they do so, and swear that they do not even know the story of 'The headless,' but it is true that they place the utmost faith in the power of the woodland deities who haunt this spot. Sahib, this is the story.

"In bygone days there lived in the south of this district an aged Brahman, who owned a few small fields, in the midst of which he had built himself a tiny house which he inhabited with his child, a fair young daughter. He was very old, too old to work, so he hired to assist him a young Musahar named Sona. He was tall, and

* Literally "rat-eater." The Musahars are belived to be an aboriginal tribe.

strong and handsome, and he worked willingly and showed the utmost respect to his master, so he grew into the old man's affections. Everything Sona did prospered, and the aged Brahman was content to sit down in peace and comfort during the day, and only in the cool of the morning and evening to go out and look over his fields and give directions.

"The Brahman had no children besides the daughter I have mentioned; she was as the light of his eyes, she helped him in his house and in his fields, bringing home the grain and husking it with her own hands, and rendering help wherever she was able.

"The Musahar looked with the eyes of love on the Brahman maiden, but her caste raised her so far above him that he never thought of winning her affections, or showing any signs of his own except by helping her in her work. He collected sticks for her fire; he drew water from the well, and filled her baskets with grain when she visited the fields; he brought spice from the market, fish from the streams, and wild fruit from the jungles. He offered his gifts reverently, never raising his eyes to the maiden's face, nor even speaking to her.

"So the days went by, winter and summer, cold season and hot, and still there was no change. The old man comfortably dreamed away his peaceful life, The young man worked and worshipped in silence. The maiden went quietly through her daily duties, but if she loved her low-born lover she showed no sign.

"One morning, when the December breeze blew cold and the dew glistened on the grass, Sona set off early to cut wood; soon after the maiden followed him with a basket wherein to collect the chips. Her forehead she had streaked between her dark brows with red, and round her lissom body she had swathed a pure white robe. Lightly she stepped along the lonely path to the jungle where Sona worked, and soon she reached the spot. She placed her basket on the ground, the Musahar filled it, and lifting it up he placed it on her head. As he did so the fingers of his right hand touched the vermilion on the maiden's forehead, and acquired a crimson stain.

"The maiden tripped away towards home, passing her father on the road. She drew her muslin robe modestly over her head as she passed the old man, and he never noticed the streak of vermilion on her brow, but strolled leisurely on until he reached the place where Sona worked. There, however, he started with surprise and terror as he saw the red stain on the young man's hand! What did it mean? A man never touches vermilion except on his wedding day, and scarcely then, except when a Rakshasa marriage, or one by force, has been completed. Whence then came the tell-tale dye on Sona's fingers, and what did it imply?

"The old man asked no question, but turned towards home, striding hastily along the jungle path. On his arrival he saw his daughter awaiting him inside his door. One glance was enough. On her forehead, too, was the crimson stain that told to his prejudiced mind the tale of disgrace and dishonour. Wrath blazed in his eyes and shook his frame, and without a word he seized the sacrificial sword which hung on the wall, and with one cruel blow he struck the maiden, who fell dead at his feet!

"The deed was done, the old man never moved, but stood spell-bound to the spot, the sword still in his hand, his eyes fixed on his daughter's body. No sound for many minutes broke the stillness of the lonely hut, till at length a footstep, steadily pacing, neared the door. A shadow darkened it, and Sona passed the threshold. A pause, a shuddering sob, and then a shriek of horror, and Sona fell weeping on the maiden's corpse.

"'Ungrateful wretch,' exclaimed the father, 'you have performed on my daughter a Rakshasa marriage. You a low-born coolie, and she a Brahman maiden. You thought I was helpless and that you could work your will unpunished, but no disgrace shall darken our home. My daughter is safe from dishonour and disgrace!'

"The Musahar rose to his knees. His eyes were wild, his limbs trembled. 'Oh! miserable man. Oh! wretched father!' he exclaimed, 'your daughter and I are guiltless! I did but lift the heavy weight upon her head, and my fingers touched the vermilion on her forehead. No Rakshasa marriage have I performed, though I loved her well, and your fair young daughter has been slain for nought! I have been a faithful servant. Repay me now for all I have done; join me in death with her you have killed. Raise your sword once more, oh! master, and strike me also dead!'

"He crept to the old man's feet and bowed his head. Once more the sword glistened in the morning light. It fell, and Sona had followed unto death the Brahman maiden!

"The hapless pair were buried on the verge of a field of waving grain by men of Sona's caste, and thus no Brahman ever mentions them, or acknowledges that he knows the history of the Brahman girl and her low-born lover."

Since that time the spirits of the pair have watched over all pastoral occupations, and to them are offered by all castes, directly or indirectly, sacrifices of poultry and kids for increase to their flocks and herds and for prosperous harvests, and in honour of these gentle and beneficent sylvan deities are erected these platforms of the *Chauntisa* with their symbolic cones, but for the name no one is able to give a reason.—*Pioneer.*

MISCELLANEA.

475. **The Gardner Family.**—The following fragment of an autobiography is in the handwriting of Stewart William Gardner, and was received from one of his descendants in the Etah district:—

I, Stewart William Gardner, was born at Doncaster, in York, England, on the 18th July, 1812. I am grandson of the 1st Lord Gardner, and great-grandson of Lieutenant-Colonel William Gardner, of the 11th Dragoon Guards; and second son of the Hon'ble Francis Farrington Gardner, Admiral of R. N., born 1772, died 1821. He was second son of the 1st Lord Alan Gardner, of the R. N., and his first son, the 2nd Lord Alan Legge Gardner having had only *one* son, the present Lord Alan Legge Gardner leaves me at *present* heir presumptive to the honours, and title, in case of his Lordship's death. I being the only son left, living, of the 1st Lord Alan Gardner's 2nd eldest child, and consequently can claim the title in case of my present cousin Lord Gardner's demise without issue, my own dear eldest brother Frank Charles Gardner, having lost his leg; having been forced to have it amputated *twice*, the second time by Sir Ashley Cooper, the Duke of Clarence put him in Somerset House. My younger brother was Captain Alan Hyde Gardner in the Indian Navy, died (*illegible*). My eldest sister, Catherine Georgiana Gardner, married Lieutenant-Colonel W. N. Rickards, Political Agent of Jeypur and Bohpal. My youngest sister was married to a Mr. Jones. My dear old mother was a Miss Straubenzie, of an old Dutch family, that came over to England with a troop of Dutch horse, of their *own* raising, early in the reign of George II. My mother's brother's son, Sir Charles Straubenzie, *K.C.B.*, was Commander-in-Chief at China and Bombay, 1865-66; the family is highly related. Sir Charles, my cousin's brother ("Henry I,") is married to the present Lord Wrottesly's sister, and we are connected with the present Marchioness of Londonderry, and the Butters of Kirby House, Berkshire.

Its a difficult task to write of one's past life, and especially at my age: for I cannot think of one quarter of the scenes I have passed through. When my poor dear ..est brother's leg was amputated, I was sent by my ..ner to live with his mother, the 1st Lady Gardner, who ..s most kind to me, and left us all, my brothers and ..ers, £ 600 *each* at her death, which we duly obtained ..oming of age, my dear mother having the interest ..e interim. In 1819, my dear father, the Hon'ble ..cis Farrington Gardner, Admiral of the Royal Navy, .. us all over to France and we lived at Havre-de-Grace .. my dear father's death, in 1821, when the French and ..glish residents there buried him with naval honours; .. three brothers went to a French school some twenty ..iles from Havre-de-Grace, when our uncle, the Hon'ble Major-General H. Gardner, H. M's. Royal Artillery, came over from England and took us all away, with my dear mother, to England. She (my mother) went and lived at Bristol, and myself and two brothers went and lived at Colchester in Essex, with our uncle, the Hon'ble Major-General Gardner, H. M's. R. N., who was in command of Colchester Castle, after which we were sent to school at a place called Helvedon, in Essex, under the Rev. Mr. Dunn, and from thence I went to school at Brixbourne, in Hertfordshire, and from there was at School at the (*illegible*) Durham Grammar School. I did not like it at all, and I ran away from both the former schools. Once when I ran away I was taken up by the police. After leaving the Cobourg Theatre in London, I fell asleep in a Charlie's box, who allowed me to sleep therein for a present, and I fancy then told one of his brother Charlies to take me up. At first I was put in Fleet Street gaol, nor did I like to tell I had run away from school for fear of being sent back again there; but when I found myself mixed up with all the cut-throats, pickpockets and drinking rascals, I got afraid and told them who I was, and got taken to my dear godfather's brother, David Majoribanks, a great banker in London. He paid the Charlies well, who took me there, and took me to his seat, Knight Hill Cottage, Camberwell, and I remained a month with him there, and saw lots of fun at the Camberwell Fair, besides meeting all the great Indian gentlemen at his house; this was good for me, hereafter, having, as my fate turned out, to spend the rest of my life in the far far East, an outcast to my family.

My dear godfather, Stewart Majoribanks, *M.P.*, having promised my dear mother a commission in the Honourable Company's I. N., my dear mother took me to school for a few months, to show me the sights in London before leaving for India. The sights and doings of London are known to all Englishmen, therefore do not require my recapitulating the same. On the 21st of July, 1828, I obtained my cadetship at the India House, and passed my examination there before my godfather's brother, Campbell Majoribanks, President of the Court of Directors at that time. On 25th of July, 1828, I left my dear old mother in London and set off for Portsmouth, to sail for my destination, India, on the Ship "*Cæsar*," Captain Watt. We left England at the end of July (after having our usual old English young men's fun at the Blue Port Hotel) with 27 young officers, engineers, artillery, cavalry, infantry and civilians, old and young; and after many days' sailing arrived all safe at the Island of Madeira, just in time to be fired upon by the Forts of the Island, another Portuguese ship trying to enter the harbour with us under British colours, the Island being at war just then with Don Miguel. After the Portuguese ship leaving us we were allowed to sail into harbour at Fyal or Funchal. We stayed at the island eight or ten days; and when forced to leave, all English had been ordered off the Island into their own ships. The Hon'ble Captain Canning with one of H. M.'s 50-pr. ships, was sent to the Island to protect the English during the fight. Don Miguel took the Island and drove hundreds of the Islanders in the sea. Our ship stood out to sea, we had the merchant who we were staying with and all his money on board our ship. We saw the Island most splendidly illuminated all over from top to toe, and after landing the merchant and thousands of pounds of (*illegible*), on the Island again, we set off sail again for the Cape of Good Hope. We got there all safe, and we stayed at the Cape of Good Hope 14 days and went a trip to Constantine and drank lots of the sweet wine there out of the old Dutch wine merchants' cellars. Went up the (*illegible*) and enjoyed ourselves much. From there, we sailed direct for India and arrived at Calcutta, January, 1829. I left with others at Sandheads and came direct at night in a large boat up to Calcutta and stopped a few days in the Cadets' Barracks, Fort William. Reported myself to all the big wigs and then I went and put up with a great friend of my uncle's (the Hon'ble Edward Gardner, *C.S.*, and Colonel W. L. Gardner, my half-brother) Sir Robert Colcognan commanding the Calcutta Militia. Lady Colcagnon was a very nice and kind lady, and she introduced me to all the great people, Sir Butterworth Baily and the rest. Sir Robert took me in his carriage and procured for me all the things I required. I was then ordered up to Benares with a whole batch of cadets. We had a regular little fleet of boats. I had a (*illegible*) with another officer. On my arrival at Patna, there was a palkee and several chuprassies with the Gardner crest in silver on their puggries, and one crest on the palkee. This I knew to be my dear uncle's, the Hon'ble Edward Gardner, Ambassador at the Court of Nepal. He was on his way to England and was staying with Sir Charles and Lady Dolby, Governor-General's Agent at Patna. I of course went there and stayed with my dear good

unc e and Sir Charles and Lady Dolby for 14 days, and then left for Ghazipur and put up with Mr. Baily, Governor-General's Agent at Ghazipur, for six days, and he sent me on in his buggy to Benares, where I put up with Mr. James Prinsep, of the Mint, for six months. I was doing duty with the 55th Regiment Native Infantry; from there I was appointed permanently to the 21st Regiment, Native Infantry, at Ghazipur. From there my uncle, Colonel W. L. Gardner, got me permission to do duty with the 28th Regiment, Native Infantry, at Meerut, for the purpose of being near him, so I left in 1830 and went up the whole of the way by Dawk up to Kasgunje and arrived there at evening, and for the first time found myself with my uncle, Colonel W. L. Gardner, who had a perfect native house and Fort and large native family; so, of course, when I saw this I felt very uncomfortable, for I could not speak one word of Hindustani, nor did I know one single thing of native ways. However, my old half-uncle being English, I soon got into the ways, which of course any young inexperienced gentleman would when the attraction was so great to youth, the Zenánah being filled with young girls and no other male inside but myself and old uncle, and thus by Lieutenant (*illegible*) was led entirely away, and the kindness and fling I was allowed at Kasgunje entirely allured me and unfitted me for the service, so that after serving nine years I left the Honourable Company's service for old Colonel Gardner, with his Begam and the King of Delhi's sister, coming over to (*illegible*) in 1835 where my Regiment was then stationed with about one hundred Bhats, Jharriahs and Billais filled with women, together with the great attraction I saw at the Taj Gardens when the Colonel had it illuminated for two days and all the ladies and great people of the station coming down to see the Colonel, only ladies allowed inside the Taj, where all the fountains where playing and 400 girls dressed out all in Indian splendour. My heart was fairly won by one of the Colonel's ladies, Husun Jaun Begam, and for her I immediately proposed to the Captain, who immediately gave me his consent to the marriage, and requested me to go to the Bolderos, my relatives, and take their advice on the subject. So I went to Mr. J. S. Boldero, Judge of Agra, and Mr. and Mrs. B. and self all drove over in the evening to Captain Gardner's, and the marriage with myself and Husun Jaun Begam was settled, but my Regiment being ordered on service to Jodhpur, the marriage had to be solemnized quickly; the Colonel's Begam wished to put it off till I returned; but I insisted, if it was to come off, it must be now; so the Colonel got all ready, and on the 28th of August, 1834, the marriage took place at Agra with great pomp; it was performed by the Rev. Dr. Parish, *M.D.*, before Mr. and Mrs. Boldero, Judge of Agra, Colonel James Gardner, his son, and the old Colonel's Begam and *H. H.* Malka Begam, several officers of H. M.'s 13th Light Infantry, and my own officers of my Regiment, 28th Native Infantry, and many other officers of the station; all of whom received an invite from Colonel Gardner. I was afterwards married in the native way in grand style and was paraded all through the City of Agra with a grand sowari of elephants, horses, raths, nalkas, palkees, carriages, buggies, bilies and no end of sowars and sepoys and chupprasies the whole way to my bungalow in cantonments. I gave away one thousand rupees on the road to the poor people. Mrs. Boldero, in her carriage came with my Begam the whole way and next day I had to return in the same state, and nautches and dancing were kept up for one week—7 days though the Colonel gave a lot of jewels and silver and gold things with my wife, a gold and silver bed, most beautifully done up; elephants, horses, bullocks, all with silver trappings. After a few days our Regiment marched with the ammunition and train Jodhpur, and our corps was encamped on the Sam Salt Lake with a large army against the (*illegible*) of pur; they gave in, and our Regiment went to Hussai for several days. I took my Begam in state to visit to the Ajmere Tomb, and from Hussainaba Corps was ordered to Neemuch; from that station being there two years, I left the service and came took charge of my wife's villages. At first I rem at Agra and purchased three bungalows there, but by them; so I came to Kasgunje and on seeing villages I had my tents pitched at Munouta and think I should like this quiet life, I began to build mysel small place, and thus I have been led from one th and another to spend the remainder of my days at village. After being many years here, went to my sister, Mrs. W. R. Rickards, at Bhurtpore, and husband, who was Political Agent at Jeypore, w have me accompany them back to Jeypore: went and at a grand visit with Mr Rickards, Pol Agent of Jeypore, the Maharaja took a fancy to and asked me to remain in his service, which I would, should the Maharaja agree to keep me Izzut and give me a good Bytuk with the rest o Moosahibs which he agreed to, and two days after I sent for to a grand darbar and received the appoint of Kudeem Nazim or Nazim at (*illegible*) 750 rupee mensem and got a grand Khillat of pearl necklace pl on my neck by the Maharaja's own hands, together a horse, pair of shawls, kincob, dress, etc., etc., and 2 rupees cash and a month's leave to go and bring my and family to Jeypore. The Rajah was most kind to and always was treated well by all at Jeypore and rem in His Highness' service five years and left when I f the other Sirdars were getting envious of me and have done me harm some day: so I left and retu again to my old home, a friend of mine, a Mr. G Saunders, asking me to take charge of his Indigo ories. Many years after I left Jeypore and took cl of them for nearly three years on 250 rupees per sem; for the dreadful year of 1857, the Mutin suffered no end of misery; for I was isolated o Munouta, 75 miles, from any high European for months and upwards and was attacked by the re sepoys of the line, together with hundreds of Pathans other people, which by the mercy of my two sons the few muskets, or matchlocks, and the small gu had and by God's help, we drove them away and I relieved by Mr. Cox, *C.B.*, Commissioner, sending m men tag-rag and bob-tail, which, together with 75 c *own* servants, we got safe to the station with great diff for in those days not a man was to be depended from thence we arrived safe at Agra and put up in th but had to go into the Fort, for Agra was attacked fore me, and I was on the parade ground a few minu fore the firing commenced; my children went in th of it; I was on the field of battle at (*illegible*) and saw dying and wounded. One of my sons went and served Meerut Yeomanry Horse and remained with it until broken up. We were in the Agra Fort serving the had my tents pitched near the Fort and kept them things quieted a little, and then went and lived in th till I could again get over to my villages, where I returned to my old house. Mr. George Saunders, a f of mine, going to England, I took charge of his i factories in Jeypur Zillah on 250 rupees per mense three years, and again returned to my house, wher great difficulty, I now live and take care of the family on the small pittance derived from the villag

[The MSS. is unfortunately very illegible.—Ed.]

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